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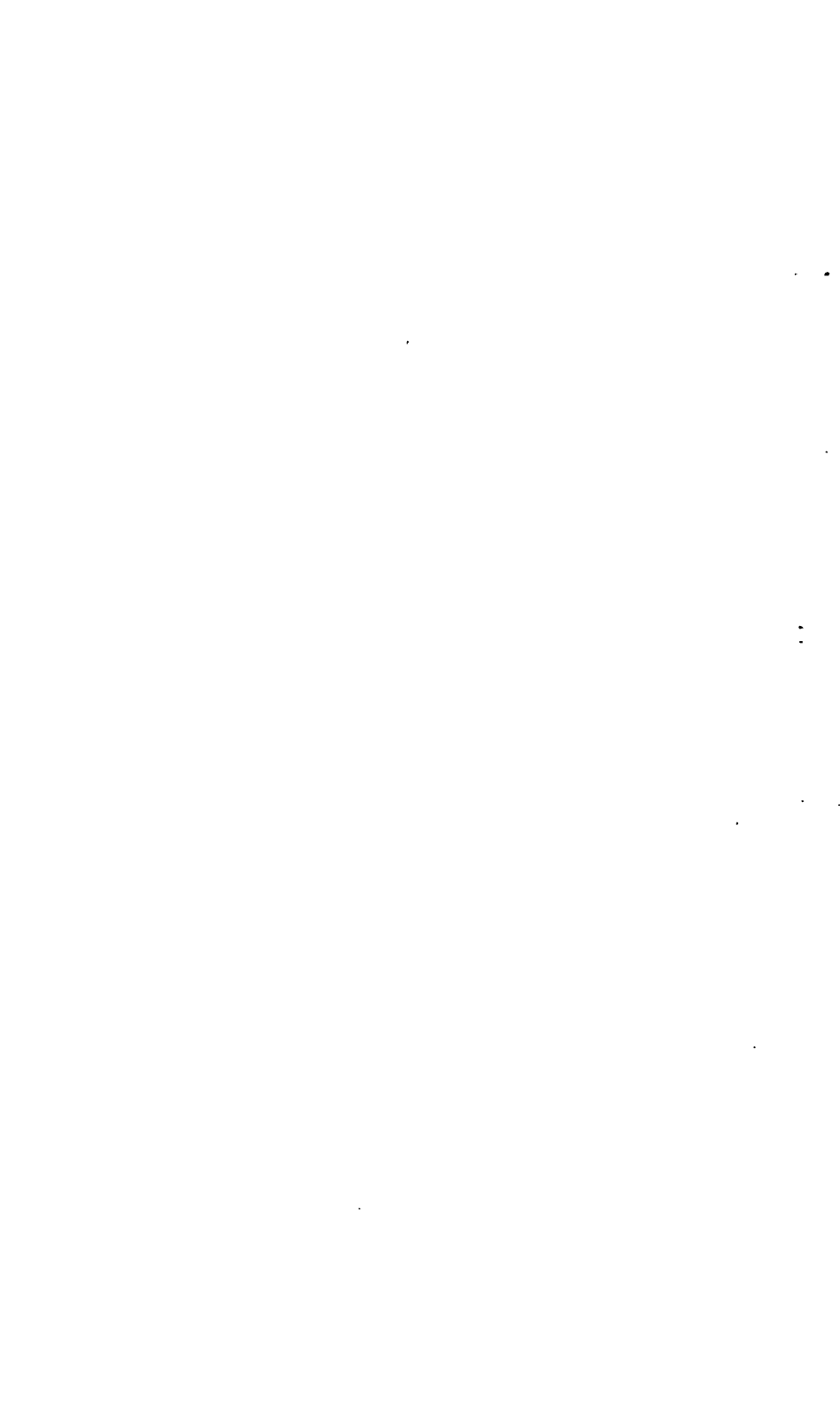


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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JULY, 1868.

CONTENTS.

ART.	PAGE	ART.	PAGE
I. TWO FORMS OF ABSOLUTISM.— <i>D. A. Wasson</i>	1	VIII. REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE	98
II. OLYMPIA MORATA.— <i>T. F. Bush</i>	16	<i>Theology.</i> Rodrigues, Origins of the Sermon on the Mount, 98; Rolland's Letters on Rome, 100; Montalembert on St. Columba, 102; Coquerel's Sermons on Conscience and Faith, 103; Bungener's St. Paul, 104; Sierebois' Autopsy of the Soul, 105.— <i>History and Antiquities.</i> Mrs. Dall's Presentation of Bunsen's Egypt, 106; Curtius's Greek History, 109; Smiles's Huguenots, 111.— <i>Miscellaneous.</i> Perry's Elements of Political Economy, 112; Ruskin's Time and Tide, 116; The Turk and the Greek, 118.	
III. BUNSEN'S "GOD IN HISTORY."— <i>Caroline H. Dall</i>	24		
IV. DYER'S KINGS OF ROME.— <i>W. F. Allen</i>	47		
V. THE FAITH OF SCIENCE AND THE SCIENCE OF FAITH.— <i>C. C. Everett</i>	61		
VI. GEORGE RAPALL NOYES	76		
VII. LIBERALISM IN CHURCH AND STATE.— <i>J. H. Allen</i>	82	NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.	119

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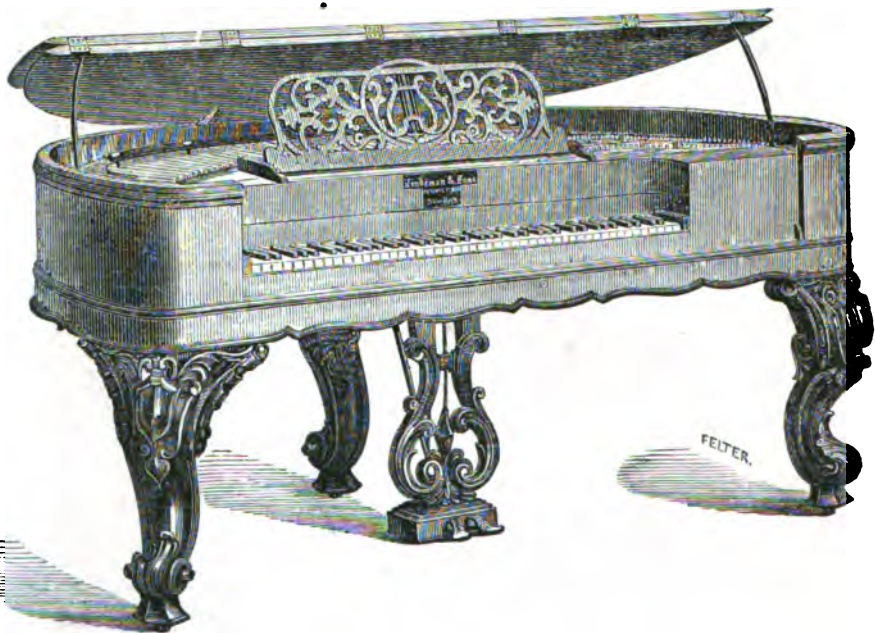
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CONTENTS.

No. CCLXVIII.

ART.	PAGE
I. TWO FORMS OF ABSOLUTISM.— <i>D. A. Wasson</i>	1
II. OLYMPIA MORATA.— <i>T. F. Bush</i>	16
III. BUNSEN'S "GOD IN HISTORY."— <i>Caroline H. Dall</i>	24
IV. DYER'S KINGS OF ROME.— <i>W. F. Allen</i>	47
V. THE FAITH OF SCIENCE AND THE SCIENCE OF FAITH.— <i>C. C. Everett</i>	61
VI. GEORGE RAPALL NOYES	76
VII. LIBERALISM IN CHURCH AND STATE.— <i>J. H. Allen</i>	82
VIII. REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE	98
<i>Theology.</i> Rodrigues, Origins of the Sermon on the Mount, 98 ; Rolland's Letters on Rome, 100 ; Montalembert on St. Colum- ba, 102 ; Coquerel's Sermons on Conscience and Faith, 103 ; Bungener's St. Paul, 104 ; Sièrebois' Autopsy of the Soul, 105.— <i>History and Antiquities.</i> Mrs. Dall's Presentation of Bunsen's Egypt, 106 ; Curtius's Greek History, 109 ; Smiles's Hugue- nots, 111.— <i>Miscellaneous.</i> Perry's Elements of Political Economy, 112 ; Ruskin's Time and Tide, 116 ; The Turk and the Greek, 118	
NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED	119

No. CCLXIX.

I. THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION.— <i>O. B. Frothingham</i>	121
II. UHLHORN'S MODERN REPRESENTATIONS OF THE LIFE OF JESUS.— <i>H. D. Catlin</i>	136
III. BUNSEN.— <i>Caroline H. Dall</i>	145
IV. THE MATHER PAPERS.— <i>C. C. Smith</i>	160

ART.	PAGE
V. MISS CARPENTER'S WORK IN INDIA.— ~~H.~~ <i>W. Holland</i> . . .	179
VI. CIVILIZATION AND BARBARISM IN SOUTH AMERICA . . .	185
VII. DAVIDSON'S INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.— <i>H. G. Spaulding</i>	196
VIII. SERVIA.— <i>S. G. Bulfinch</i>	207
IX. THEISM—CHRISTIAN OR NOT.— <i>J. H. Allen</i>	220
X. REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE	227
<i>Theology.</i> Malcom's Theological Index, 227; Hunt's Essay on Pantheism, 236. — <i>Miscellaneous.</i> Report of the New-York Children's Aid Society, 237. Note on Bunsen's Egypt, 238.	
NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED	239

No. CCLXX.

I. MAN FROM THE MEDICAL POINT OF VIEW.— <i>W. R. Alger</i> .	241
II. THE SOUL.— <i>C. H. Brigham</i>	287
III. THE REIGN OF LAW, AND ITS RELATION TO RELIGIOUS TRUTH.— <i>J. H. Allen</i>	301
IV. THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE HINDUS.— <i>J. B. Feuling</i> . .	311
V. THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.— <i>H. W. Bellows</i>	319
VI. REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE	343
<i>Theology.</i> Mahan's Science of Natural Theology, 343; Free Churches of England, 347; Pupils of St. John, 349. — <i>History.</i> Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea, 350. — <i>Geography and Travels.</i> Ellis's Madagascar Revisited, 353; Burritt's Walks in the Black Country, 354; Brinton's Myths of the New World, 355; Sacred City of the Hindus, 356. — <i>Miscellaneous.</i> Tyn-dall's Lecture on Sound, 357; D'Arcy Thompson's Ladder to Latin, 359; Cox's Manual of Mythology, 362.	
NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED	364

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JULY, 1868.

ART. I.—TWO FORMS OF ABSOLUTISM.

The People the Sovereigns. By JAMES MONROE, ex-President of the United States. Edited by SAMUEL L. GOUVERNEUR. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1867.

THE old Virginian school of statesmen, of whom President Monroe was the last and least, was marked by a distinct theoretic impulse, and in this respect differs from the general character of American statesmanship. The force of this impulse is shown, perhaps, by nothing more strongly than by its enforcing upon such a man a kind of necessity to assume a theoretic interest; for few writers have attempted a speculative labor with less of speculative ability. Mr. Monroe desires, but utterly fails, to discuss the principles of politics; he can do little more than mention one after another the chief features of the American system, and say of each, This "must" be so. In fact, the whole of the book is in the title: when the writer has declared the people sovereign, he has expressed all which he has thought. Instead, therefore, of attempting a criticism in detail of a work commended to attention by little but its subject and the name of its author, I propose to take a hint only from its title, and to show that an attribution of sovereignty to the people may be interpreted in two different ways, the one of which consists with republicanism proper, while the other leads only to a composite autocracy.

Aristotle made a classification of governments according to their diversities of form, — considering these, however, in connection with that diversity of spirit, which formal difference could not fail to imply; and, since his time, it has scarcely been supposed by most persons, that a valid distinction could be made upon any other principle. But states may also be classified, and perhaps quite as much to purpose, according to the notion they embody of the nature of political power. Of such notions there are two, radically opposed. By the one, government exists by virtue of an absolute right of rule, belonging as a private property to some man or men, to one or many or all; by the other, government is strictly a means to an end, and political function, therefore, legitimate only as it subserves that end. The former begins with prerogatives, and makes all results contingent upon their exercise; the latter begins with the purpose to effect a certain substantial good, and makes all powers and agencies contingent.

The notion of an absolute right of rule was upheld in their time by such men as Filmer in England, and Bossuet in France. These theorists did, indeed, maintain that such right appertains to but one man in a nation. In their eyes, this was an inseparable part of the doctrine. Nevertheless, the doctrine contains two wholly distinct propositions: first, all sovereignty, in whomsoever rightfully lodged, is held by an unconditional title, which neither the best use of it can strengthen, nor the worst use annul; secondly, such power belongs only to exceptional individuals, here Charles, there Louis. The former proposition would state the generic character of the sovereignty; the latter, its numerical form. There is one distinction between a horse and an ox, and quite another between one horse and two or ten thousand. So political sovereignty has its genus, accordingly as in title it is immediate or mediate, absolute or contingent, a proprietary right or an official trust; and it has also its subordinate distinction, accordingly as it is singular or plural, simple or composite.

The question of sole or associate rule is one whose im-

portance I neither conceal from myself, nor would conceal from others. The character of a government will be determined in a grave degree by the concentration or diffusion of the sovereignty; and that government, in my opinion, will be securest and most serviceable in the long-run, wherein all take part who can do so with intelligence and good purpose; while it will be a happiness if these are much the larger number. I do indeed make this statement with some reservations. There are national characteristics, not inconsistent with a high degree of civilization, which, it seems to me, do not consist with popular forms of government. Among an impatient, precipitous people, who, when they do any thing, must needs do it *tearingly*, I question if such modes of government could ever have more than a transient success. But given a people strongly attached, without being enslaved, to form and precedent, — that is, rich in the conservative instinct which preserves continuity, while also it is well endowed with that sense of justice, and that indefatigable, slow-sure energy, which shall make renovation incessant, — and for them, when they have had the requisite traditional schooling, I think a government highly popular in form the best.

But, however important the distinction between governments based upon the relative concentration or diffusion of the sovereignty, it does not furnish the sole, nor perhaps the most important, principle of classification. Sovereignty, we remark, whether of one or many, may be held by a “jural claim, which the jurists call *suum*,” as Grotius has it; or it may be held only as a functional trust, for the general good, and upon evidence of ability and disposition to promote this good. In the former case, the mere will and pleasure of the possessor has a supposed right to express itself as authoritative, and to make general obligation; in the latter case, obligation goes before function, creates it, and remains its master, and the possessor of power convenants, by the act of assuming his office, the subordination of his private will and pleasure to an intent comprehending the welfare of all. There, the use made of power cannot reflect upon its title and tenure, whether to confirm or to invalidate; here, the useful-

ness alone makes the title. In the one case, we begin with powers not to be questioned, and thence proceed to problematical effects of their exercise; in the other, we begin with a good to be attained, and duty to be performed, thence descending to the question of fit agents.

In all action, there is, first, the absolute peremptory Beginning, or *datum*; next, the Search or Inquiry. We first determine *what*, and then ask *how*. Suppose we begin by saying, "This man, Charles, *shall* rule;" or, "All men *shall* vote:" the question now is, What effects will follow? The effect depends. It is as if one began by saying, "I *will* build a ship:" this being placed above question, the inquiry follows whether he is to be the richer or the poorer for so doing. Suppose, on the contrary, we set out by saying, "Good government *shall* be attained:" now the question is, What means shall be taken, who be endowed with ruling force, in order that good government may be attained? Here it is as if one said, "I *will* endeavor to increase my estate;" thence proceeding to inquire whether he will build a ship, or how else he may better employ his capital in order to increase his estate. Will any one tell me that the difference between these opposite modes of procedure is merely a difference to the speculative eye, and practically unimportant? He may tell me so many times before I shall believe him.

Conceive of a government which, by design, is all and only a rationally devised means to an end intrinsically good. Let the logic of this fundamental conception penetrate the entire structure, creating, assigning powers, and making the spirit in which they are held. We may then suppose the possessor to say: "This power which I hold is not mine as property, but only in my hands as a public trust. It signifies, not what I *own*, but what I *owe*, being no more than the conduit, through which may pass discriminations and choices that are of virtue to nourish the common weal. If useful, it is where it should be; and only if useful is it where it should be. Only as I shall prove equal, by quality of mind and purpose, to the intents for which such powers are designed, am I, in holding them, other than a pretender and usurper."

We need not inquire how many men would be likely to deal thus downrightly with themselves, and thus uprightly with the public. But, however small the number of such may be, yet, the system being so conceived of, there would not only be a selection of agents at the outset, but a powerful subsequent influence, tending to impress these agents with a sense of responsibility. General notions take shape as a kind of implicit demand of each man upon every other, and of the whole community upon every one of its members. They look a subtile exaction out of men's eyes, and suggest penal sentences, or garlands and coronets, by clouding or brightening countenances; and thus it happens, that men who perhaps would initiate no action in personal obedience to ideas, find these blended with all their feeling of others, and with the entire sentiment and passion of their lives. General notions operate so subtly that their effect is appreciated only by the more thoughtful: the thoughtful, however, know them to be the most powerful of all influences, ruling alike the strong and the weak, him that persuades and them that are persuaded; they speak from behind the speaker, and are an aptitude to hear in the ears of them that listen. The mere existence of electricity was not definitely known until of late; but we are now aware, that, with the suspension of its action at any moment during that time when its existence was not suspected, every heart on the globe would have ceased to beat. General notions have a like hidden operation. They build or destroy cities, knit nations into fruitful unity or dissolve them into dust, make or subvert civilizations; they inspire or quell genius, generate arts or palsy invention, breathe health or miasma upon the face of mankind. It was a notion of his position which made Charles First of England, not merely a third-rate sovereign, which he had probably been at the best, but a tyrant, and intolerable: it was a nobler thought that dethroned him. But a sovereign who cannot be dethroned, a sovereign at the polls, will be in his degree a much worse tyrant, if his own conception, and the common conception, of his position be such as to favor the conceit of irresponsibility.

Turn, now, to the notion of proprietary power. Here the sovereignty, whether concentrated or diffused, is held by the possessor,—why, and for what? Why? Because he owns it. For what? For what he pleases. What he will do with his property is his own affair, or is “a question between him and God alone,” as the old advocates of “divine right” were wont to say, and as the modern advocates of a “natural right to vote” must also say, if they are enough in earnest to say even so much. We may suppose him expressing his sense of his position somewhat as follows:—

“This power which I possess is mine in the same sense with my horse and dog. Nay, it is mine in a more absolute sense, for chattels are held under laws; but here I am above law. Here what I will I do, and it is right because I do it. If I use this property for the public benefit, the public will be so far my debtor; if I use it for no advantage but my own, I still express my will, and, by expressing my will, do all that can be demanded of me. Let the public make it my pleasure to promote the common welfare, and I shall act my pleasure; be it that somewhat else pleases me, I still act my pleasure; and, if any one is dissatisfied, he can digest his dissatisfaction at his leisure.”

Perhaps there was never an effrontery to say this expressly, or even to think it definitely; never a Nero, on the throne or at the polls, whose brazenness had attained such a temper. But all that effrontery is in the system, whether or not in any man; and the quality of the system will certainly be more or less reflected in the rulers. Never will the notion of private possession yield the same fruit with that of trust and transmissive action. The same act will differ in significance and effect, accordingly as it is commanded by one or the other conception. The tax-gatherer, and he who is getting in his private dues, are both collecting money; the acts are the same, yet far from being the same. If one pervert to his private use goods which he holds in trust, the disapprobation of the community is unqualified; and accordingly, while he is in a position of trust, there is about him a girdle of public sentiment to brace his integrity; but, if he misuse his private

property, we think him unwise, perhaps culpable, yet, after all, say, "Well, it is his own affair." And so, if one misuse political power which is acknowledged as his own, he is blamed feebly; the responsibility impressed upon him by the general sentiment and gesture of the community is slight in proportion as the sentiment that impresses it is diffident.

Where the sovereignty, whether simple or composite, is thus autocratic (autocracy, literally *self-force*, defined by Webster as "self-derived power"), it will be esteemed gratuity, grace, favor, to act for the public good. This will determine the manner of approach on the part of those who seek the public good through the action of the ruler. If he is sole autocrat, they will fawn upon and flatter him; tell him he is as a god to his people; tell him how wise, how gracious, how benign, he is; and so seek to win from him as favor that which he should never think of but as duty. If a really great man, he will not encourage this fawning nor endure it, but will demand to be dealt with sincerely: if he is a coxcomb, flattery will be the only crank to set him in motion; and the less he does any kingly duty, the more he will be persuaded that he surpasses all duty and rains sheer grace upon his subjects. Nor will those alone help to inflate his conceit, who seek advantage for themselves, but those no less who are devoted to the weal of the nation; and these must always lavish adulation the more, the less confidence they are able to repose in the prince.

No better instance of this could be found than the relations of Bacon and James First. Bacon was a prodigious flatterer, and was always most fulsome when he had a wise and beneficent measure to propose. He praised Elizabeth, whom he really respected, more after her death than during her life; but he poured upon the "second Solomon" — knowing very well, never doubt it, what sort of Solomon he was — such a deluge of adulation as would have gone far to make the king a conceited fool, had not nature been beforehand with the courtier. For it is the misery of such a situation, that the very means taken, and necessary, to secure good government, must needs generate presumption, and, with presumption, ob-

stinate folly, in him who rules. But all this the American people suppose themselves to understand quite well.

Suppose, now, that, instead of a single autocrat, there is a voting autocracy; "the natural right to vote" being substituted for "the divine right of kings." Here will be the same influences, the same exactions, and the same results. The sincere and thoughtful voter will repel flattery, and frown upon fawning; he will be amenable to reason, will gladly take counsel, and relish it the more, the freer it is from any sauce of servility; and he will distrust those advisers who disguise his obligations, and present simple duty under some name more pleasing to self-conceit. The ignorant, addle-pated, insolent voter will be moved only by some bribe offered to his vanity, if, indeed, it be not a baser bribe still. But he will be flattered more subtly and more effectually than he could be in person, as Dick or Dennis. He will be addressed as "the people," always fawned upon and puffed by the proxy of "the people."—"The people"—bless them!—always mean rightly. "The people" are so patriotic and large-hearted, so self-forgetful and studious of the best things, that they cannot help meaning rightly. "The people" may be deceived once, but never twice. "The people" may be implicitly trusted. Ah, yes! we can trust "the people:" that happiness is always ours in the darkest days. Is any thing wrong? It is by no fault of "the people." It is so because somebody in place forgot "the people," misunderstood the will of "the people," could not enough trust "the people."—"The people," he it observed, is here simply *pluralis majestatis* for the said Dick or Dennis, whose vote I would catch, and whom I know, perhaps, to be a worthless fellow altogether; and so year after year the comedy goes on.

Some have wondered that the Romans could so soon learn to flatter Augustus. They had been studying that art in the street and the forum for two centuries. When to become a candidate was to go "a-hand-shaking;" when each candidate walked the streets with a professional *nomenclator* by his side, to whisper in his ear the names of persons who approached, that he might flatter their egotism by pretending to

know them, as if *theirs* were faces and names that no well-informed man could be ignorant of; when they were constantly addressed in the forum, as if their approval were the fountain of honor, and as if no virtue were too great to go down on the knees before them, — then the influences were at work, which at once assured destruction to the republic, and prepared a well-taught adulation for Cæsar.

Perhaps the primary classification I have attempted has now been sufficiently explained, and some hint given that it is not without practical importance. Government is autocratic when the sovereign power, whether exercised by one or by many, is held as a property. The sovereignty being thus held by one man, there is an autocracy concentrated, like rock in the boulder; disperse the sovereign power in many, but let it be still held by proprietary title, and there is a disintegrated autocracy, — the boulder ground into sand, but of the same substance as before. In the one case, the watchword of its partisans may be, "The divine right of kings;" in the other, "The natural right to vote." The two pretensions are of the same family, *par nobile fratrum*; and, indeed, their historical relationship is close. The latter is due, in the modern world, to a stratagem of debate, — an attempt to outflank the "divine right," by showing that what was claimed for Charles or James in particular belongs to the whole people. Subsequently this sovereignty of the people, in its turn, was explained to mean the sovereignty of the people in its *disunity*; that is, the *fractional autocracy* of the individual.

And this statement of pedigree prepares us to place together the two chief or typical forms of autocratic government. The first is that in which an absolute right to do governing is stated as strictly special or singular; the second is that in which a like right is stated as strictly general. There, sovereign power is made the property of *an* individual; here, of *the* individual. All other forms of rule, which repose on the same basis of principle, are intermediate between these two natural boundaries, — the limit of possible restriction on the one hand, and of possible extension on the other.

If this classification be new, the distinction upon which it

rests is not at all so. To the old English republicans the latter was entirely familiar. In the democratic shape, the doctrine of proprietary sovereignty was unknown to them; but, in the only shape it had then assumed, they gave it battle with impassioned zeal. Whoever will read carefully Milton "On the Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," or "the incomparable and golden discourses of that heroic patron of liberty, Algernon Sidney," — as Toland calls them and him, — will see, that, while the war between king and subject has called out not a few of the battle-cries which, with a changed import, pass current now, and seem to assert in "the people" an absolute sovereignty, yet the real question is between *any* immediate possessory right of rule, on the one hand, and rule conditioned strictly upon serviceableness, on the other. Around this question the battle of that day was fought. So intent upon it are these champions of freedom, that any question of the form of government is scarcely raised by them, scarcely recognized, still less made matter of serious debate. Neither determines against kings, or betrays any hostility to them, merely as kings. The tenure by which power should be held, and the spirit in which it must be used in order to be legitimate, are the sole questions of high interest in their eyes. A king, they contend, may be deposed, but only if he is a bad king. Nothing can legitimate political power, in their estimation, but its usefulness; nothing excuse it, when it is mischievous. Any claim to it made in defiance of the ends of good government they expose as irrational, and denounce as culpable. Such was their fixed position, and such was known of all men to be. Beyond dispute, they would have regarded him as the wildest of calumniators, who had represented them as asserting the indifferency, with respect to the right to govern, of mind and mindlessness, of public aims and private appetite, provided such indifferency were asserted for *the* individual in general rather than *an* individual in particular.

Such was the old English republicanism, with its memorable deeds and noble names that history proudly inscribes upon her scroll. Little was it concerned — perhaps too

little — about mere forms of government. But deeply, dutifully, intensely, it was concerned that the state should be right in idea and spirit; that the common weal should be vigilantly guarded and faithfully served; that the actual sovereignty should be that of intelligence and good purpose, not of ignorance and egotism; that agencies should be fitted to ends, and the acknowledged ends of government be its true ones; that political powers should be held only in trust, only for service, and only in the right of their serviceableness, and should signify to the possessor not what he owns, but what he owes.

In fine, the doctrine to which those men pledged fortune, fame, and life, was comprehensively this: Political sovereignty rests of right upon a qualitative basis, and upon no other, — upon quality of mind and purpose. Contending that the people might set aside unworthy rulers, they meant by "the people" the intelligence and probity, the sound judgment, public spirit, and disciplined will of the nation. What else could judge the rulers? What else could determine their worth or unworthiness? Indeed, it had not occurred to them to doubt that a good nation would always be glad to act in its unity by the proxy of its best mind. They had not imagined a time when it would be made the sufficient condemnation of a government that every incapable botcher was not allowed to have a hand in it. Not even in dream had they conceived of "the people" as signifying an intensely artificial system, wherein the nation is first separated into its individual units, and then these units, in entire indifference to what they actually *are*, placed on a footing, not simply of civil *equality*, but of intellectual and moral *equivalence*. The equivalence of reason and unreason, as the basis of a political system, and as the only light under which "the people" could be rightly conceived of, was to be discovered and instituted by others, — whether of clearer mind and deeper spirit than they, is a question which we may hold in reserve.

It is obvious that their spirit and their point of view are not those of our place and time. The numerical and formal distinction, which they slighted, is alone important in the

eyes of many at present; while a classification based upon the distinction they regarded as all-important will be looked upon by many as fanciful and practically unmeaning. That notion of the nature of sovereignty, which they thought intolerable, is now adopted with enthusiasm, as of the essence of radical republicanism. An unlimited extension of that "divine right," that sovereignty made mere *privilegium*, which they denounced, not because of its numerical restriction, but because they esteemed it essentially and radically vicious, is made the theoretic basis of modern democracy. We may glance here at the process by which this has come about.

So long as political society is healthy, powers of sovereignty, whether regal or popular, are felt to be, and in some good degree are made to be, but vessels and vehicles of that communitive spirit, which is not at all the mere lump of wills, but the high constructive genius of nations. This social genius they represent and act for.

In mediæval Europe this communitive spirit and genius — which, when at the height, never fails to take somewhat the hue of religion, and to clothe itself with consecrations — obtained a powerful though rude expression by both the ecclesiastical and feudal institutions, making at length a civilized Europe of that which had been a waste and weltering barbarism. The idea of the feudal institution — to select this — was, that all sovereignty is *representative*. Representative of whom or what? the modern reader will ask with incredulity, and perhaps with impatience. I invite the question, trusting that it will be put with purpose. Representative of what? Certainly *not* of the will of the people in the modern sense. I admit so much. But, if not representative of that, many will say, it was not so at all. I think differently, and will try to explain myself. We are here getting at the heart of the matter; but it is a matter more obscured to modern eyes than almost any other.

The sovereignty was understood to represent a *system of obligations*, enunciated by the social genius of the nation. I, in my place and relations, owe, and by the act of holding my

place practically assume, certain duties toward others,—duties radiating in all directions, and varying with the relations to which they apply; others, in like manner, owe, and by being where they are assume, duties toward me. These obligations, radiating, interlacing everywhere, everywhere making texture and community, represented the social genius of the nation, and were represented by the sovereign. He stood, not for the wills of so many individuals artificially lumped, but for a system of binding relations and interwoven duties, which it was his function to represent and enforce.*

The tenure of power may be explained by that of land. Private property in land was not recognized by the feudal institution.† Land was *estate* (state, condition), not property attached to the person. It was held in fee or fief, and the holder, be he lord or peasant, was a tenant only,—tenant in fief simple, if his tenure were perpetual, and his rents paid rather in personal service than in money's worth. All land was held from the State; that is, held only in virtue of obligations acknowledged, and duties assumed toward the community in its organic integrity. Thus the lord was bound by his estate, and possessed it only through the medium, and in the right, of his confessed obligations. Estate itself, like power, was representative,—representative of obligations. Michelet, bitterly hating the feudal system, makes this, of all things, his express charge against it. With that curious mixture of insight and caprice which is characteristic of him, he says, "The land is man, and in it dwells the true personality. . . . The eldest is sole possessor: what do I say? it is he who

* I do not "whitewash." Feudal Europe was no better than it should be. There were great inequalities; the established relations were rude in form, and the binding ties, like the hawsers of ships, strong indeed, but not flexible and delicate, binding softly. Let it be accused, but let it be accused with understanding.

† This statement is one whose truth could be *demonstrated* only by a criticism of history more extended than I have space for. I may refer the reader to a statement made by Coleridge, which goes even beyond the above (*Lay Sermons*, p. 209, *note*). Arnold asserts the same, under certain limitations, of land under the old Roman constitution (*Hist. of Rome*, ch. xiv. 11). Mommsen also says, "All property was based on express or tacit transference from the community to the individual" (*Hist.*, i. 168).

is possessed. The haughty baron is governed by the customs of his land. His land is his master, and imposes his duties upon him. According to the forcible expression of the middle age, he *must serve his fief*.* Fault enough may be found with that system; but it is strange, and shows how utterly it is misunderstood, that this in particular should be thought its fault. Landed estate represented duties; the "haughty baron" touched his acres only through the medium of duties. This seems to me very wholesome for the "haughty baron," to say nothing of the community in general. The lord entered into a system of obligations, and was bound to all above and to all beneath him, as they in turn were bound to him. He served his fief, — not his *land*, as Michelet, by an adroit substitution, would make us believe, but his *fief*, the system of engagements to which the land belonged, and which estate represented.

The lord held his lands, not only from the state, but for the behoof in part of those who should hold from himself. The estate owed a subsistence to all those living upon it, so long as they fulfilled their obligations. Mr. Froude has pointed to the significant fact, that when first in England estate began to be private property, and when, accordingly, some large landholders commenced so using it as to secure more pecuniary profit to themselves, while reducing the number of families to whom it would give support, this action was at once resented as a breach of trust to be promptly redressed by law.*

Estate, then, was representative of particular obligations; the sovereign in like manner represented the whole system of obligations, by whose recognition the people was made a community. The peasant served, the lord served, the monarch served, each in his place and degree; the system comprehended all, and went up by degrees of representation from the lowest to the highest, until the sovereign and con-

* It is, in part, the present sickness of England that the landed aristocracy continues to exist, while the land has become, to all intents and purposes, private property. The old institution remains: the old significance has gone out of it. How much better the new commercial *régime* will prove, we cannot predict: enough to note the profound change which has taken place.

cluding representation appeared in the king. Of course, those who possessed power often acted violently, turning the system in actual operation against its own meaning. But he reads history to little purpose who cannot find its *idea* beneath the perturbations caused by the passion and partiality of agents.

Now, at a later period, in Europe, as landed estate became private property, — a change rendered inevitable, perhaps, by our more complex civilization, — so the sovereignty was appropriated by its representatives. Losing the mediate character, it came to be held by pure proprietary title. The chain of mutual, comprehending obligation was broken, and egoism enthroned; for a flowing and circling fidelity, upon which, by the proxy of a monarch, the crown was placed, was substituted a bald individual domination; and the doctrine of the "divine right of kings" was devised to dignify with the colors, and protect with the force, of religion, this infidelity of power.

From this degraded royalty there were two possible modes of departure. Those who should adopt the one, would begin with a common renunciation of property in sovereign power. This pretension, take what shape it might, would receive peremptory dismissal, and once for all. This act at the outset, and as preliminary to any reconstruction.

We could hardly expect, however, that the regal institution would be restored. No longer bound by the primitive laws of thought, — which permit a principle to be recognized only in some express image, that is, to appear only by a definite individual proxy, — these renovators would not find it necessary to locate the sovereignty in a particular man, but would institute a free representation, open to all, and the duty of all, in whom the civil spirit should be clearly reflected. This would lead to a pure republicanism; and could this have been done promptly at that time when first a great political renovation was felt as required, there had been such untying of a knot as in our heady and passionate world is seldom accomplished.

Those who should depart in the opposite direction would

merely take up that spurious royalty upon which I have remarked, and transfer it to the individual in general. Property in political power they would not only recognize, but assert with zeal and dogmatic heat, red in the face; supposing a great thing done, and conceiving themselves the most "liberal" of mortals, when they had extended indiscriminately this crass political egotism.

The Puritans of New England, as I may attempt to show at another time, chose the former mode of departure, but not wisely enough. They sought to do what at length — though, it would seem, through much struggle and dim groping in the dark, much retracing of steps confidently taken, and not a little recalling of theories complacently put forth — will have to be done. They could not prevail. They were partial, narrow, and afflicted with religious cramp, while the tide of the time ran hard against them. The modern world was fated to elect, not republicanism, but democracy. Political egoism forsook the thrones, where it was in peril, to find securer shelter among populaces; and the fungus, that grew out of decaying kingship, became in the eyes of most a celestial plant, when its spores were sown broadcast, and sprang up as a proprietary sovereignty without condition or discrimination.

ART. II. — OLYMPIA MORATA.

OF the brilliant epochs which arrest the attention in glancing over the history of modern Italy, none combined more of grace and elegance than the Court of Ferrara at the period when Duke Hercules held the reins of government. His coronet was shared by the witty, graceful Renée, daughter of Louis XII. of France, who possessed all the vivacity of the French woman, united to a high tone of moral character, and a noble, generous nature which rendered her the charm of the court, and drew around her a circle of the choicest spirits of the age. Among these were many ladies possessing the highest culture, rivalling even Renée and her daughter, in the graces and

accomplishments to which the women of that period aspired. One of the most celebrated, for loveliness of character, beauty of person, distinguished literary genius, was Olympia Morata.

Ferrara at this period was not only a most brilliant city, gay and intellectual, but was an asylum of free thought, where, under the protecting influence of Renée, such men as Calvin and Clement Marot found not only a refuge, but a welcome.

Among the most distinguished men at the ducal court was Fulvio Peregrino Morato, who had been invited there to become the preceptor of the young brothers of Hercules, Hippolito and Alphonso D'Este. After a time, his brilliant wit excited the envy and dislike of some of the courtiers, and he was banished for several years. After his return, he did not appear much at court, but devoted his leisure to studies at home, and the instruction of his young daughter, whose education and development became to him the greatest solace and highest pleasure. Olympia was born in Ferrara in 1526. Endowed with gifts which excited the admiration of men, she had a peculiar grace and charm of manner, which fascinated her own sex. From her earliest youth, she heard of Plato and Aristotle, Virgil and Cicero, whose genius, for a long time veiled, presided now over the literary resurrection of Italy as household words; she lisped their language; she was nourished by their thoughts, and inspired by their sentiments and imagination. She had hardly reached her twelfth year, when her knowledge, the vivacity of her mind, the grace and brilliancy of her conversation, over which still rested the veil of childlike simplicity and modesty, drew around her a circle of charmed friends; not only the young, fascinated by the novelty of the thing, but wise doctors of philosophy, venerable professors of Greek and Latin. She talked freely with all, answered all their questions with prompt and ingenious repartee. Among those the most impressed by this youthful genius was Celio Calcagnini, a mathematician, archæologist, and poet, bound by ties of most intimate friendship to Peregrino Morato. He followed with loving eyes the progress of the youthful Olympia. He wrote of her, "She is a new Aspasia, purer than the one the Athenian first worshipped and then despised. The favor of the

Muses was a domestic inheritance: she drank in the love of poetry with the milk that nourished her; and, by a divine mystery, it became the source of life to both her mind and body."

The Duchess of Ferrara felt the deepest solicitude regarding the education of her eldest daughter, Anna. Gifted with rare intelligence, she had been taught Greek and Latin, and the delicate idioms of the Italian tongue. When a mere child, she recited the choicest fragments of Demosthenes and Cicero, translated the fables of *Æsop*, and wrote brilliant compositions; but her studies were solitary, and the duchess was anxious to find a companion for her, who should stimulate her progress by a friendly emulation. Sending for the daughter of Morato, she was charmed with the grace of her manner and the maturity of her mind; and she immediately invited her to come to the palace to share with her daughter every advantage, to be her friend, her sister. The friendship which grew up between these two young souls was deep and fervent, and was never broken by time or adverse fortune. From the time of her entering the palace, a brilliant career opened before the young Olympia. The amusements of the court were arts and letters. The splendid entertainments which Renée delighted to give presented always some new feature, some classic grace, some poetic study, which improved the taste while gratifying the eye and ear. Olympia's ready pen, and versatility in composition, offered a new source of pleasure. She wrote dialogues, which were spoken by the Princess Anna and herself; she instituted a series of oratorical tournaments, which called to witness them the most learned men throughout the country. Celio Curione, the learned reformer, having been present at one of these literary exercises, where Olympia had held the court enthralled by her grace and eloquence, wrote of her, "Young girls of her age are usually satisfied to gather a spring flower here and there; but she, disdaining these blossoms of a day, culls only from the garden of the Muses immortal garlands, which never fade, but by a divine privilege grow greener with the years."

The Court of Ferrara had been the refuge of all who were persecuted for freedom of opinion, religious or political. It

was well known that the Duchess Renée sympathized with the new doctrines, but that Duke Hercules barely tolerated them. The visit of Pope Paul III. riveted the papal chain upon the duke. The pontiff entered Ferrara with extraordinary pomp, in order to do honor to his princely host; who in his turn, anxious to propitiate him and win from him a confirmation of the investiture of his duchy, gave him a magnificent reception, and during his visit of several days lavished upon him every thing art and taste could devise. The royal children with Olympia acted plays; recited dialogues in Latin, Greek, and Italian; revived the classic drama; and filled every hour of his visit with some new, choice pleasure. The pope improved his time in making the duke realize that he must no longer permit the progress of freedom in his duchy; and from this period the harmony which had so eminently marked this court began to disappear: the seeds of dissension were sown, calumny was rife, friend was alienated from friend. There were many who had been for a long time jealous of Olympia Morata. Her keenest-eyed rival could not detect a flaw in her lovely moral character; but there were subtle whisperers to breathe into the ear of the duke, that her influence over the duchess was great, and that it was on the side of the Reformation. Others insinuated to the good Renée, that Olympia cared only for herself and her own renown, that she eclipsed the princesses, and won from them the admiration which was their right. Her devoted friend, her more than sister, Anna D'Este, had been married; so there was no one to note the first springing-up of distrust, no one to put down the traitorous aspersion. Day by day the noble girl saw the cloud coming, she felt the almost impalpable mist which heralded the storm; and hour by hour her agonized heart throbbed with anguish as she noted the averted eye of the beloved duchess, and felt the chilling coldness of her manner, in such bitter contrast to the love which had been so freely lavished upon her. The enthusiasm for antiquity, which had been for her an idolatry, no longer satisfied her. In her years of triumph and joy, the sages of antiquity had given her sufficient occupation and solace; but now that fountain was dry: she had exhausted all its living

waters. It was fortunate for Olympia that at this time there came to the Court of Ferrara an Italian lady, Lavinia di Rovera, who, to the most noble qualities of the heart and a cultivated mind, added a deep attachment to the Reformed faith. With Olympia, who soon became her most intimate friend and companion, she sought a faith which might open to them, not the classic elysium of the Greek, or the predestinated glories of the elect, but a true spiritual heaven, which should be at once the freedom, the rest, and the progress of their souls. The cloud still brooding over the courtly life of Olympia passed away in time, and she learned to repose with a child's trust in the Universal love.

It was while burdened with the grief of her father's death, that Olympia was summoned to answer to many but vague criminal charges, accusations of which she had been made the object. Duke Hercules, anxious to find some one of the Reformed faith upon whom to vent his anger at the progress of liberal opinion, took part strongly against her; the duchess dared not lift her voice to plead for her; Anna D'Este was gone; and, deprived of all support, she returned to her desolate home. The burden imposed upon her by her father's death was no light one. An invalid mother, three sisters, and a young brother claimed her vigilant care and devoted affection. She comprehended her duties, and sought to perform them with pious faithfulness. It was a beautiful thing to see this young girl, brought up in a court, the poet, the orator, the very embodiment of grace and beauty, quietly giving up all that the world had still to offer, and devoting herself with unremitting care to domestic duties and the education of her sisters. She still found time for her own studies, especially that of the Scriptures, and for the culture of her poetic talent. The two fragments which have been preserved among the compositions of this epoch of her life are an adieu to the profane muse, and a revelation of the faith, in which she found her support under trial.

At this period, a young German physician, named Andreas Gründler, who had come to Ferrara to study, became inspired with warm admiration for Olympia, which on acquaintance became a deep and tender attachment. Anxious to

remove her from her painful position, he urged an immediate marriage. They were united according to the simple rites of the Reformed Church. Olympia composed a Greek hymn for the occasion. "It is," says Sinapi, "antiquity chanting through the voice of a choir the most solemn act of human life; it is a song of Pindar repeating by an echo the Christian *renaissance* at Ferrara."

This marriage was the commencement of a life of wandering. Deprived unjustly of his doctorate, the aim of Gründler was to get a professorship in some German university. With his young wife he was welcomed wherever they went by all the literati of Germany, to whom the reputation of Olympia was well known. Soon after their establishment in Schweinfurt, his native place, he received a most flattering invitation to take the professor's chair of medicine in the academy of Lintz, capital of Upper Austria. The advantages were very great, but were offered under condition that they must not profess publicly the Reformed faith, as it was under the ban in Lintz. Nobly did they refuse the tempting offer, choosing rather to battle with poverty than be faithless to the principles they professed. Sorrow was added to sorrow. The country was rent by civil war. During the siege of Schweinfurt, Olympia was an angel of mercy, a sister of charity, testifying a courage and a faith that never faltered. Then came the fever, which always follows in the train of war and famine. Still Olympia and Gründler kept their post,—he ministering as physician to the sick and dying; she binding up wounds, feeding the hungry, consoling the bereaved, and blending with all prayers to the Father of all. At last the city was fired in the dead of night. The flames spread so rapidly, there seemed but little chance of escape for any one; but an unknown soldier came to Gründler and Olympia, imploring them to fly, and promising to guide them safely through the horrors that surrounded them. With the glare of flames, the crash of falling houses, the shrieks of the dying which echoed from every side, the last agony seemed reached when the temple in which hundreds had taken refuge was found to be on fire. There was no choice for them but to follow their guide, who led them in

safety from the city. The brave physician had nearly fallen a victim to the very pestilence whose ravages his watchful care had stayed. Saved by his wife's devotion, they found a refuge at length in the beautiful city of Heidelberg. Here Gründler was invited to lecture; and a new life seemed opened to his wife,—a life of rest from bodily fatigue, a life of the rich intellectual progress which was her highest enjoyment. But her failing health soon rendered any exertion impossible, and then she lived wholly in spiritual thoughts and aspirations. Standing upon the borders of the two worlds, she looked not back, but rested calmly in her serene and beautiful faith. The description of her death-bed pays a touching tribute to the elevation and loveliness of her character:—

“A short time before her death, on waking from a tranquil slumber, I observed her,” writes her husband, “smiling very sweetly, and I asked her whence that heavenly smile proceeded. ‘I beheld just now,’ was her reply, ‘a place filled with the clearest, brightest light.’ Weakness prevented her saying more. ‘Come,’ said I, ‘be of good cheer, my dearest wife: you are about to dwell in that beautiful light.’ She again smiled, and said, ‘I am all gladness;’ nor did she again speak, till, her eyes becoming dim, she said, ‘I can scarcely see you; but all places appear to me full of the fairest flowers.’ Not long after, she fell into a sweet slumber, and expired. I never knew so true and pure a soul; never did so much candor, grace, purity, dwell upon this earth before.”

Not only did her husband give her this tribute of words, but borne down by grief, struck by the pestilence then raging at Heidelberg, in less than two months he was placed by her side; and immediately after, as if struck by the same blow, the young Emilio, the brother of Olympia, whose education she had guided, whom she had watched over as the choicest legacy bequeathed her by her beloved father, was stricken down and died. This threefold death was mourned as a public calamity. A French gentleman, professor in the University, honored himself by defraying the funeral expenses. They were buried in the chapel of Saint Peter at Heidelberg; and the inscription, which has been recently restored, reads thus:—

"In the name of the Eternal God. To the memory of Olympia Fulvia Morata, daughter of Peregrino Morato of Mantua, and illustrious professor at Ferrara. She was the beloved wife of Doctor Andreas Gründler. Her mind, and singular knowledge of languages, with the incomparable purity of her manners and her piety, raised her above her sex. The witness of her life was surpassed by that of her death, Peaceful, Happy, Holy. She died in the year of our Lord 1555, aged 29 years, upon a foreign ground. Here also repose her husband, and her brother Emilio."

The inhabitants of Schweinfurt, where she had lived only three years, moved by the deepest love and veneration, offered a still more remarkable testimonial. They ordered, by a solemn decree, that the house where she had dwelt should be rebuilt at the public expense, and engraved upon it was this inscription:—

"Humble and poor house, but not without glory; for it was inhabited by Olympia Morata."

None of the prestige of rank and wealth, which lent their charm to Vittoria Colonna, gave any added brilliancy to Olympia Morata. The position she held she won by the intellectual and spiritual grace which pervaded her whole being, and the goodness of heart and the rectitude of principle which could remain firm in the midst of suffering and temptation such as few could have resisted. She was one of the first moulded and cast by the hand of the youthful Reformation; and her example of heroic sacrifice, which left its impress upon her own generation, may well rise up in this nineteenth century to inspire the womanhood her life so adorned, to rise up, in the strength of purity and godliness, to stay the enervating tide of self-indulgence, which is gradually undermining the foundations of virtue, and blighting homes that should be temples of the living God.

ART. III.—BUNSEN'S "GOD IN HISTORY."

God in History ; or, The Progress of Man's Faith in the Moral Order of the World. By C. C. J. BUNSEN, D.Ph., D.C.L., and D.D. Translated from the German by SUSANNA WINKWORTH, with a Preface by the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER. In 3 vols. London : Longmans, Green & Co., 1868.

THAT the Dean of Westminster should not feel himself "competent to enter" on philosophical and abstract questions, will surprise no one familiar with his glowing histories; but, turning back from the posthumous work of Bunsen to the graceful and brilliant Preface which inaugurates it, it is impossible to help asking one's self, "Is this a question of *competency*, or a question of *courage*?" Be that as it may, Dean Stanley's warm-hearted tribute to the personal graces, social powers, and recondite learning of the author, fitly ushers forth this noble and most welcome book.

The three volumes open with sixty pages of introduction,—a "preliminary explanation" between author and readers; the least interesting part of the work, for Bunsen is always heavy when he becomes metaphysical, and sorely must the translator labor to glean the sense of his long-strung paragraphs. We indicate a few of its leading points.

The Universe is the unfolding of God's eternal Thought. If the laws of nature, uninformed by mind, have been discovered, the laws of the development of mind itself must be much more discoverable. If the observation of a portion of a planet's course enables the astronomer to draw the whole curve of its orbit, ought not so many thousands of years of human development to enable us to recognize the laws of the orbit of humanity, to understand the present, dimly at least to forecast the future?

Our fullest knowledge of God, that which must be at once the most operative and the most practical, rests on our recognition of the Infinite in the Finite, of the Ideal in the Actual; and moreover in its conscious, not merely its unconscious,

realization. It shows us God in the Kosmos; that is to say, in an ordered Whole.

The progress of Humanity will consist in this,—that the eternal principles which are being realized in the Finite, and are its germinating forces,—that which is truly the Essence of Humanity,—should be transfused out of the thought, the works, and the life of individuals, into the life of the peoples, and at last become the possession of the entire human race. Culture is the result of the individual's living for the community in which he is placed. The real living root of all voluntary self-limitation is what we call *piety*,—the practical recognition, that the True, the Beautiful, and the Good ought not to subserve us and our selfish ends; but that they stand above us, demanding sacred reverence,—reverence as we find them in God, and reverence also for their manifestation in every human soul.

The Bible testifies of personality, and so does the not inconsiderable section of our eternal orbit already traversed in historic time. What *perishes* in this great struggle that throbs through all history, is the limitation of the individual, and the limitation of the tribe or nation. But the Egotism of Nature desires to burst these bonds, and be itself the whole.

From such considerations Bunsen passes on to his second book, of eight chapters, devoted to the development of the "Consciousness of God among the Hebrews."

Their religious consciousness was rooted in two profound convictions, unique in the ancient world,—that is, the unity of the human race, and the existence of one God, Creator, Preserver, and Governor. Abraham and Moses were the exponents of these intuitions, to which the Hebrews long clung with tenacious fidelity; until the one-sided manner in which the people worked out the national conception converted the representatives of Collective Humanity into an elect people, and deprived rites and ceremonies of their original meaning. Taking the term "prophet" in its widest sense, we have a succession, stretching over fifteen hundred years, which has no parallel in the world's history. Its meaning is the "man who beholds," the seer, the *clairvoyant*. The Hebrew prophets

were the earliest historic persons in whom the perceptive faculty was raised to an apprehension of spiritual things. Their second sight was an inward perception of the soul. Any mingling of the idea of God with any thing Finite is hateful to a Hebrew. Even the vision of Him (the Angel of His Presence) is conceived of as distinct from himself. This faculty of open vision, latent in our nature, which in the case of the Hebrew prophets rose to a true intuition of the moral order of the world, forms the key to the prophetic writings and to the influence which they exerted on their age. The foretelling of external events is the lowest form of prediction.

The four leading persons in the history of the Religious consciousness of the nation were Abraham, Moses, Elijah, and Jeremiah. Abraham broke the curse of slavery to the bloody worship of Moloch, because he esteemed the voice of God speaking through his reason and conscience higher than all the traditions of his fellow-clansmen. With Abraham commences *modern* history; that is to say, the history of moral personalities and their influences. Relying on the authenticity of the records of his personal life, we are justified in believing that the account of his vision after his sacrifice is based on an ecstatic fact, if we regard the details as illustrating the manners of the times. His personality has influenced the history of mankind by the universal adaptation to human wants of its grand idea, which has made it operative from his day down to our own.

Abraham's theory of the world builds up a holy race, that of Moses, a great, free nation. And the fundamental thought of Moses corresponds to his singularly noble personal character. The last thing he thinks of is to spare himself in any respect. When it is reported to him that others were prophesying in the camp, he exclaims, "Enviest thou for my sake? Would to God that all the Lord's people were prophets!" After the lapse of the people into idolatry, the Lord refuses to go into Canaan with them: he will only send "an angel" before them; but Moses is not content until the "Presence" of God has been substituted, indicating a distinction which Bunsen finds occasion to use. The purely spiritual

interpretation assigned to the Divine Name spares us any perplexity over the narrative of his "beholding God." The distinction between the "face" and the "back" of the Lord opens a metaphysical sense. The looking at him from behind refers either to the reflection of Him in the Kosmos of Nature or the Kosmos of Humanity. The two precepts, to love God above all, and one's neighbor as one's self, were united by Christ in a single formula; but this springs directly from the conscious thought of Moses.

"Now Moses was a seer, such as none other after him; but his most distinctive characteristic was thoughtful, judicious, moral action in the exigencies of the life around him. He knew, as no other did, how to turn thought into deed. Finally, he is the sole example in history, with the single exception of Washington, of one who rose to be the deliverer and leader of his people, without making himself or his family lords over them. The commonwealth which he founded rested, like that of the Pilgrim Fathers, on the sense of the *supremacy of God*. He regarded his nation as the people of God, consecrated to the diffusion of God's counsels of righteousness and truth over the whole earth. Thus Moses was not alone the counsellor of his nation, but also its hero, lawgiver, king, general, and at the same time a citizen among citizens. But he was all these to the honor and glory of God. Moses, in the highest moments of his consciousness, both saw actual, practical realities, and possessed the power of carrying into effect as a leader what had been first revealed to him as a seer."

Bunsen here touches upon the great difficulty with which Semitic nations organize a state or develop art. He believes that Assyria received its art from Ionia, and appeals to the statue of Niobe on the rock of Sipylus, near Magnesia, and referred to by Homer in the last canto of the Iliad, as a proof of the existence of art in Hellenic Asia Minor in primeval times. It is from the historical place which the Semitic tribes hold in respect to polity, art, and science, that we are to judge that attained by the Hebrews, in order to do the latter any justice. What effect had their sense of divine things upon marriage and the family, upon the patriarchal relations and the polity of clan-life, and upon the federal state into which that polity develops?

As far back as Abraham, Bunsen thinks that monogamy is recognized as the only legitimate state of things. Childlessness will justify the taking of a second or third wife; but as an exception, and as the privilege of the wealthy. The elevated conception of marriage presented in the account of the creation testifies to a profound understanding of the sacredness of the most intimate possible union of two persons. This is the true and lofty purport of the Canticles. It is true that the complete equalizing of man and woman in respect to marriage never took place till the contact of Christianity with the Teutonic mind; but its germs were latent in the sentiment, belief, and manners of the Hebrews; and to these Christ appeals when he made the declaration of the inviolability of the marriage tie, at which his disciples stumbled, — words of Bunsen which bring a sense of invigoration to those of us who have had to hear lately of an inadequate and debasing view of marriage, entertained and taught by Jesus!

Under all the law, the underlying ideas are found to be, first, the strength of man's sense of the Divine Presence; second, a belief in the sacredness of his own person, based upon the fact of his being made in the Divine Image. It is the glory of the Hebrews, that they held fast to these ideas under all the vicissitudes of their national history.

In considering the religious consciousness of the nation, as shown in their philosophy in regard to the order of the universe, Bunsen examines the Book of Job, and Ecclesiastes or the Preacher. The latter he calls truly enough a purely contemplative, sceptical production of the later Persian period, the person of Solomon being an assumed disguise, as the writer tells us himself; but it is not quite so satisfactory to hear that Job is a Semitic drama of the time of the Captivity, the story itself being of Arabic origin, familiar long before the time of Ezekiel through an Aramaic popular book. "He had truly a grand genius," he says, "who out of an ancient bardic Arab recital, grown into a popular book, and dated originally from the time when flourishing states of Northern Arabia contended with the Himyaric empire for the palm of proverbial wisdom, constructed the first justification of the

ways of God to man, that has had permanent historical importance." The author soon rises above the view that suffering is a punishment for sin, to the only worthy view of God's government,—that it is intended to purify. The fundamental idea in this book is the indestructible personal relationship between God and man. "To depart from evil is understanding,"—that is, our perception of God's presence in the world is not seated in our intelligence, but in our conscience; in our moral sense and our actual practice. Job had erred through presumption; but his believing revolt against the mere outside shows of faith was reckoned to him for righteousness, as under other circumstances it had been in a former age to Abraham. The author, Bunsen thinks, was of the school of Jeremiah, a man of profound intellect, who had undergone severe trials; and the book *bears signs* of having been written in Egypt!

In the Maccabees and the Book of Daniel (dated by him at 169 B.C.), Bunsen finds the same leading consciousness. Out of it grew the expectation of a Messiah. For generating a new vitality in the nation, a national life and an inspired sacred Person were necessary. Among all the other Semitic nations, religious consciousness was lost in a profoundly materialistic and benighted condition. To the faith of Abraham it was that Mahomet returned, shouting, "Vain lies are vanquished." But he did it as a second Zoroaster,— "He that takes the sword shall perish by the sword." A wrathful spirit, the lust of conquest, the degradation of woman, paralyzed the wings of man's upward flight.

The union of the Old and New Testaments is not a forced one; for the purpose of the law and the prophets did not culminate till in Him who disclosed the secret core of all God's revelations to mankind, by turning the common heart and mind to the Great Father.

Bunsen's third book is devoted to the Religious Consciousness of the Aryans of Eastern Asia, prior to the introduction of Christianity. This concludes his first volume. After a preliminary outline, we are taught concerning this consciousness as it existed in a primeval period among Khamites,

Turanians, and Chinese and later in the nations which developed from them; among the Bactrians and Zoroaster, along the Indus and Gauges; and, finally, among the Brahmins and Buddhists.

Asia offers no early testimony to man's sense of religion beyond that of language: the "vestibule of Asiatic consciousness" is to be found in Egypt and Eastern Asia. Confucius can be called a prophet only so far as he bears witness to the sense of death in the Chinese theory of the universe, and sought an honorable tomb for his dead. Lao-tse was something more: he was a man in whom the sense of the Eternal had really broken through the hard rind of the Chinese ceremonialism; and, after seventeen centuries, he has found a disciple by whom his thoughts have been carried farther.

The deposit of the primeval world we find in the language and tradition of Egypt. The *centre* of the consciousness of God's presence felt by the Egyptians, is to be found in the Osiris worship, their oldest form of faith. Osiris is the Lord, the God and Father of each individual soul, the Judge of men, who passes sentence strictly according to right and wrong. The metempsychosis and the judgment of the souls of the dead are nothing else than the reflection of that general theory of the universe, according to which good prevails. All guilt must be expiated; but the final issue will be the triumph of the Good, and a life in God will be the eternal heritage of the soul. The souls of men are immortal; but only those which have been tried and purified are made blessed. Among the Egyptians, actual life, in spite of abuses, retained an eternal sacredness; for it had been outlined upon a divine pattern. Faith in moral order never quite died out. Balance, sobriety, deliberate purpose, consecrated their art. Up to the thirteenth century before Christ, the Typhon of the Greeks was universally adored throughout Egypt, conferring life and power on the sovereigns. He was at first a mighty benefactor, transmuted into Set, a destroying enemy, in consequence of the Assyrian conquest, he being also the God of the Semitic Asiatics. As the brother of Osiris, Set must have been in the time of Menes an ancient object of adoration.

Wherever we find Turanians, we find the yearning to transport one's self out of ordinary life into a state of enthusiasm rising to ecstasy; to be, in their view of the relation of man to God, the access to a more exalted consciousness. Inspired clairvoyance is their aim. For the same reason, some tribes of North-American Indians will refuse nourishment until nearly dead of hunger. Drunkenness is a Turanian vice; and so is every unnatural practice. Forced into uncongenial abodes, the Turanians have not yet contributed their quota to the advancement of mankind; but they are not inaccessible to culture, as the Magyars bear witness. In China, Confucius speaks not for its ancient civilization, but as the philosophical mouthpiece of its latest. "Heaven," which Confucius encountered among the remnants of the ancient literature,—i.e., the divine order of the Universe, as reflected from the starry sky,—has nothing to do with man's *soul*, though it may decide his fate. "Spirit" is no substance, except when used to denote the shades of his ancestors. But what is it? The energy residing in matter. What is matter? The product of two primitive matters! And this unintelligent and unintelligible theory Buddhism has never been able to displace, and nowhere is Buddhism so unintelligent as in China. The Chinese conception of religion is not that of primeval mankind, but the dead ruin of that conception. There is in the Chinese language absolutely no word to express abstract Mind. The nation's mind is not conscious of itself as mind. What we call History is precisely the unfolding of such a consciousness. The solitary evidence of any ancient faith in it is to be found in their "Worship of the Dead."

We come now to the consciousness of God developed by the Oriental Bactrians. The earliest Bactrian worship was pure Nature-worship. The migration from Bactria to India took place anterior to the reformation of the Bactrian faith by Zoroaster. The Vedic hymns, though they may be co-eval with that reformation, were nevertheless the hymns of the ancient faith, which in the parent land were superseded by the new influence. The language of these hymns is the most ancient monument of the Bactrian consciousness. The achieve-

ment of Zoroaster was grand as that of Abraham. It was the transition from the worship of the elements, to the adoration of the *spirit* of those forces. Questions had begun to arise,—“Whence comes evil, if the good God reigns?” “How does it exist contrary to his will?” The key to the understanding of Zoroaster’s position in History is in a Hymn of eleven three-lined strophes,—a sort of parallel to Luther’s ninety-five Theses. Until now, this Hymn has been as good as unknown. It represents the prophet on one of the hills dedicated to fire-worship, on the southern spur of the Indian Caucasus.

There he summons the nobles of the land, to choose between faith and superstition. He is willing, as the Zend shows, to retain some old ceremonies, but only as emblematical of spirit-worship of a spirit-Cause. He demanded unconditional acceptance, the suppression of the priesthood and the hostile guild of bards. That he admitted some compromise, is the characteristic which distinguishes him from Abraham. He made veracity the most decisive point of piety: “You cannot serve two masters; you cannot hold fellowship with lies: choose ye whom you will serve.” Evil is the negative principle, that which *is*, in order *not* to be,—in order to become the stepping-stone to what is permanent. In Zoroaster’s eye, Evil is the Evanescent. No Aryan can look at ethics apart from metaphysics. To him the Reason finds the Good when it is seeking the True. The seventh strophe of this Hymn shows the richest meaning:—

“But to the succor of this life comes Armaiti, mother of the corporeal world, with Power and with Truth and with Piety of Heart. But the Spirit, first-born of creation, dwells with thee, O Mazda!”

The reputed doctrine of Zoroaster is foreign to the original idea of the prophet. With such a life as he invites us to lead, are associated four Helpers,—Obedience, Power, Truth, and Good Intention. Armaiti represents submission. He who, sacrificing his own selfish interests, devotes himself to the divine will, shall receive earthly power, possessions, and strength, the consequence of a *willing surrender*. The Spirit

is called the first-born of creation; the life of the Spirit, the *final* life! Zoroaster's conception of life and history is not merely practical, but ethical: it rests on an elaborate metaphysical theory. The Lord speaks to man in unmistakable language, but only to the good man. This living faith in moral order explains the influence which Zoroaster has exercised for five thousand years, and which marks an era in universal history.

"He protects the twofold life, who is of truth the source and lord;
Gives to the Wise the deeds of life, and to the truthful heart the power."

From Bactria, this faith spread to Media, where it became mixed with Chaldean philosophy, and of course degenerated. It was because Abraham possessed the courage to throw away all relics of the old and erring faith, that he, and not his Aryan contemporary, became the Father of the Faithful. Of the personal history and inward conflicts of Zoroaster, we know nothing; but, three thousand years before Christ, his faith had founded an empire. Seven centuries later, the old nature-worshippers took refuge in India; and in the seventh book of the Veda hymns Dr. Haug traces the fortunes of the prophet from whose reforming influence they fled. But they found Aryans established there.

What consciousness did they develop in the lands of the Indus and the Vedas? This was the last of fourteen regions bestowed by Ahura-mazda. The first settlement must have been made long before the time of Zoroaster; for he felt a pride of race in its history, and retained the account of it, as our Bible retains the story of the first movements out of Ur. The language of the Vedas is purer and older than that of the Zend, and that of the Zend is purer than the Sanscrit, which was the formation consequent on the emigration that occurred in the time of Zoroaster. In Europe, we all speak dialects which are grammatical corruptions of the Vedic tongue. The sacred books of India touch us even more nearly than the Hebrew Scriptures; but they are sealed to us. The earliest Vedic hymns place us in reference to the veiled life behind, as we should be in reference to the Hebrew

life had we no record of the time from Abraham to Jeremiah but the Book of Psalms. The only ceremonial they preserve is that observed at the obsequies of the dead. As this is described, it gives us the sense of blood-relationship. At first sight, the religion of the Vedas appears a mere adoration of the visible natural powers. The sun, sky, light, appear as Varuna (Ouranos), and Agni. The heavenly symbol of generative power is a bull; that of the earthly sustaining power, a cow. Agni—or fire—is the divinity who comes nearest to man on earth. Of the beautiful early hymns which Bunsen quotes from Max Müller, many passages so strongly remind us of the Hebrew Psalms, that it would seem as if both preserved a common inheritance from an older source.

"He who measured out the light in the air,—who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"—"All who are wise of heart adore God, the Begetter."

This stage of religious consciousness corresponds to the Zeus-worship of the early Hellenic epoch. From one of these hymns we take the following lines, which show that the burning of widows was a corrupt practice into which the nation fell, and was by no means commanded by the original sacred books:—

"Rise up, O woman! to the world of life:
Thou sleep'st beside a corpse: come down;
Thou hast been long enough a faithful spouse
To him who made thee mother to his sons."

The sacrificial ceremonies show a sense of a beneficent Deity, disposing the affairs of his human children with a kindly hand. Many of Pindar's thoughts are to be found in the hymn of Kasyapa, beginning,—

"To the world where unfading Light, where Sunshine itself, hath its home,—
Thither bring me, O Soma! where no harm and no Death ever come."

Three stupendous facts account for the degeneracy of this early faith, for the fearful nihilism in which Sâkya-muni found his countrymen plunged,—pantheism, priestcraft, and despotism. When the mind has once become conscious of its

direct relation to God, it needs to realize the belief in action, if it would not lose it. Detained too long in the fetters of nature-worship, pantheism was inevitable. The Aryan singers gradually shaped themselves into an oppressive, priestly guild; and, with the downfall of liberty and personality, of course, the power of pantheism and the priesthood obtained a still greater ascendancy. When the period came when reform should have been undertaken, it took a logical and metaphysical form under the Brahmins, and moral consciousness was completely repressed. The mind ran riot in sacrifice and prayer and license of speculation. Pantheism was destructive to the energy of the old faith, and to true philosophic thought. Very soon they no longer understood the language of their own hymns. Previous to the time of Buddha, the philosophy of the Vedantists arose in direct opposition to the Sankhya philosophy of contemplation; but, in Bunsen's view, *neither* was atheistic.

"Brahma was begotten before all else, from everlasting." "That which is not spoken in speech, but *by* which speech is spoken, this, know thou, is Brahma." — "The *Existent* is the root of all creatures; the *Existent* is their resting-place; the *Existent* is their foundation." And, singularly enough, this word, the *Existent*, is that which some Jewish rabbis are beginning to claim as the most ancient and only adequate synonym of Jehovah.

It is necessary to fix a steady gaze upon the tragical unfolding of Brahmanism,—the intolerable contrast between these lofty thoughts and the horrible realities of society, as well as the effects of a climate at once heating and enervating,—before we can understand the character of Buddha, the germs of disintegration and reconstruction involved in his institutions, and the success which he achieved. Sākya, the penitent, was a typical Indian; he was the son of a king, who became by choice an ascetic. He taught for twenty-one years. His character was noble, self-sacrificing, and overflowing with brotherly love. He ordered his disciples to hand down his teachings; yet up to the second Buddhist Council, held a hundred years after his death, scarce any

thing had been committed to writing. In the first assembly, held after Buddha's death, his favorite disciple, Ananda, was excommunicated as an unbeliever,—so early did the work of corruption begin. The most important of the Buddhist writings, "The Footprints of the Law," was brought to Europe by Rask. In 1855, Fausböll published the Pali text in Latin type, accompanied by a literal Latin rendering. Bunsen gives three poems from this book in full, which exhibit an earnest and energetic reformer, who bases every thing on true piety and works of mercy. He did not enter into open hostility with the established religion as regarded the ancient rites connected with the worship of fire. All the castes might continue to exist; but he abolished the monopoly of teaching enjoyed by the Brahmins, by enlisting from *all* castes, even the lowest, a body of mendicant friars, bound by a vow to this duty. His superiority to Origen is shown by one fine saying: "If the spirit, which is the Master, be kept under control, it follows of itself that his servants will also be restrained. What does it avail if the power, but not the *wish*, to do wrong be vanquished?" Yet he was opposed to bodily austerities. The Nirvâna of Buddha is the utter relinquishment of self. Here is a specimen of his compromise with external rites:—

"Brahma dwells in those families in which the children render complete honor to their father and mother, and faithfully serve them. . . . The Fire of the *heavenly hearth* is in those families in which father and mother are honored and faithfully served." Bunsen discusses the opinions of Burnouf at length, and then formularizes Buddhism in the following words:—

"In the soul there is an immortal germ, the Spirit, the sole truly divine element; its finite existence rests on the perception and desire of the nugatory external world, to which also the body belongs. But the aim of human life is, that all desire should cease, that the man should die to himself, utterly and once for all; nay, even to every thought of a reward for goodness, or punishment for sin. Not till he does this will the godlike element shine forth in its native power; and this is the true divine life."

It was the weak point of this system, that it did not establish the conscious Eternal on its proper basis. The consequent failure to recognize the unity of mankind as a race, and its unity with God, came to assume the shape of negations, and the one-sidedness of its author that of positive denial. The religious conceptions of Aryans and Semites start from the origin of the race. The symbolizing of demiurgic forces was succeeded by Primitive Forces conceived as substances, and the contemplation of astral bodies. Among the Iranians, no new personage of creative transforming genius arose after Zoroaster. Among the Indians the first was Buddha. Had he poured his personal religion without compromise into the actual life about him, he would have regenerated the whole Aryan world. Who of all founders dared that great deed, save Christ? Let us not forget what the Asiatic Aryans have already done.

"In the first place, they have placed God really in the universe, and moreover as the Conscious Intelligence, which reflects itself again in the well-balanced human intellect; and is not only felt in the conscience, but also recognized by the reason, although restricted within the limits of finite forms of thought."

"Secondly, though they have not indeed founded a free polity, they have built up piety and freedom on the domestic altar, which is the type, the beginning, and the condition of all political sanctities and liberties."

The Fourth Book treats of "The religious consciousness of the Aryans in Asia Minor and Europe previous to the Christian era."

What have the Greeks possessed and transmitted to us of the nature of Divine superintendence? We must endeavor to acquire some notion of that afflatus of religious feeling with which Hellenic existence is saturated, and of that peculiar gracefulness which softens the severity of the abstract idea. The authors of the Greek Epos and Drama interpreted for us the dream of life. Homer no more invented his incidents than Shakspeare; but he stamped upon them the personal impress of a free creative mind. The Hellenic faith was the offspring of its civil liberty. Among the Ionic colo-

nies, in the flush of their youthful bloom, the Homeric Epos sprang to life. Two generations later, the Sacred Epos of Hesiod crystallized in a permanent form. These represent the first phase of Hellenic religion, the Ionic. The Drama is of Attic parentage. Hesiod's story of Uranos and Kronos is in fact of *Semitic* origin: only Zeus is Aryan. Kronos devours a stone instead of his child, — an exhibition of the pressure of physical nature upon the human soul. When Divine Wisdom, the *Thinker*, has been united to Zeus, he takes for his wife Themis, or *Legal Order*. The three daughters of Light and Order are the three Horæ, corresponding to the three seasons of the Hellenic year. Diké is Justice; Eunomia, Progress; Irene, Peace. And from the same wedlock spring the three fates, bound three in one by freedom and necessity. There is no intervention between Zeus and the human spirit. Reflective Reason is his daughter, without admixture of natural causes: she steps forth into the world, and utters the pregnant dictate, that "*the highest tribunal upon earth is the collective conscience of humanity.*" What a sense do we get of the Divine element in the development of a free fellowship among men! How low, in comparison, is the aspect of the political life of what we call the Christian world! But God is still afar off! The men of the brazen age sprang from the *ash-tree*; that is, they came down from the hills, with spears made of it in their hands. Hesiod found ready the story of the flood, — joint heritage of Semitic and Aryan.

There is one forcible contrast in the Hebrew and Hellenic stories of the creation. In the one narrative, *God* said, "Let there be light;" in the other, the Powers of Light rise to natural ascendancy. The names of Iapetos (Japhet) and Prometheus figure in both; and from this point Aryan and Semitic lines of thought diverge, as it would seem, for ever. Prometheus is a Titan (Tatan), the Egyptian designation for every creative divinity, more especially for Ptah, *moulder of man*. The arbitrary reign of Zeus could not endure for ever: when he devoured his pregnant wife, and incorporated Wisdom with his own essence, he postponed, but could not change, his destiny. When he marries "*Legal Order*" for his

second wife, the predestined son will be born, and reign over the earth instead of necessity. Bunsen thinks Iapetos was originally conceived as a world-creating Titan, hence called "the opener" (of the universal ice). According to the Greek conception, the greatest of mysteries is the *oneness of the race* of gods and men. Nemesis signifies our moral indignation at presumption: it is the recognition of the universal conscience. This kernel of religious belief is the precursor of the religion of the spirit. Among the Aryans, the declaration that conscience is the basis of all religions was made with a depth and thoroughness unsurpassed. The sanctity of moral energy revealed to the Greek his Epos and Drama; it conducted him to political freedom, and gave to him the same support that the Hebrew found in the idea of the Eternal. We should hardly be justified in placing the rise of the Thracian mystics—such as Orpheus, Musæus, and Linus—in post-Homeric times. Aphrodite was neither Mylitta nor Astarte; and blood-thirsty Moloch was not only the antagonist of Jehovah, but the opposite of Zeus, God of the bright Æther.

In reference to oracles, Bunsen says, "The term 'Sibyl' is Greek. In the Eolic, it signifies a decree of Zeus. The great sceptic, Heraclitus, believed in the Sibyls. The Sibylline prediction was evidently that of a *clairvoyante*. A step forward had been taken, when men no longer read auguries in the entrails of a victim, but took them fresh from the "beholding mind." In the time of Aristotle, the Orphics were already a kind of fakirs, strolling musicians, and diviners. The first attempt to link the myths together into a system of thought was made by Pherecides of Syra, the master of Pythagoras. Pythagoras said that the best part of a man's life was that which he devoted to the worship of God,—a true Orphic saying. The indelible stamp of holiness which he sought to impress on Greece is closely connected with the circle of ideas which we are considering. He was the first man to say "Kosmos" in the modern sense. We possess none of his writings; he stood midway between Zoroaster and Plato. Bunsen believes that we owe to him one letter of

the alphabet, which contains the key to his faith in God and the Universe. Beside the Pythagorean maxims at the temple of Delphi, stood the letter E. Among the Greeks fifth in order, epsilon signified the fivefold of unity. Now the perfect number 10 is already contained in 4, — $(1+2+3+4 = 10)$ held sacred by the Pythagoreans. One, the undivided, the eternal, they placed in antithesis to all other numerals. Therefore $4+1$ will stand for God and All, and 5 will be the sign of the Whole = the Universe. Here was the most ancient form of the Pythagorean Pentagram. We may infer that EI was the mysterious symbol which Pythagoras was said to have engraven with his own hand.

In the life of every nation comes a moment when a prophet is expected. Homer was the Moses of the Hellenes. The Iliad and the Odyssey became their Canon. Homer knows no moral guilt, but that incurred through man's own act. Zeus with him is not only a god, but God. Homer no more believes in the letter of the myths than the mocking Lucian, but in the spiritual idea which underlies them, the religious consciousness which adopted them. Zeus is a kindly father. To be *jovial* is to be *genial*. Through him this consciousness first becomes historic. In grace, or depth of freedom, Hesiod is not to be named with Homer; yet the Hellenic thought is present. The "exhortation to the princes" is not inferior in moral tone to the voice of the Hebrew prophets. As Homer and Hesiod dominate for three centuries over the higher consciousness of the Greeks, so do Solon and Socrates sway its poles for three centuries onward to the period of national decline. Faith in moral order kept the Greek erect in the worst of times. The first Greek prophet was *Lyric Poetry*, towering most in Solon and Pindar. The second was the *Drama*, of which Æschylus and Sophocles are the luminaries. The third was *Plastic Art*, reaching its highest expression in Phidias and Polygnotus. The fourth was *Written History*, speaking through the prose-poet Herodotus and the epic Thucydides. The fifth was *Philosophy*; Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle adorning its sphere. And the sixth was the *Body Politic*, the mother and nurse of the collective consciousness

of the nation to its last struggles in the person of Demosthenes. All bear witness to a truth which we may state in three propositions: *first*, there is a unity and organic succession of development in divine humanity; *second*, this faith has been in all ages the postulate of all positive belief; *third*, it is so still, and must for ever be so.

Of the Lyric poets, Callinus and Tyrtæus preach the religion of *legal liberty*. These two, with Solon, form a unity opposed to the great Doric prophet, Pindar. They are patriotic philosophers; Pindar is a theological lyric poet. Here we must begin to consider the relations of time. Pindar died in 443 B.C., surviving Æschylus by a few years, as he had preceded him. There is in the ancient world scarcely an influence so mighty as that of Solon. He has recorded his own religious views in a poem with the title, "Solon's Lessons for Himself:" "Oh that men would reverence the eternal law, which commands the observance of moral fitness!" It is the same doctrine which he preached to Cræsus. The contrast between the Homeric and the Orphic is strongly indicated in the views taken by Solon and Pindar of divine retributions. Solon is silent upon what shall come after death. The fancy of Pindar prefers to linger on the life beyond the grave. To keep the *due mean*, in remembrance of the power of the gods and the nothingness of man, is the key-note to his song of moral order. The relation of the Divine to man and human affairs is seen by him in its noblest aspect: "The law is the ruler of gods and men." According to Pindar, man's life has a divine goal, but the transit to that goal is dark; his future destiny is veiled. He knows no loadstar but Reason, and nowhere refers man to omens and dreams as an ordinary Orphic would have done. "Somewhat more than the gods possess," he says, "did Jove attain!" Lyric poetry, among the Greeks, achieved a great deal for man; but the Greeks were not the first to create it. The Chinese and Hebrews gave inimitable models of it; and 2,000 years before the Hellenes, in the Zend and the Vedic, it had attained a world-wide importance. The great historic thoughts of Pindar are three: 1. That in human destinies a divine law rules, and this is

the same law which the pious man discovers in his own bosom. 2. Human things find their subsistence in the divine. The self-seeking element in a man or a state is the destructive element. 3: The traditions of mankind concerning the Divine contain truth, because they correspond to the inward consciousness and reason, find an echo in conscience, and inspire his faith.

Difficult as it is for a man or a nation to keep faith in Moral Order after ages of violence or injustice, yet, so soon as arrogance is chastised, the rebound is powerful. The magnet of the divine instinct recovers its lost power, and the Greek drama, the highest exponent of the Greek consciousness, directly expounds the eternal law of Universal Moral Order; and it is therefore the property of all mankind, and one of the most important factors in any attempt to prove that the laws of the moral Kosmos are as certain and unintelligible as those of the physical. In Prometheus, Æschylus presents the whole problem of the Destiny of Man. He expiates the sin of presumption. That the "reign of Zeus was not to be eternal" was a prophecy, whoever uttered it. Where Silenus says to Midas, "The best thing, when once born, is to die as soon as possible," the Æschylean chorus declares, "Now this is not my faith, whether others agree with me or not." Blank destiny does not prevail, but Divine justice is executed. Nowhere in Æschylus do we find merely outward complications or forced solutions. His heroes perish by their own sin, or at least by the absence of self-restraint. Issues are brought about by no visible god, but by repentance and confession. Sophocles carried the reflective religious consciousness a step farther. The "*Antigone*" probably belongs to the year 445 B.C. In it a very pure and exalted shape is assumed by that consciousness of Destiny which the Greeks called Nemesis. In the "*Electra*," also, Sophocles shows a phase of religious sentiment peculiar to himself. His "*Aias*" stands on the same exalted level of religious and æsthetic sentiment. It is not destiny, but holy Order, which triumphs in the most tangled web of fate. All punishment is deserved; and the Muse steadily bewails the difference between noble and ignoble souls.

It is difficult to decide which is the more striking in Euripides, — the degeneration of sentiment, or the decadence of art. His tragedy is, to some extent, an audacious and intentional parody of the earlier religious sentiment. His theory of the Universe is that of *Candide*; but he puts it into the mouths of the gods. His conclusions are often akin to that of the *Reineke Fuchs*: "Nothing can be more unjust than the way the world goes;" and he adds, "All to the greater glory of God." He makes sacred things ridiculous. He was precisely bad enough for that Alexander of Macedon who admired him! Hecuba becomes in his hands only a revengeful murderess. His delineations are mere satires on the female character, and on a pure personal love. His choice of "Medea" as a subject for art is in itself a crime. "The Bacchanals," confessedly one of the most artistic and elevated of his productions, justifies this view of his religious sentiments. At the Macedonian court, religion is in fashion as an antidote to republican teaching! The underlying thought of the chorus is that of the German drinking-song, and the concluding lines of one hymn extol the delirium of drunkenness as the highest bliss on earth; and the "elevated sentiment" of another concludes with the questionable line, "What is fairest still is dearest"! And here Bunsen's disgust at the modern opera peeps out comically: he "easily imagines *trills to suit it*"! Euripides demands a place in the history of religious consciousness, but only as a conspicuous example of its absence. The true heir of the spirit of the tragic poets was Aristophanes, spoilt darling of the Graces. For the earnest and honorable character of his personal sentiments, even Plato could forgive his injustice to Socrates. Moral earnestness and a pure feeling for art always sway his scourge. In his "Clouds," he contrasted pious ancient customs with the modern, and the straightforwardness of former generations with the deceitful sophistries of his own.

Beside the Epos of the Aryans, the Hebrew may place his Epos of creation, and the voices of his prophets; but the Drama is the exclusive creation of the Aryan Hellenes. It was the glorification of the righteous judgments of God. A

very exalted apprehension of God lies at the root of it. What was the testimony of their plastic arts? The power of proportion or balance was expressed in them as in no nation before or since. Art, to the Greek, was a part of religion. In Ionia, columnar temples date from pre-historic times; so did sacred music. This elder epoch of artistic impulse was followed by the representation of beautiful forms. As soon as the gods were humanized, artistic consciousness spoke through sculpture. The last book of the *Iliad* cannot be younger than the first Olympiad, and in that the Niobe on Sipylus is unmistakably described. With Phidias began the plastic ideals of the gods for all mankind. The great contemporary fresco-painter, Polygnotus, animated his compositions also with a lofty religious sentiment. The godlike apprehension of the highest characteristics of Humanity will alone explain the charm which Hellenic creations have for all susceptible minds, — a charm felt even now, when we are all smoothed down to a dead level, and paralyzed by a Chinese conventionalism. But Greek art has its limits. The representation of Beauty betrays a consciousness of God; but the great historical schools of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries did more.

The Historians followed in the same path. With Herodotus, the man who oversteps moderation is in the way leading to destruction. He sins against the Divine Order of the world. The consciousness of this order resides in all people more or less distinctly. This had never been recognized before. The theory of Thucydides is identical with that of his contemporary, Aristophanes.

We come next to the Socratic consciousness. The century in which Socrates was born is one of the radiant points in history, — Sophocles, Phidias, and Socrates were all living at once. They were men when the suicidal war of the Peloponnesus broke out. Pythagoras had already (530 B.C.) recognized the Universe to be the harmonious work of a conscious Intelligence. From Thales onward, the Ionic school had occupied themselves chiefly with the physical Kosmos. Anaxagoras had already asserted the progressive unfolding of

the Divine in Human society; but, before that, the Ephesian Heraclitus had called man's death a *divine life*, and assured him that beyond the grave there awaited him what he had neither hoped for nor believed in. It was about 425 B.C. that Socrates came forward as a teacher. A reform of the Attic mind must proceed from within outwards. It was necessary to work upon the moral consciousness of the upper classes. His leading thoughts were, that Knowledge and Morality stand or fall together; reason and conscience testify for each other; the true is the good, and the good the true. The soul is necessarily immortal, for its steadfast nature has no root in the constantly changing material world. Goodness among men must be in the end the victor; and in this faith lies the true fear of God. The words in which Socrates relates his vision, which were those used by Achilles in the Iliad to express his "return home," — "On the third day will stand in Phthia's green retreat," — show very plainly in what manner he looked upon death. The dæmon of Socrates was only an individual conscience quickened to the level of prophecy. His distinguishing characteristic was, that he taught nothing as a dogma, but that which he found in his own inner consciousness. His thoughts, followed to their consequences, involve great prophetic apprehension.

Bunsen thinks that Plato recognized the three great historical races, and defined correctly their scientific characteristics in all ages. He insisted that the principles of the soul's action should be identical with those of the world's order. In this and other fundamental thoughts of the *Timæus*, we have the ideas which influenced the religious consciousness of mankind for the next six centuries. Four centuries before Christ, we find the word "Only-begotten" for the first time in History, in the pages of his *Republic*. This expression occurs in genuine Phœnician cosmogonies as a personified cosmogonic factor.* It also occurs in *Parmenides*, where it is applied to the eternal existence of the Universe itself.† Egypt was the bridge which transferred the thought from Pla-

* *Egypt's Place, &c.*, vol. iv. pp. 149–156.

† See Ritter and Preller, § 145.

tonism to Christianity. It is in Philo that we first find the word "Logos." Already in the Book of Proverbs *Divine Wisdom*, or Sophia, had acquired a metaphysical sense, to interpret which the Alexandrian Platonists employed the word "Logos" of kindred sense; and so, by an easy transition, the Hebrew and Greek conceptions were brought into a complete identity.

Aristotle's *Metaphysics* is in its whole conception a product of the most exalted religious consciousness, because he carries out, in a more strictly dialectic form than any other had done, the identity of the True and the Good. Very conspicuously Aristotle bears witness to the yearning of the human mind after a religion which shall correspond to its ethical consciousness. Socrates and his school were the last heirs of the earlier Greek prophets of the world's moral order.

The religious consciousness of the Romans is not of the highest order, and we must not look for it in the same field as that of the Greeks. The God of loyalty and faith, "Deus Fidius," was really the tutelar Deity of ancient Rome. Their fundamental theory of God is revealed in the attitude of the Romans toward foreigners. Each nation has a right to its own gods, each god to the land in which he reigns. The national literature was of late growth,—a mere article of luxury. Had it been possible for a Roman to conceive of Humanity as a Whole, what a view he might have had! An involuntary testimony to man's apprehension of the Divine is borne by the letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero on the death of his daughter. He felt for the moment the breath of the Eternal Spirit. We look in vain for any prophet of spiritual eminence and deep sense of God's presence, with the exception of Cicero. The Epicurean was a materialistic atheist. The Stoic preached virtue, but found no God. The Academician was through and through a sceptic. Yet once again did the Roman mind rise to the height of prophecy, after Cicero, in Tacitus, the greatest tragic writer among historians. He believed in virtue, and therefore in freedom; but he no longer believed in the possibility of their triumph in Rome. Of the Jews he seems to have known nothing,

and misjudges them from the beginning, because of their scorn for the religious rites of surrounding nations.

That which in the age of Augustus had become a grand desideratum,—namely, the advent of a pure personality,—all mankind now sighed after. Such a person could not be born of the Aryan stock: he must be a child of Abraham. There alone was the pure religion held fast in principle. Jesus came, and bound the old world to the new; and with the proclamation of salvation was fulfilled at once the Hebrew Messianic hope, and the ancient German prophecy at the close of the *Voluspa*.

The third and closing volume of this, Baron Bunsen's last work, may be expected in September. Of the two which have now appeared, we have attempted to give not a complete schedule of the contents, but enough to indicate their remarkable breadth of view, and the lofty and pious thought by which their great stores of learning are interpreted and suffused. Many points of great interest we have felt obliged to omit, particularly on the comparatively familiar ground of the Hebrew history and Scriptures. We trust sufficient has been said to vindicate the grateful admiration which we have expressed towards the author and his work, and to quicken the desire of others for the service of so wise, so strong, and so safe a guide.

ART. IV. — DYER'S KINGS OF ROME.

The History of the Kings of Rome. With a Prefatory Dissertation on its Sources and Evidence. By THOMAS HENRY DYER, LL.D., of the University of St. Andrews. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1868. pp. cxxxv. and 440.

It is not to be wondered at, that a certain re-action has taken place against the excessive scepticism in the treatment of ancient history, to which Wolf and Niebuhr gave the leading impulse, and which reached its height in the English writers Grote and Lewis. The mind craves something more definite

than the negative results which alone were possible at first; and the common sense of the present generation rejects much of the fanciful and premature theorizing which has been so busy in reconstructing the shattered edifice. Nevertheless, nothing can be more certain than that this negative criticism is in the main sound and indispensable: to tell the history of the Romans, "as it was understood, conceived, and portrayed by themselves,"* will no doubt give us an entertaining book of stories; but it is not history. Those writers, therefore, who, like Curtius, in his "History of Greece," accept in full the critical method, but with more liberal rules of evidence than Grote permitted himself; who believe, for instance, that Troy existed and Agamemnon fought, but neither at the time nor in the manner described by tradition,—such writers as these may satisfy at once the demands of sound scholarship and the sense of historical probability. Let us see how it is with another class, which, seeing no alternative between accepting the whole and rejecting the whole, adopts as a fundamental principle, that, after all, the ancients themselves knew more about the beginnings of their history than we do.

The history of Gerlach and Bachofen, published in 1851, but which never, we believe, went beyond the first volume, is the best and most scholarly representative of this line of thought. The book before us has the same aim, but differs in its plan. The German work is a continuous history, written in an animated style, with a general assumption of the trustworthiness of the authorities, which requires no discussion in detail. Mr. Dyer's is, on the other hand, an essentially polemical work, debating the question of testimony and interpretation in considerable detail, and often with much success. It is, therefore, a timely publication; and we are not sorry to have the question thus opened, whether we have all along been working in the right way or not.

The discussion naturally divides into two heads, external and internal,—the nature of the evidence which has come down to us, and the character of the institutions to which

* Gerlach and Bachofen, p. iv.

they testify. Are the facts well attested? and Are they credible in themselves? The first of these points Mr. Dyer treats at some length; the second he fails, as it appears to us, even to understand. On the other hand, Gerlach and Bachofen are especially able on this head; and the chapter entitled "*Die Grundlagen des römischen Staatsrechts*" is by all odds the finest in the volume, although, as we believe, utterly inconsistent with the theory on which the book professes to be written.

The question of the evidence is, after all, not a very complicated one, although it may be hard to answer it. It falls under two heads,—first, whether the Romans could write at the time of the monarchy; secondly, granting this, whether any contemporary documents for that period were accessible to the later historians. The first point Mr. Dyer seems to us to have made very probable, if not certain, for the later years of the monarchy at least; for it would seem to follow from Cic. de Rep., v. 2, that the laws ascribed to Numa were not originally written down. The other point is not so clear. There were certainly a few treaties and public documents: two from the reigns of Servius Tullius and Tarquinius Superbus are expressly mentioned. But when Mr. Dyer says in this connection of the treaty of Spurius Cassius with the Latins (B.C. 493), that it "may almost be said to belong to this epoch" (p. lxxviii.), he begs the whole question; for the first ten years of the republic are perhaps the most confused in the Roman annals, and whoever may doubt the historical character of Servius Tullius, nobody calls in question that of Spurius Cassius. There were also numerous fragments of a ritualistic character, one of which—the song of the Arval Brothers—has come down to the present day. These fragments of the earliest religious institutions are undoubtedly among the most authentic and valuable documents we have; but one may infer, from the frequent special mention of the *Carmen Saliorum* in classic times, that even then most of the forms of this sort had perished, while this one had been preserved almost alone.

But materials of this character, however precious as aids

towards understanding the political and religious character of the times, are of hardly any value for a chronological outline; and the question seems as the most fundamental one in our inquiry, whether a continuous record was kept during the period of the kings, and handed down to a later period. And practically the sole question is as to the *annales maximi*, or record kept by the pontifices, — how far back they reached, what they contained, and whether they were preserved after the burning of the city by the Gauls. For the *libri lintei*, which were preserved, we know to have contained a mere list of magistrates during the republic; and the *commentarii pontificum* can hardly be forced into Mr. Dyer's service. For, in the first place, it is certain that they were destroyed in the burning of the city; and, even if restored from memory, it is far from likely that they contained, as he argues, a continued narration. They appear to have been a record of the cases which came before the pontifices for decision; for this *collegium* possessed many of the functions of a court of appeals, and would naturally have preserved a careful record of its decisions.

As to the *annales maximi*, we confess that the question is a difficult one. We agree with Mr. Dyer, that they contained more than a mere record of "prodigies, or other like events;" also that, even if the originals perished in the conflagration, as seems probable, copies of more or less authenticity existed. How far back it went — or rather how far back it went as a contemporaneous record — is, however, a matter of great doubt. Cicero (*De Rep.*, i. 16) speaks of an eclipse about the year 350 (according to Mommsen, 399 B.C.), as the first recorded in the annals; and says that from this it had been reckoned back to that in which Romulus disappeared. Mr. Dyer undertakes to show, that this means only that this was the first recorded as an eclipse, — former ones, the true theory not being known, would have passed simply as a darkness: but this appears to us not to be a legitimate influence from Cicero's words; although no doubt eclipses might, as he says, pass unnoticed in cloudy weather, so that this alone would not disprove a contemporary record for

some years previous. Undoubtedly the annals, in their later form, professed to extend back even beyond the founding of the city; but this argument proves too much, for one of the few citations that we possess from them shows that the fourth book contained the history of the Sylvian kings of Alba, long before Rome was founded. Besides this, the pontifices, who kept the record, were first established by King Numa: it is clear, therefore, that all before him — and who knows how long after his reign? — was later addition.

We think, therefore, it may fairly be admitted, that the lists of consuls, with a meagre account of the events of each year, did come from the annals of the pontifices, and are more or less authentic. How far from trustworthy in detail, is well shown by an illustration given by Mommsen (vol. i. p. 434), from a period so late as B.C. 298. Scipio Barbatus, consul in that year, is said (liv. x. 12) to have commanded in Etruria, while his colleague commanded against the Samnites; but the sarcophagus of this same Scipio, which every one who has visited the Vatican gallery remembers, says that as consul he subdued Samnium and Lucania. And at any rate there is neither internal nor external evidence of any record beyond the first year of the republic, in which the temple upon the Capitoline was dedicated, — an act which served as an era for all following time. The testimony of Livy, too (vi. 1), complaining of the paucity of materials, because "most of what was recorded in the commentaries of the pontifices, and other public and private monuments, perished when the city was burned," can fairly be interpreted to mean only that the contemporary records were almost worthless.

Much of the readiness to acquiesce in the history as given by Livy and others, arises doubtless from the degree in which the various accounts harmonize with each other; a circumstance which gives them a strong semblance of plausibility, as being testified to by a multitude of witnesses. But it is of very little consequence how many witnesses there are, when they all draw from the same original authority; and, in cases in which we have statements from collateral sources, we often find an equally astonishing difference in the tradi-

tion. It is, for instance, only from a bronze tablet discovered at Lyons, containing a part of an oration of the learned Emperor Claudius (the James I. of Roman history), that we know that in the Etruscan annals the King Servius Tullius was claimed as an Etruscan adventurer, originally named Mastarna. Again, all the familiar accounts represent Atta Clausus as migrating to Rome in the early years of the republic; but a tradition preserved by Suetonius (Tib. i.) represents the Claudian gens as coming with Titus Tatius. But perhaps the most striking example of this factitious unanimity is in regard to the origin of the Etruscans. Almost all the Roman writers agree that they came by sea from Lydia; and it is common to appeal to this, as the unanimous testimony of antiquity. But these writers all copied from Herodotus; and Hellanicus, a contemporary of Herodotus, an equally good authority, gives a totally opposite account (quoted by Dionysius), that they came by the Adriatic, landing at Spina, and were Pelasgians, not Lydians.

We believe, therefore, that Niebuhr and his followers are right in rejecting the chronology of Roman history prior to the republic. No doubt names, events, and institutions in this period are matters of genuine tradition; perhaps the order of succession of the kings after Numa, or even including Numa. Beyond this we are not willing to go.

This brings us to our second point,—the argument from intrinsic probability. Would the character of the city itself, and of its institutions, lead us to assume a recent and formal foundation, such as that of the tradition? Athens, Sparta, Corinth, all the great cities of antiquity which were not recognized colonies,—nay, the petty towns of Latium, of which Rome originally was one,—have no definite and recorded birth; but their origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. Rome alone claims to trace back her history to her very foundation, with precise dates and detailed events. This very exactness is suspicious. As soon as the date of the foundation is passed, all is obscure and fabulous, as even Mr. Dyer acknowledges; and it is much easier to attribute this remarkable precision in the later record to the invention

of a people who were remarkably fond of formal records, than to assume that this city was in reality an exception in this respect.

But this is not all. To the ancients nothing seemed more a matter of course than for each city to assume an eponymous founder, to whose legislative action were ascribed all the fundamental institutions of the state. It was quite consistent with the later custom of bestowing upon some individual Solon or Zaleucus the full power of recasting the constitution of the state; and they could see no distinction in principle between the fundamental social institutions and the formal political organization. Even to a modern, who confines his attention to one nation alone, and who has not learned to appreciate the slowness and spontaneousness of development of such institutions, there is nothing unreasonable in supposing that Roman history began in the eighth century before Christ. A century ago, this would have been conclusive reasoning. When it was believed that society existed by virtue of a formal contract entered into between prince and people, it was easy to assume a society *octroyed* by prince to people. But such theories as Mr. Dyer reasons upon are at the present day simply puerile. Primeval history is not to be investigated in one nation alone, nor must our modern political ideas and processes be suffered to affect our judgment of these remote ages. We cannot better state the problem which lies before us in this field, than in an extract from Mommsen's essay on the Roman clientship.*

"The great problem of the primeval times of the Indo-Germanic race, which has only within our memory entered within the horizon of science, has up to this time made very unequal progress. Comparative Philology, which, as was natural, made the beginning, is furthest advanced; and whatever set itself in opposition to it is already a mere matter of curiosity. Comparative Mythology is just making a commencement. But Comparative Political Science has scarcely begun; for the pointing out of a few external resemblances, as for example

* *Römische Forschungen*, p. 322. Reprinted from Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift* for 1859.

Jacob Grimm attempted to do in the preface to his 'Rechtsalterthümer,' has the same relation to it that the industrious collection of words of similar sound out of different idioms, in the *dilettante* Pagan court some centuries earlier, had to Comparative Philology. This is rather the object, — to carry back those political and social institutions, which, when regarded as Roman, Greek, or Germanic, appear primitive, to their original unity, and thereby to recognize their real growth. This task is, to be sure, one of those which do not admit of a definite accomplishment, but only an endless approximation to their solution; and which therefore, with equal reason, are declared to be unsolvable by those who would begin history with the appearance of newspapers, and are answered in the style of revelation by self-sufficient charlatan-ism (Schwindel). But he who is in earnest with the matter will not suffer the right and honor of unprejudiced investigation to be narrowed on one side or the other, and will hold that end firmly in sight, however far distant it may be. In this investigation we may reasonably expect, that the political comparison will take its start in the Roman branch, as the linguistic in the Indian; for, however little we may know of the oldest Roman community, its image will yet, no doubt, always be clearer and richer than is possible in the parallel political forms (*Bildungen*) of the Greeks and Germans."

Looked at from this grand point of view, how petty appear the disputes upon minutiae of antiquities; and how limited the historic sense which is satisfied with referring the establishment of the proud Roman patriciate to the arbitrary selection by Romulus of a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, or three hundred, senators!

We might rest here; for it is to us a sufficient reply to Mr. Dyer's elaborate arguments, that such an origin of the Roman state is inconceivable in itself, and is inconsistent both with what we know of the primitive history of other nations, and with the most advanced thought and scholarship of the day. But it seems desirable to point out precisely how far this investigation into comparative sociology has been carried, especially in relation to the early Roman state; and this we can best do by giving some extracts from Maine's treatise on the connection of Ancient Law with the early history of society, and its relation to modern ideas.

"The effect of the evidence derived from comparative jurisprudence is to establish that view of the primeval condition of the human race which is known as the 'Patriarchal Theory.' " — p. 118 (Am. ed.)

"It is full, in all its provinces, of the clearest indications that society in primitive times was not what it is assumed to be at present, — a collection of *individuals*. In fact, and in the view of the men who composed it, it was an *aggregation of families*. The contrast may be most forcibly expressed by saying, that the *unit* of an ancient society was the Family; of a modern society, the Individual." — p. 121.

"It would be a very simple explanation of the origin of society, if we could base a general conclusion on the hint furnished us by the Scriptural example already adverted to [that of Jacob and Esau, as contrasted with Jacob's children], and could suppose that communities began to exist wherever a family held together, instead of separating, at the death of its patriarchal chieftain. In most of the Greek states and in Rome, there long remained the vestiges of an ascending series of groups, out of which the State was at first constituted. The Family, House, and Tribe of the Romans may be taken as the type of them; and they are so described to us, that we can scarcely help conceiving them as a system of concentric circles, which have gradually expanded from the same point. The elementary group is the Family [Stirpe] connected by common subjection to the highest male ascendant. The aggregation of Families forms the Gens or House. The aggregation of Houses makes the Tribe. The aggregation of Tribes constitute the Commonwealth. Are we at liberty to follow these indications, and to lay down that the commonwealth is a collection of persons united by common descent from the progenitor of an original family? Of this we may at least be certain, that all ancient societies regarded themselves as having proceeded from one original stock, and even labored under an incapacity for comprehending any reason except this for their holding together in political union. . . . What was obviously true of the Family was believed to be true, first of the House, next of the Tribe, lastly of the State. And yet we find, that along with this belief — or, if we may use the word, this theory — each community preserved records or traditions which distinctly showed that the fundamental assumption was false. . . . This conflict between belief or theory and notorious fact is at first sight extremely perplexing; but what it really illustrates is the efficiency with which Legal Fictions do their work in the infancy of society. The earliest and most extensively employed of legal fictions was that which permitted family relations to

be created artificially; and there is none to which I conceive mankind to be more deeply indebted. If it had never existed, I do not see how any one of the primitive groups, whatever were their nature, could have absorbed another; or on what terms any two of them could have combined, except those of absolute superiority on one side, and absolute subjection on the other." — p. 123.

"At some point of time, — probably as soon as they felt themselves strong enough to resist extrinsic pressure, — all these states ceased to recruit themselves by factitious extensions of consanguinity. They necessarily, therefore, became Aristocracies, in all cases where a fresh population from any cause collected around them which could put in no claim to community of origin. Their sternness in maintaining the central principle under which political rights were attainable, — on no terms whatever except connection in blood, real or artificial, — taught their inferiors another principle, which proved to be endowed with a far higher measure of vitality. This was the principle of *local contiguity*, now recognized everywhere as the condition of community in political functions." — p. 127.

It is astonishing how many of the vexed questions of Roman antiquities answer themselves in the light of this admirable analysis. Were the members of a *Gens* descended from a common origin, as has usually been held? or was this an artificial institution, as Niebuhr maintained? Neither. It was patriarchal in its origin and nature, an outgrowth of the family; but, as it was known very well that persons of foreign blood were admitted to it, Cicero, of course, omits to mention consanguinity as one of the tests of *Gentilitas*. Did the clients belong to the *curiæ*, and vote in them? As the *curiæ* were artificial groups of *gentes*, they must have included all who belonged to the *gentes*, — each *pater familias* with all who were subject to him, — wife, sons, unmarried daughters, clients, and slaves. All belonged to the *curia*, but so long as the patriarchal state continued, and the *pater familias* alone represented the family, we cannot conceive that any voted but him; and although the principle was very early established, upon which much of the Roman greatness rests, that the adult son, while *in manu patris* at home, was an equal citizen as towards the state, this can hardly be assumed for the client.

Another question, even more debated, finds an easy solution from this point of view,—the origin of the *plebs*. The ancients, it is known, identified the plebeians with the clients: Niebuhr, observing the direct antagonism which often existed between these two classes under the republic, held that they were totally distinct bodies. The truth appears to lie between the two theories. Even Niebuhr admitted that the clients must eventually have become absorbed in the plebeians; even Mommsen, who claims that the ancients were right in the main, admits that clients could free themselves from their dependence, and that later comers into the state became plebeians without attaching themselves to the patricians as clients, thus distinguishing between clients and free plebeians. Clientship he thinks to have been the same in its nature with the right of hospitality, *ξενία*, which played so large a part in the social life of the Greeks and Romans,—only exercised towards an inferior, instead of an equal. By virtue of this “guest-right,” which existed between Rome and the cities of Latium, a Latin on coming to Rome possessed precisely the same rights towards the state which belonged to the client; being thus a free plebeian, with the same civil rights as the dependent plebeians, or clients. It was, of course, these later Free Plebeians—independent, wealthy men, many of them, and land-owners—who carried on the struggle against the patricians; while the clients, poor and dependent, formed the strength of their patrons in the *comitia*. So that Mr. Dyer's theory of a class of plebeians (the original clients) who belonged to the curies, and another class that did not, is ingenious and reasonable. The probability, however, is that in the course of time—Mommsen thinks at the commencement of the republic—all the plebeians were distributed among the *curiæ*, with votes in the *comitia*.

After showing, as he thinks, that we have contemporaneous testimony for the regal period, Mr. Dyer addresses himself to the quite superfluous task of demolishing the various theories as to the origin of the accounts which we actually have,—Niebuhr's poetical theory, Sir G. C. Lewis's theory of forgery, and Schweigler's ætiological theory. A superfluous task, be-

cause, if there is a reasonable degree of probability that the testimony is genuine, we do not need to account for its origin; and on the other hand, if we reject, as we have done, not only its authenticity, but its intrinsic probability, we certainly must have recourse to one of these theories to explain its existence. Probably each of these eminent authors has exaggerated the special theory which is associated with his name; but we have no question that each of these sources of corruption had its share in producing the present accounts, nor does Mr. Dyer succeed in rebutting any but the extravagant arguments advanced for them. Of the ætiological theory, he has nothing better to say than that "it is a mere guess or conjecture, unsupported by a single scrap of authority;" that is, he would utterly deny that myths ever do grow up about a name or a usage, simply in order to explain the existence of the name or usage. Now, "if this principle," to use his own words, "is good for any thing," it follows that we must accept as unquestionable facts all stories of this sort; such, for instance, as that which represents Prometheus as attempting to deceive Zeus in the division of the sacrificed ox, — a story which has always passed as an ætiological myth, designed to account for the fact, that only the poorest parts of the beast were burned in sacrifice.

It is a fact that Mr. Dyer's arguments would lead logically to just this result; for he condemns the ætiological theory as a whole, on the ground that we have no evidence of its truth in any one case. How could we have evidence of its truth? It is not possible in the nature of things, in these early times. We have no evidence, for the matter of that, that Prometheus did not play this trick upon Zeus: all the *evidence* is to the effect that he did play it. To be sure, this is a case of gods and titans; the other, of men: but, if we admit the principle in one case, we can hardly be prohibited from applying it in another, where we see improbabilities of the same nature. Now we will mention a simple and well-known instance of an ætiological myth which has arisen in modern times, and where we happen to have documentary evidence of the truth. All travellers in Switzerland remember the

sombre Mont Pilatus, on the Lake of Lucerne, and probably the story that Pontius Pilate, driven into despair by his remorse, plunged from this precipice into the lake below. But the origin of the name is known to be the Latin word *pileatus*, "capped," — given it by the monks, from the frequency of its being covered with clouds, — and the story grew up from the name. We see, then, that the ætiological theory is not a "purely arbitrary conjecture." How far it is safe to apply the principle in detail is often a difficult question; but that the principle itself is a sound one admits of no dispute.

We do not care to enter much into detail in the criticism of this volume. It contains, as we ought perhaps to expect in a book written from this point of view, much weak and absurd reasoning, much that is really ingenious and forcible. We do not see why the author should manifest such indignation at Mommsen's theory, that Rome was originally a commercial city. To be sure there is no direct evidence for it, and he has a perfect right to reject it; but it does not appear to us "incredible," nor is it true that it "rests on nothing but the wildest conjectures." On the other hand, what could be more reasonable than that the only town in Latium which is situated on a great navigable river should have attained its rapid growth — perhaps not its very first commencement — through precisely this advantage? For our part, we believe this, even without evidence, because it commends itself to common sense: we do not see how it could have been otherwise. And we hardly need the numerous corroborative facts, — as that the earliest coins bear the stamp of a ship's prow, the extended territory along the Tiber, the immense importance attributed to the bridge over the river, and the early establishment of the seaport of Ostia.

One point, however, we must notice, because it is an unintentional misrepresentation of Mommsen, arising from a careless rendering of a German subjunctive. He says of Mommsen (p. 22), that, "in his work on the dialects of Lower Italy, he maintains that the Arcadian refugee Evander brought the Greek alphabet to the inhabitants of Latium;" thus accusing the great historian of a most inconceivable inconsist-

ency in one who, of course, believes no more in Evander than in Romulus. That he makes this charge in good faith, is shown by his quoting in full the passage referred to, in which Mommsen admits that tradition is right in ascribing the introduction of letters to Evander *or* Hercules, — meaning, of course, to Greek influence, to which it is known that Mommsen attaches very great weight. He then proceeds: "Von den Pelasgern in Arcadien sei die Schrift nach Latium gekommen," &c., — *sei*, not *ist*; that is, "this is the statement:" and whoever infers from this passage that Mommsen believes in Evander, may equally well infer that he believes in Hercules.

In conclusion, we will say that Mr. Dyer's discussion of constitutional questions is generally sound and satisfactory. He always holds more implicitly to the letter of the record than appears to us judicious; and this habit entirely destroys the value of his speculations for the earliest times. But for the character of the positive institutions this testimony is much more genuine than for their origin or the chronological outline of events; and we do not know, that, on the whole, a more satisfactory discussion of these points is to be found in the English language.

ART. V. — THE FAITH OF SCIENCE AND THE SCIENCE OF FAITH.

An Address delivered before the Ministerial Conference in Boston, May 27, 1868. By C. C. EVERETT.

THE words *faith* and *science* are often used as if they stood to one another in a relation not merely of antithesis, but in one of opposition and exclusion. We often speak of the realm of faith and the realm of science, as if each was a world by itself. As soon as an object enters the realm of science, we are apt to feel that it has left the realm of faith; and so long as an object remains in the realm of faith, it is felt to be, by that fact, excluded from the realm of science. Many believe that the realm of science is surely and steadily encroaching upon that of faith; and many are looking, some with dread and some with hope, to see the realm of faith becoming smaller and smaller, until at last there will be no place left for it, and science shall reign supreme and alone. Indeed, this antagonism between faith and science is felt by many to constitute the great dramatic or even tragic interest of the present age.

This whole view, however, is founded upon error. There is no such thing as a realm of science apart from the realm of faith. There is no exclusion or opposition in the relation of science and faith. They have to do with the same facts. They represent simply different sides of the same knowledge. Faith, we may say, furnishes the basis, and science the superstructure; or we may say that faith furnishes the material, and science elaborates this material into its perfect form. Faith, we may say, is the nebula, and science the completed world which is developed out of it. Or, better still, faith may be represented by the great law of attraction in its varied forms, while science is the solid-seeming world that is bound together and upheld by this. Thus there is no science that does not imply a corresponding faith, and there is no faith that is not capable of a scientific elaboration. The only difference

between what we call the realm of science and what we call the realm of faith is, that the realm of faith is the broadest, for the reason that the whole extent of it has not yet been developed into science. So far as science extends, its field is identical with that of faith. The progress of science neither encroaches upon nor limits faith. It simply elaborates more and more of the material of faith into its fitting and true form. But the material is still as truly that of faith, as it was in its simplest and most unformed state. It is because I consider this relation a vital one, that I have selected, or rather accepted, it for my theme on the present occasion. Our great theological necessity is felt to be that of giving to our faith a scientific form; but this work cannot be approached, or its methods considered, without first taking note of the faith which is the basis of what in our common speech we term science. The study of the faith of science is the essential introduction to a comprehension of the nature of the science of faith.

The faith on which the magnificent structure of our science rests is twofold, or rather it acts in a manner which may be best considered under two distinct heads. In the first place, it gives to science the real world which is its field. I need not spend many words to illustrate the fact, which is recognized even by our most simple and primary works on metaphysics, that we have only certain sensations, which we organize into a world. We cannot by any reasoning get beyond these. Every man carries his own world in his own brain. The mountains, the oceans, the stars, the cities, the men he meets, the heroes that he honors, whether of the past or the present, — these are all the scenery and the inhabitants of his own mind. It is only by faith that he gives to these an outward reality. He does this for no *reason*, but simply because he cannot help it. Their objective reality can neither be proved nor disproved. The belief in it is above, or beneath, all proof. It is stronger even than the instinct of life. I need not illustrate this by reference to the fact, that a man will die for one of these phantoms of his brain. We need simply refer to the fact, that the man believes himself, in any way and to any degree, mortal. Because these figures that flit across the inner world which he carries

with him pass at last and do not return, he believes that he also shall pass and shall not return. Because the figures that take part in these tragic or comic scenes die, the great stage and theatre shall also disappear. In a word, the man puts himself, for life or for death, upon a level with this population of his own mind, with this creation of his own thought. This unconscious condescension shows how strong is the faith which gives to us the real world of things, of persons and events, — which is a world of faith, and of faith only. It may be remarked, in passing, that the truth that has just been referred to shows how impossible it is for the mind ever to receive any proof from the outward world that shall disturb its faith in its own immortality ; for

“ The mind is like the sky, —
Than all it holds more deep, more high.”

If the reality of the outward world, and thus the very field and material of science, is given by faith, no less does faith, in the second place, furnish the *methods* of science. Science is a constant progress from the seen to the unseen. By the mighty instrumentality of induction, it makes the little knowledge that rests upon experience the basis of a vaster knowledge, that stretches far beyond the reach of any possible experience. From a few cases it reasons to all similar cases. From the past it reasons to the future. It is as confident in regard to the future, as it is in regard to the past ; as confident in regard to the facts it has not witnessed, as in regard to those that are most familiar to its experience. By what right does it thus pass from the few to the many, from the seen to the unseen, from the past to the future ? Hume affirmed that the mind had no such right and power ; yet the mind continually exercises this right and this power. What, then, is the basis of our faith in the inductions of science ? It is interesting to see how loath the human mind is to give up belief in outward foundations and supports, and the naïve confidence with which it assumes them. Nothing is more natural than the Hindoo theory, that the earth rests upon an elephant, and the elephant upon a tortoise ; or than that of the old lady who

believed that the earth rested upon a rock, and that upon another, and that there were rocks all the way down. The mind naturally assumes a foundation, and it is long before the question forces itself, "Upon what does this foundation rest?" So it lays rocks beneath the earth, or places a patient elephant beneath it; it forms crystal spheres to support the stars, and thinks that all is firmly based. We can now hardly realize the importance of the revolution by which the mind reaches the conviction, that there is no outward support for any thing; that there is no point of rest in all the material universe; that every thing floats, if that can be said to float that is not even upheld by any medium; that sun and moon and stars, and the earth itself, move through the infinite space upheld by nothing; that there is no arch for the stars, no pillars for the earth; that there is only vacancy above and below every thing. A revolution similar to this has yet to be accomplished in the world of the mind and the spirit. We return to the question, On what rests our faith in the inductions of science? John Stuart Mill affirms, with naïve simplicity like that of the old lady who thought that there were rocks all the way down, that faith in induction rests upon induction; in other words, that there is induction all the way down. He says this with some slight circumlocution indeed, but this is the condensed substance of his statement.* I know not whether the view of such a mighty intellect, resting so unquestioningly on such

* His words are: "Whatever be the most proper mode of expressing it, the proposition that the course of nature is uniform is the fundamental principle, or general axiom, of Induction. It would yet be a great error to offer this large generalization as any explanation of the inductive process. On the contrary, I hold it to be itself an instance of induction by no means of the most obvious kind." — *Logic*, book iii. chap. 8, 1.

He further explains his meaning thus: "We arrive at this universal law [of causation] by generalization from many laws of inferior generality. The *generalizing propensity*, which, instinctive or not, is one of the most powerful principles of our nature, does not indeed wait for the period when such a generalization becomes strictly legitimate. The mere unreasoning propensity to expect what has been often experienced, doubtless led men to believe that every thing had a cause, before they could have conclusive evidence of that truth. But even this cannot be supposed to have happened until many cases of causation, or, in other words, many partial uniformities of sequence, had become familiar." — *Ib.* chap. xxi. 1.

a baseless series of foundations, should make us more or less reliant upon the results of our own thoughts. And there is nothing that shows how natural it is for men to assume foundations without asking what they rest upon, than the fact that so many accept this statement as all-sufficient; that so many, in fact, cannot be made to see why the statement, that faith in induction rests upon induction, does not explain every thing completely.

The simple fact is, the mind has the instinct of generalization. Just as it cannot help looking through the eyes, and believing what it sees; so it cannot help generalizing, and believing in the results of its generalization. This instinct, then, and the unquestioning and often unconscious faith that we have in it, is the only basis of the mighty world of our modern science. But does not our faith in this rest on our experience of its reliability? Yes; but what is experience but prolonged induction? And why do we trust to experience? Or shall we say that it is experience all the way down?

There have been times when there was much discussion in regard to innate truths. Some affirmed them in almost unlimited profusion; some denied them altogether. The latter asked how they were packed away in the mind; and why, if they were innate, they were not present in the consciousness from infancy. Each party was partially right and partially wrong. Strictly speaking, we have no innate truths. We have instincts which come to consciousness at different periods of the spirit's growth. Each of these instincts implies—if it be reliable—a certain construction of the outer world, and a certain relation to it of the individual. The instinct being given, a competent mind could deduce from it this group of circumstances and relations. Thus the faith that we have in any instinct implies, when it is fully developed into consciousness, faith in a certain truth which is the basis and the end of this instinct. Thus there is latent in every instinct, involved in it, implied by it, an idea that may sooner or later reach its consciousness. Thus, if we use the terms "innate ideas," and are asked where they were at first stored in the mind, we must say that first they exist potentially in

the form of instincts, as the destined flower and fruit exist potentially in the germ. The idea or truth that is involved in the instinct of generalization is this, — that the world is a systematic and organized whole. If this were not so, the instinct of generalization would only deceive us. As the plant slowly but surely reaches its flowering, so does this instinct slowly but surely attain to the full consciousness of this idea. It is helped to this by experience; but yet it is itself the implied, though not always recognized, basis of faith in experience. And it is a most marked and important fact in this connection, that the first distinct utterance of this truth was in defiance of experience. The Eleatics affirmed the One. They did not seek to reconcile the many with this, — to find a unity in the manifold. They simply denied the many. They denied all the results of experience. There was no manifold. There was no motion. The senses deceive. There is only the One. Thus did the grand truth of the absolute unity, in its first historic utterance, set itself up against the concrete world of experience, and attempt to sweep it utterly out of existence with a proud denial. The task of philosophy and of science ever since has been to reconcile this unity and this diversity, to find unity in the diversity, and to look upon the manifold as one. The unity for which it has sought is the unity of an organic wholeness. The faith in the reality of this has been its life and its inspiration. The faith in the reality of this has gained clearness and strength by all the magnificent triumphs of its inductive methods; but, consciously or unconsciously expressed or implied, it at first prompted and gave authority to these methods. For without the instinct of generalization, and faith in this instinct, though every fact in the universe of all past time were known, we could not reason in regard to a single fact of the future, any more than the duck could swim even though you threw it into the water, or the bird could fly though you threw it into the air, unless each had the fitting instinct and instrument. Rightly looked upon, there is hardly any thing in the whole reach of our knowledge sublimer than this faith, by means of which the magnificent world of modern science floats unsupported, and needing no

support, self-buoyed, self-poised, and self-sufficient. And how ridiculous does this sublimity make that arrogance appear which would boast of the solid foundations of science, in opposition to the baselessness of faith! So one might—mocking at the things that are invisible—stamp his foot, and say that he would accept nothing less solid, visible, and tangible than this material world; yet how foolish does he look when we picture him to ourselves clinging to the outside of this little spinning ball of thinly crusted fire, whirling through space with a swiftness that his thought cannot conceive, with only the infinite depths of nothingness beneath him, yet boasting of the solid ground on which he stands. Truly he has a solid support beneath him. But his ultimate reliance is not on that which is visible and tangible: it is on the mighty though invisible forces that sustain this. So foolish is the pride of one who might contemptuously compare faith with science. The world of science is a world of faith. It rests on no other foundation, is held together by no other power. But therefore it is that its foundation is so secure. Therefore it is that it moves on its way with the unconscious confidence of the round world itself.

The faith, then, which is the basis of science, which at first exists unconsciously in the simple instinct of generalization, and which at last, by the aid of experience, though always far in advance of experience, reaches its full consciousness, is the faith that the universe is a perfect and organic whole. The faith which is the basis of religion and of theology is only the extension and completion of this. It is the faith, namely, that this whole is animated and governed by a power of good; that every thing is working out some good end; and that all things are uniting, or will be made to unite, in the accomplishment of this one purpose of goodness. Though this faith comes comparatively slowly to its full consciousness, though it struggles up at first like an untimely plant struggling with bitter winds and biting frosts, yet it has its root very deep in our original nature. We find it implied in the earliest and most fundamental instincts of the race. Indeed the free, undoubting, glad obedience to any natural instinct implies this

faith. Still more is it implied by the more special religious and moral instincts. The instinct of worship; the instinct of prayer; the instinct of trust; the power of conscience, in which the good asserts, by an undoubting instinct, its supremacy, approving or condemning all things as a divinely appointed judge,—all of these imply the supremacy of goodness in the universe, and when fully developed, assisted by experience, though still far in advance of experience, unite and culminate in a conscious faith in this supremacy. The development of this faith is often hindered, and its purity marred, by the mingling of other and lower sentiments and instincts with these. Personal fear long holds back this trusting confidence, refusing to be wholly guided and comforted by it. The sense of personal ill-desert shrinks from faith in this infinite and all-ruling goodness, which it feels must be just, because it is good. The imperfection of the moral sense blurs the beauty of the ideal of perfect goodness; for it knows not really what it shall call wholly good, or what it shall seek in seeking for it. In all this, religious faith finds its parallel in what we have called the faith of science; and indeed the history of the one finds its analogon at every step in the history of the other, with this difference,—that the faith of science has reached a point of development far in advance of that which religious faith has yet reached. Indeed, it is only yet reaching, and that very slowly, the general recognition of its foundation principle,—a principle which Jesus announced eighteen hundred years ago, but which became speedily hidden and lost, like a little leaven buried in the mass, which is to be transformed by it into its own likeness.

As the faith of science made its first utterance of itself in the face of experience, and as ever since it has been strongest in the face of facts that seem most to oppose it, apparent lawlessness only rousing it to seek, with fresh confidence and zeal, the laws which it knew must exist in spite of apparent lawlessness,—so faith in the perfect goodness which arranged, and which guides, and is present in, all things is often strongest when all experience would seem to oppose it most. As the Eleatics sweep away the universe that the One might exist in

its absolute unity, so theologians have swept goodness out of the world, that the one good might not have any connection with, and thus no stain or dishonor from, this world, that has so much of evil in it; and often, when apparent evil presses most closely about the soul, does it have most faith in the infinite good. When the outward world satisfies, the soul often rests content without the conscious impulse to look beyond, and to explain the little evil that it may find: but when in the outer world evil seems to overbalance the good; when the life, stripped by loss and overshadowed by sorrow, seems to have nothing left; or when the outward life itself, passed perhaps in weariness and sorrow, has reached its extreme limit, and there seems no outward hope possible,—then how often does this faith in the perfect goodness assert itself with a mighty recoil, and the soul cry, “Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him”!

As the faith of science, drunken, we might almost say, with its own self-confidence, has constructed wild and baseless systems of philosophy; as with more sober thought it has constructed systems of the physical universe, of wheels within wheels, spheres upon spheres, cycles and epicycles, in which systems of philosophy and systems of the physical universe there was nothing true but this, that the universe is a perfect and systematic whole,—so the faith in the absolute Goodness has sought to realize itself in many a strange and fantastic form. It has reeled through wild creeds and systems and theologies; it has devised hells of endless flame, to burn up or burn for over the evil that it found; it has framed schemes compared with which the scheme of the astronomers with its dizzy cycles and epicycles were simplicity, that by means of them the perfect good might be seen to accomplish itself in the world: and when it could do no better, and saw no other outlet or escape; when it had found or established an infinite and endless evil,—even then this faith could not be quieted or repressed; and, seeing nothing else left for it, it has bowed before the infinite evil, and said, “Since this is supreme, it must be good: let us worship it.”

But though faith in the perfect goodness slowly struggles

into consciousness out of darkness and uncertainty ; though, at first, belief in this rests side by side with other beliefs, to be discussed in connection with these or apart from them, so that men may assume the existence of God, and yet question whether or not he is good, — yet by slow degrees it assumes the leading place: until at last, as in science the faith in the unity of the universe and the omnipresence of law comes to be the one truth in which all other truths find their place and their support ; so in religion faith in the absoluteness and the supremacy of good comes to be recognized as the one truth, in which all others find their place and their support.

Few facts are more striking than the manner in which men will use a word, confident that it has a meaning, long before they know clearly what its meaning is. Thus men used the word "cause," divining its meaning, although they could not tell what it was, and although the clearest thinkers denied that it had any meaning like that which they supposed ; until, within a few years, science, by the discovery of the conservation of force and the correlation of forces, has showed us what is the real meaning of the word "cause." So men used the word "faith," with vague and varying meaning ; but so soon as we recognize the supremacy and absoluteness of goodness as the one central and all-embracing religious truth, we know what is the meaning of the word "faith." Faith is confidence. We have faith in that in which we have confidence. You may believe that the bridge you are crossing is not strong enough to support you, yet you would not say you had faith in the weakness of the bridge. If you have any faith in it, it is in its strength. We see this expressed in one of those Bible definitions which we grow so slowly to comprehend, — "Faith is the substance of things *hoped for*." Thus one may have faith in a future in which every spirit shall have a loving providence still watching over it, guiding its feet through whatever paths may lead it soonest home ; but, though one may believe in endless misery, it can never be an object of *faith*. So one may have faith in the integrity of human nature, but one cannot have faith in its depravity.

Faith having this meaning, we understand how there is one

absolute religion. We speak of religions as existing side by side, as being true or false; we reckon up the number of religions in the world: but there is but one religion, and all forms of religion, so called, are speculatively religious or irreligious according to the degree in which they express or fail to express this. So far as any belief is faith in an all-ruling and an all-overruling goodness, so far it is religious. So far as it throws doubt upon this or denies it, so far it is irreligious. The religion of the intellect is this recognition of goodness. The irreligion of the intellect is the denial of this. This denial, if it apes religious forms, we call superstition; and superstition bears the same relation to religion that the dreams of the alchemist do to science. To one who has seen clearly that religion is this faith in an absolute goodness, the nature of religion can never again be a matter of doubt. He may, perhaps, lose this faith: if he does, he loses his religion. But the question as to what religion teaches on this point, the question between a true religion and a false religion, can never again arise.

We thus see the possibility of the science of religious faith, and also what must be the nature of this science. As physical science forms itself about faith in the absolute order, so religious science gathers about faith in the absolute goodness. Whatever must necessarily result from this goodness, it affirms; whatever absolutely contradicts this, it denies: and it assumes without question whatever must be assumed, in order to reconcile known and finite facts with the belief in the infinite goodness. Where it sees mystery, it believes that this is only a veil concealing the perfect goodness; as physical science sees in any mystery only its own ignorance of the law that rules there. And when this science of faith doubts of its results, its only doubt is whether the reality be not something better than it has dreamed.

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The science of faith has vast and varied content. It exalts itself to a sublime and sweet mysticism. If the infinite good is working over all and in all, then it must be working over and in us. This infinite good cannot be blind, cannot be cold; it cannot be senseless. The very word implies, in some

vast sense, a purpose, a providence, a love. Our very being must have its root in this, and, so far as it is real, must be one of its channels or manifestations. The truth of immortality is found in it; for if we believe

"That nothing walks with aimless feet," —

we cannot believe that the feet of loving, aspiring, hoping, suffering, sorrowing mortals tend only to the darkness and nothingness of the grave; but as when, in wandering through some unknown country, we see a road beaten with much travel, leading down to the shore of a river, and into the river, and lost there, we do not doubt that a road emerges also from the other side, and that between them, uniting them, is a ferry or a ford, — so we know that the road which leads to the river of death emerges on the other side. And, again, if we believe

"That nothing walks with aimless feet," —

still less can we believe that the feet of any spirit are guided across the river of death only to be led at last to the lake that burneth for ever. We see also how the science of faith involves faith in human nature, faith in the great movements of history, faith in the struggles of human thought and of human life.

I repeat that it must not be supposed that we at first reach these special truths by reasoning from this general faith in the absolute goodness. As faith in the organic unity and completeness of the world is involved in, and evolved out of, the half-conscious instinct of trust in the outer world, of confidence in the teachings of experience, or, in a word, the instinct of generalization; although at last this complete and conscious faith gives to this original instinct a logical basis, and clears it from much confusion, and guides it in safe paths, — so the faith in the absolute goodness is involved in, and evolved out of, the instinct of trust, by which man has in every age approached the outer universe, confident that in some way its nature is akin to his nature, the instinct of worship, the instinct of prayer, the instinct that looks beyond the barrier of death, and the instinct of conscience; although at last it rounds

these into a whole, gives them a logical foundation, frees them from darkness and superstition, and leads them to the perfect goal towards which in their weakness and their blindness they were tending.

But though, like the faith in the perfect order and unity of the world, the faith in the perfect goodness is in a sense self-supported, yet like that it has many confirmations. It is confirmed by the wise guidance of history, in which it sees how evil in the long-run is lost in the good, and has been indeed the instrument of the good. It finds confirmation in the secret history of many a life, in which events that seemed the darkest and saddest were yet transmuted into the best blessings. Indeed, what soul cannot find this confirmation in its own history, cannot see where sorrow and failure and disappointment, those things which we call evil, were really working out the best good for it; or, if they did not result in this, that it was alone to blame. All such experience illustrates and confirms the faith, that it is the inner nature of all things to be transformed into blessing.

It finds confirmation in physical science. While every instinct of plant or animal has its correlative reality outside of it; while every hunger has somewhere its appropriate food; while every rootlet has somewhere its appropriate soil; while, if there should float hither, from some other planet, a bit of feather, you would not doubt that there was an atmosphere there, — it cannot be

“That every chick of every bird,
And weed and rock-moss, are preferred;”

and that the most deeply rooted, the most universal, and the sublimest instincts of man were given him in vain; that he has the hungering after the infinite good, when there is no good to satisfy it; that he “sits here shaping wings to fly,” when there is no space and no atmosphere anywhere in which he may use these wings. Indeed, the faith of science and religious faith imply and complete one another; and though now we have to take each to a certain extent by itself, and compare the one with the other, it will doubtless at some

time be seen that the two are really one ; that there is but one faith and one science.

Religious faith finds also confirmation in the faith and testimony of the truest and best souls, in the fact that the loftier and truer and more natural the soul, the more clearly does it discern the perfect goodness that is in and over all things ; that Jesus, the loftiest and the best, saw this the most clearly ; nay, — and this will show us the circle in which we are moving, and the self-supporting nature of this faith — that we recognize him as the loftiest and the best, because he saw this the most clearly, and lived more than any other in the consciousness of it.

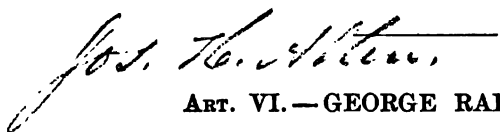
We see thus the relation of authority to the science of faith. That voice has most authority to the soul which calls forth the fullest and strongest response from its best instincts and impulses. This is what Jesus meant when he said, "My sheep hear my voice." We often speak as if the Book of Genesis related the story of the creation. It does not profess to do this. It puts the fact of the creation far back, "in the beginning." Its story begins when God said, "Let there be light." Its story is not of creation, but of formation. So many seem to believe that Jesus created the world of our religious faith and confidence, and that this rests suspended only by the fiat of his will ; but the spiritual heaven and earth were also created in the beginning. The gospel tells no story of this first formation. But, though this world had been created, it "was without form and void, and darkness rested on the face of the deep ;" and, though the spirit of God moved over the face of the waters, it found no rest or recognition. The darkness comprehended it not. But God, through the lips of Jesus, said, "Let there be light ; and there was light." The world rounded itself into completeness, and clothed itself with beautiful life. The clear heavens wrapped it in, and the light of the sun glorified it. It is no wonder that this should seem to us like a creation.

I have compared in many points what, for convenience, I have called physical science — though the name does not properly include all I would include in it — and the science of

religious faith. There is one point of great difference. The former finds its strength in the minuteness of its application. The more thoroughly and definitely it can explain every little fact, the more perfect is it. The science of faith finds its strength in the largeness of its application. It believes that all is for the best. Experience, in many ways, confirms this faith; but when it attempts to show, in regard to every thing, just how it is for the best, it falls into guesses and dreams. Its scope, in regard to details, is rather practical than theoretical. It is safer when it urges that we should make the best of this and that, than when it undertakes to say precisely what God meant by this or that; although, now and then, even this last flashes into the light of certainty.

But though the science of faith is, like physical science, confined within circumscribed limits, yet our outward life and our inward life are both made up largely of what is not strictly scientific. It is stated, I know not with what truth, that the greatest naturalist of the country never makes a prophecy in regard to the weather, for the reason that the science of meteorology is not in a state to justify such prophecy. In fact we have no scientific right to predict a change of weather; yet much of our life is shaped and guided by such foreknowledge. So, in our spiritual life, we may admit much that is not absolutely scientific, provided it does not contradict the fundamental principles of the science of faith. There is left space for the play of imagination, for the dreams of hope. One individual, or one class of individuals, will need and will use this privilege more than another. One, for instance, will look forward with a simple and quiet faith into the future, content to know simply that love is immortal and infinite; another will love to shape a heaven, and fill it with fair shapes of blessedness. Thus, while one may be calm in the simplicity of his great hope, the other may be buoyant and enthusiastic, fired by the prospect that stretches in clear outline and coloring before him. They are like an elder and a younger brother approaching together the home they love. One walks with quiet and sober tread; the other leaps and dances along his way. The older seems to the younger cold and

indifferent; the younger seems to the older childish and uncontrolled. But they are brothers. With equal love and equal longing they are approaching the same home, and the same love is waiting to greet them both.



ART. VI. — GEORGE RAPALL NOYES.

THE recent death of Professor Noyes, on the third of June just past, invites a few words in commemoration of his great service in the field of sacred letters, which for forty years has made him eminent as a critical interpreter of the Scriptures, and for twenty-eight as a faithful and honored instructor in the Cambridge Divinity School.

It was during his residence in Cambridge, as tutor in the University, that our late teacher and friend had laid out the line of study which he followed so strictly and persistently, almost to the hour of his death, and had already reaped the first fruits of it in his earliest published work, the Translation of the Book of Job. His life as minister of a country parish — first in Brookfield, from 1827 to 1834; afterwards in Peterham till 1840 — did not interfere with that special task of scholarship he had prescribed to himself. He was, as we learn from his associates of that date, a faithful and diligent pastor, systematic in the performance of his duties, and commanding respect by the purity, dignity, and force of a character already well matured. As a scholar, his rank was taken from the start. His precise and accurate habits of thought; his resources of erudition, more rare then than now; his free use of German authorities in the critical handling of his task; the scrupulous honesty with which, while not insensible to sacred association or literary charm, he was ready to sacrifice every thing at need to a clear and faithful rendering of his text, — appeared in his "Amended Version of the Book of Job," first published in 1827, which placed him at once among the very foremost of that honorable company of scholars, led by Buckminster and graced with the names of Everett, Palfrey,

and Norton. The department which he had chosen he marked so thoroughly as his own in this publication, that no other name has been thought of in comparison; and it does not seem to have occurred to any other to match himself against him in that field. The labors so begun were continued during his thirteen years' pastorate, covering the entire second half of the Old-Testament writings, — that is, the translation and exposition of all the Hebrew Bible, excepting the strictly historical books.

The qualities of learning and intellectual honesty, which made the publication of these works an era in Biblical scholarship among us, demanded the exercise, at that time, of no mean order of courage. If it was a sacrifice of pious taste on the altar of truth to abandon such a phrase as "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," or "He giveth his beloved sleep," or "I know that my Redeemer liveth," — it was a challenge to a still harsher judgment, when opinions, deeply imbedded in dogma, and wrought in many minds into the very substance of Christian faith, had to be renounced. A critical study of the Hebrew prophets, with the best helps of modern erudition, led steadily and soon to the conviction, that the supposed prediction of Jesus as a personal Messiah came from the misinterpreting of a few scattered passages, and had no ground in a right understanding of the record. For the publication of this opinion in the "Christian Examiner" of July, 1834, Dr. Noyes was threatened by the State Attorney-General with prosecution under the old statute of Massachusetts against blasphemy. This threat stands as a waymark of the old theological intolerance, which the last thirty year advance in critical study has rendered a mere curiosity of the past; and to this advance no one has rendered more patient, more consistent, more honorable service than he.

The eminence of his position as critic and expounder, the clear and positive quality of his thought, with his early experience as college tutor,* made his the one fit name to be

* From 1825 to 1827, commencing three years after his graduation from the Divinity School.

placed in the succession after that of Dr. Palfrey, the excellent and accomplished teacher of sacred literature in the Cambridge School. His labors here began in 1840; so that his term of service has lasted to within a month of the close of the twenty-eighth academical year.

During this long period, perhaps the most interesting thing to witness has been his steady growth in the respect and attachment of the young men under his charge. There was a slight shade of prejudice at first, moved by something narrow and rigid in his habits of thinking; something at times austere, caustic, and dry in his forms of speech. There is an age and there is a cast of mind that likes what is sentimental and a little vague; which is caught by the sympathetic fancy of Furness's interpretation, and resents a ruder and drier style of criticism; which delights in the eloquent mysticism of Coleridge's speculations, and chafes at the hard realisms of an honest scholar like Professor Noyes. And in the narrow line of study of the Hebrew text and exposition of the gospel record, in which we first came to know him nearly, he was matched, somewhat at a disadvantage, with the tender seriousness, the personal attractiveness, the busy, patient, affectionate activity, the high view of personal duty, the sacred and deep sense of professional obligation, which gave so peculiar a charm to the instructions of Henry Ware; or with the literary wealth, the wide mental sympathy, the liberal and diffuse imparting from large stores of general learning, the generous and easy communicating of personal sympathy, which characterized what was best in the labors of his successor.

But, as Dr. Noyes's method in his own studies was singularly steady and persistent, so was his growth in the appreciation and honor of his classes. There was noticeable, first, a decision, definiteness, and frankness in presenting the results of critical investigation; a freedom from theological bias or dogmatic prepossession; a fearless confidence in the power of truth in the open field, outside the limits and defences of a particular literary theory about the sacred books,—which all told of a fresh intellectual atmosphere. Results as to the date and composition of the Pentateuch, for example, which Mr. Nor-

ton, with characteristic caution, published not till long after, in annotations to a work of great cost and learning, made the substance of frank and familiar expositions, in the early stages of theological study; so that it was impossible for an intelligent pupil of Dr. Noyes to feel, ever after, that timidity and dread, as to questions of canonical authorship, which still hedge round the discussion of these topics.

His own opinions, on matters both critical and doctrinal, were rather positive and precise, and were far enough from being hastily radical. And there was an advantage in this which young men were not slow to recognize, if only by way of relief and counterpoise to the vacillating, loose, chaotic mood into which one is apt to be cast, at a period in life when all his opinions on topics the nearest to conscience, the most sacred in the eye of faith, the most precious from cherished association, are cut loose to abide the test of analysis, perhaps to meet the shock of controversy. The clear, patient, precise, methodical restatement of a fixed order of opinion, may seem a little limited and narrow, as if its course was cut and its boundaries marked by prejudice, and not by pure reason. But it may be doubted, after all, whether a trained and resolute will in an instructor is not as valuable as a stored and cultivated mind,—that is, when they exist in harmony together. One wants a point of rest somewhere, outside of him; and will often thank what seemed the obstinate self-will of a preceptor, who has not allowed too free a course to his inductive speculations. Such a point of rest was found in the mental integrity, the scrupulous accuracy, the wary, keen, and balanced temper of Professor Noyes.

But with it there was a great and growing generosity of mind, an openness to intellectual sympathy and friendliness, a respect for honest opinion, a loyalty to mental freedom, which made him more and more the vindicator and champion of liberal thought, when that seemed challenged and feared, as much as he was the representative of clear, sober, and devout thought, if that ever seemed in danger from random and loose generalizing. One's faith, at bottom, is the growth of one's whole moral and spiritual nature, not the result of set mental

processes; and is, in particular, the growth mostly of his earlier years: so that there was entire sincerity, no doubt, in the protest which Dr. Noyes always made in behalf of his own Christian beliefs, in the more precise and technical sense in which his own generation had been trained; at the same time that he seemed to accept, with full hospitality and clear understanding, in his own mind, the critical results which with others led by a short and easy course to rationalism; nay, that he asserted for the School in which he taught, and for the churches to which he sent forth his pupils, the duty of tolerating and harboring results to which he never gave his personal assent. None of us who were present at it last summer can forget the striking scene, when, frail with the infirmities of age, venerable of aspect, keen, clear, and resolute of speech, the honored Professor sat, as the throng of friends, listeners, associates, and former pupils pressed forward to the sight of his countenance and the hearing of his voice, while, for upwards of an hour, he vindicated his own position as a Christian teacher, and the good name of his School, from the anxious suspicions and fears that had been publicly expressed. Liberty of thinking and liberty of prophesying, — balanced by sobriety of judgment and reverence for Christian truth, — these were to him the conditions of all right theological culture, the fixed terms by which the School must stand or fall.*

There was an harmonious, almost a poetic, completeness in the work which Professor Noyes had sketched out to himself in youth, and which he left just in the last stages of fulfilment in the moment of his death. That which had been the special claim and motive of his assuming the last post of service assigned him, was his eminence as translator and expounder of the Hebrew Scriptures. It was only the poverty of equipment in the Divinity School, compelling one man to do the

* It may be proper to say, that the article on the Cambridge Divinity School, which appeared in the "Christian Examiner" for September, 1867, was submitted to Professor Noyes before publication; that some portions were inserted by his suggestion; and that all of it (except some trifling error of figures) may be considered as having the sanction of his authority.

work of two or more, that put in his charge the critical exposition of the New Testament. With the same caution, patience, unwearied industry, and steadiness of purpose that had marked his earlier labors, he set himself to the task of being master of this new field. With characteristic modesty and reticence, he has refrained from offering to the public any fruit from it that should not be fully ripe. Except the editing of a volume of essays of moderate size, compiled from the labors of European scholars, together with two critical Introductory Essays, and the completed and revised edition of his Old-Testament translations, which we noticed in this Journal a year ago,* we do not remember any thing that he has published during the long term of his connection with the School. As is already announced, however, to the public, he has finished and carried through the press, excepting the final revision of the last few sheets, a translation of the whole New Testament, which will be published in a few weeks by the American Unitarian Association, to whom the copyright belongs. We have no means at present of estimating, by way of anticipation, the merits of this the work of his maturest judgment and learning. That it will be a fit and worthy close to this record of modest and honorable labors, we are well justified to presume. From time to time, during this last year of his increasing infirmity and frequent severe suffering, we have found him, with diligent and cheerful patience, busy with this labor of love, which he knew would only terminate with his life. And, at the impressive scene of his funeral, among the large company of those who had known him in earlier life, or had honored him in his later teachings, it seemed only wanting, that, after the touching German custom, the still unfinished sheets, the trophies of an arduous and well-wrought service, should have been laid, as a fit memorial, upon his pall.

* See *Christian Examiner*, for July and September, 1867.

ART. VII. ~~LIBERALISM~~ LIBERALISM IN CHURCH AND STATE.

Faith and Freedom in America. Sermon at the Consecration of the Church of the Messiah, April 2, 1868. By Rev. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor. With Address to the People, Order of Services, &c. New York: James Miller.

THIS discourse is both attractive by its title and interesting in its substance. It sums up the cheering lesson taught a cultivated Christian scholar, by a nearly twenty years' residence in our chief centre of population and wealth. While narrating the progress of liberal Christianity in New York, it sets forth, with a sanguine confidence rare in these days, the signs of promise for a faith at once liberal, positive, and ecclesiastical, in our land. Where many observers find division and discouragement, every thing, to Dr. Osgood, carries signs of hope. His cheerful and complacent eclecticism welcomes every form of church extension, every instance of denominational progress, every symptom of an active religious zeal, sure that it will contribute its share to that "broad-church movement" which to him is the grand fact and the noble promise of the time. The decay of faith—at least of that faith consecrated by tradition and organized in sects and creeds—has been so often insisted on as a mark of this hasty, materializing, sceptic, and godless age, that the statistics he registers come upon one with a certain surprise. The increase of the Methodists, for example, within the century, "from 15,000 communicants to about 2,000,000, the Baptists from 35,000 to about 1,700,000, the Presbyterians from 40,000 to 700,000, the Congregationalists from 75,000 to 275,000, the Episcopalians to about 170,000, and the Catholics to about 4,000,000,"—is a striking refutation of assertions which have too often passed unchallenged. It is well to be awake to the actual signs of religious activity and progress in the old channels, however we may be convinced that free thought is carving new courses of its own. It is indeed "remarkable,

that, while the population has increased sixfold, the Church-membership has increased over fourteen-fold ; and that, while in 1800 there was one communicant to about fifteen of the population, in 1860 there was one to six." It is in the midst of energetic, wide, and hopeful activities of this sort that the new energies of a liberal faith are to be employed. The directions in which Dr. Osgood finds the symptoms that are to him so encouraging may be somewhat special and ecclesiastical ; the view he takes of American society and the influences at work upon it may be ideal and clannish. But the testimony he gives, from his own point of observation, is one well worth taking heed of, in judging of so large and difficult a matter as the actual condition of religious thought over so vast a field.

But there are other judgments of the same facts from other points of view ; and, for the sake of comparison, we will set one or two of them by the side of his.

The last "North-American Review," for April, contains an article deserving the consideration of all thoughtful persons, not only because of the high source whence it comes, but because it represents the convictions which have been growing up among many of the most serious, devout, and highly cultivated minds of our own community. It sets forth that the Church, as we find it at this day, with its order of worship and its institution of preaching, is quite outgrown by the advanced intelligence of the time ; that it is useful, no doubt, as a means of instruction and a spiritual help, to classes on a lower plane of culture or of inferior mental opportunity, but no longer serves to represent the best thought and the most enlightened piety ; that the work it assigns its ministers—the routine of service, the elaboration of pulpit themes, the appeal to a comparatively low level of religious emotion—must be supplanted by a more practical and living work of intelligent charity, if it is to continue to meet the real wants of humanity ; that, meanwhile, the more cultivated classes are getting more widely estranged from it, and cannot, in fact, be expected to give it their respect, sympathy, or help ; in short, that intellectual culture has created and is widening a gulf between the average and the higher mind of the day,

which the established institutions of Christianity are no longer competent to bridge.

In the "Atlantic Monthly," of the same date, is a paper equally suggestive, telling, in that style of brisk and captivating narrative of which its writer is a master, the growth, the energetic activity, the wise organization, the unlimited and confident ambition, of the Roman Church in our American cities. According to its representations, that Church was never so active, so prosperous, so strong. Within the century, it has increased from one-fiftieth of a population of four millions, to one-seventh of a population of thirty millions. The charm of its service, the perfection of its discipline, the peace, sympathy, and comfort found in its faith, are winning multitudes to it every year. Its schools have just that balance of authority and freedom, its teachers just that mingling of dignity and familiarity, which win the imagination of children and the confidence of their parents. Its spacious and costly church-edifices are thronged with successive congregations,—numbering, in all, many thousands of worshippers in the same place, in a single day,—of which the poorest share the glory and pride of belonging to the august institution that sustains them, while the most refined are attracted by the majesty of their ritual; and the heavy cost of them is so wisely adjusted as to bear easily on all, while appealing to the devotion, generosity, and self-sacrifice of all. In short, there is presented to us the picture of the growth of a spiritual power on this continent, as vigorous and fresh as that which asserted its sway in Europe a thousand years ago; its roots branching wide and deep in the subsoil of our population; fast coming to outgrow and overshadow every other; claiming that, within seventy-five years, its authority in our republic will be unchallenged and supreme.

Here, then, a view is suggested that contrasts sharply against the cheerful and confident prospect offered us at first. The disjointing and sundering, by horizontal cleavage, into strata of intelligence,—implied in the two documents last cited,—is a very different thing from the bland dream of an

easy liberalism; very different, too, from the old vertical "middle walls of partition" that divide religious sects standing nearly on the same plane. It is also, in some of its aspects, a much more serious thing, and one especially characteristic of our time. The old sectarian divisions led, at most, to heresy, schism, and religious wars; there was at least the understanding of one another's motives and policy; there was a certain amount of mutual respect; there was the chance of truce, treaty, and reconciliation. But when the visible differences among men, as to their religious sympathies and views, coincide with the grades of intellectual and social rank, the distrust and dread run deeper. Angry suspicion of contempt, on one side, opposes the unconscious assumption of superiority on the other; or an ignorant and narrow spiritual pride in the believing class is set forth against a certain fastidious, intellectual pride, which it regards with horror and hate as "modern infidelity." The antagonism is kept in check by the common law and common life of republican states; it is reconciled in part where the visible institutions of religion are rooted in old tradition, and command an intelligent respect. But when these are new, raw, divided, growing weak, perhaps perishing,—as, to many observers, they seem to be at this day,—what alternative is there, except a volcanic upheaval, dissolving all the strata in the flood of a common terror; or else a stiffening of the crust above, and a gradual settling of those below, till there is no longer any contact,—till, in short, intellect is utterly divorced from the popular faith, and such a thing as a common Christian civilization becomes impossible?

This graver aspect of things is that presented to an observer of a different temper, or standing at another point of view. The danger which such a one apprehends is more real and more formidable, because the separation which threatens it is going on in other things as well as in religion. Republican society among us is going through a process of "differentiation" and "individuation," which, as the science of the day informs us, is the needful preliminary to higher forms of life. Our political institutions are undergoing a strain which their found-

ers never anticipated, and which it remains very doubtful how they will bear. To begin with the widest and perhaps the weakest. We listened lately to a very strong and desponding statement of the change that has gone on in the public mind during these last two years: Faith in the national life, respect for the national Constitution, the proud, courageous, and loyal hope which sustained our people through the civil war, have been steadily fading out; the framework of our government has been wrenched and dislocated by the long struggle between the Legislature and Executive; parties run into violent extremes, sacrificing the practical welfare of the nation to vague abstractions or personal ends; new convulsions are threatening the South, and portentous divisions are showing themselves between East and West; meanwhile, our politics are wholly incompetent to deal with the most formidable task of all, the growth of great city populations, thoroughly desperate and corrupt, wielding the power of a franchise that cannot be taken away or hardly controlled, and ruling civic affairs in a spirit more and more hostile to our safer traditions and our graver ideas.

Then — to take what is smaller in scale and nearer home — many have come to feel a serious anxiety as to the future working of the system of administration in our country towns, which are the corner-stones of our republic. New-England democracy was the growth of a condition of things, the invention of a style of thought, that have long passed away. It was probably the purest, the shrewdest, the wisest, and most beneficial form of government — in fact, the only possible one — to administer the local affairs of a population exceptionally thrifty, equal, independent, industrious, and intelligent. Each district of fifty householders must maintain its public school. Each township had its plain meeting-house and its well-employed minister. The territory, divided into farms of moderate size, kept for several generations together a condition of extraordinary freedom from extremes of poverty and wealth. Within ten years we have seen the tax-list of such a town, of perhaps fifteen hundred inhabitants, in which, after striking off four or five names, not a property was registered rising as

high as ten thousand dollars, with a surprising proportion ranging between that and two or three. In short, the municipal expenses — including mainly roads, schools, a trifle of police force, and the maintenance of some half-dozen of the town's poor — were controlled wholly by the open discussion and the open vote of one or two hundred small, independent property-holders. That is, substantially, the condition in which our system of town governments had its rise, or that to which it has legitimately led. But civilization means division of interest and division of labor. Education means a gradual widening and separating of mental sympathies. Trade means speculation, and the increasing differences and contrasts of wealth. Manufactures mean the gathering of industrious poor into more crowded hives of industry. Immigration means that this gathering is to consist in great part of foreigners, ignorant, destitute, strangers to our customs, sympathies, and ideas. Emigration means that our young men of most intelligence, enterprise, and force — the natural heads and leaders of the town's prosperity — are to go into newer regions, and become in their turn founders of other States a thousand miles away. And, to crown all, war means the sacrifice of our best and bravest young life; it means debt, with the recklessness of expenditure that grows from debt; it means new ambitions, and bitterer party alienations; it means the habituating of men's thoughts to violence, profligacy, and greed; it means the corruptions and straits of our bounty system a few years ago, and the pledging of future resources to immediate needs.

Now civilization, growing intelligence, trade, manufactures, immigration, emigration; war, have been the conditions of existence among us during the last generation. In consequence, the state of things which has so long maintained our forms of republicanism is fast passing away. An inevitable centralization is taking the place of the former rural independence;* and with it come other changes, which deeply affect

* From a school-committee's report of the present year, in an interior town of Massachusetts, we learn that, "half a century ago, the number of scholars in

the ancient order. One large and wealthy town, not far from Boston, shows by actual count a majority of voters who are barely payers of the poll-tax, representing little or no property on the assessor's books. These little municipalities have been distinguished for frugality and good sense in the administration of their affairs; in general, they are justly so distinguished still. But in some it is already matter of complaint, that they are controlled by a class of men who have no interest at stake in the town's welfare; who have only the legal claim of a six months' residence to entitle them to vote; who have no intention, even, of living there from year to year, except as the local manufactories give them employment; who have every motive to indulge in a costly style of town expenditure, which will cost them nothing, while at least it gives them a better immediate prospect of work and wages. Most of these towns are heavily burdened by their war-debts, incurred mainly for soldiers' bounties; some of them are asking legislative permission, this very year, to invest their credit in railroad schemes not hopeful enough to tempt the shrewder capitalists of the cities. In one, which we knew something of a few years ago, the property-tax was two and a half per cent,—about half the net income from ordinary investments: still the town-debt was accumulating, and costlier schemes of expenditure were under way. What might be the effect of a reverse in the business on which the town's prosperity mainly turned? In another, a town of great wealth, the voting-hall was lately taken possession of at an early hour by a sturdy host of naturalized voters of the baser sort, who, armed with lighted pipes, proceeded to inflict a fumigation that presently drove many of the more decent citizens for refuge out of doors; after which they went on to administer matters in another way, under a file-

the several districts was nearly the same in each; "the remotest, "which is now reduced to a handful, then contained as many as thirty or forty pupils, while the others averaged more than fifty, and so continued for many years." Fifteen years later, the numbers were seventy-six, sixty, sixty-two, forty-six, forty-two. At present, the central district contains about two hundred and thirty pupils, while those in two of the original districts, combined, would scarcely amount to twenty-five in all.

leader of their own, to the grief and disgust of many who had the welfare of the town at heart.

These are but slight — we will hope transient — results of the theoretical democracy which has gradually taken the place of the ancient republicanism. The gravity of the situation they indicate is this, — that they correspond, rudely but really, with those differences in culture, habits of thought, and forms of religious faith, which make the difficult task of modern liberalism. The social problem is perplexed and intertwined with the religious. The development of society among us brings with it centralization, and shiftings of population, and hostilities of interest, and class divisions. The conditions under which republican liberties are to be maintained, and Christian institutions are to have their place and work, are alike hard to understand and hard to meet. What we have seen already concerns that section of the country where society is oldest, best settled, most highly organized; where republican liberties have struck their roots deepest in the soil; where the popular temper is most steadied by custom, tradition, and systems of education; where the course of political development has been most even and steady, and is maintained by the strongest guaranties. It would be easy to make a much more vivid picture of the contrasts in our American life, if we were to take the growth of great commercial cities into account, or were to dwell on those developments of frontier life which Hepworth Dixon makes prominent in his "New America," or were to point to those far more violent antagonisms brooding among the populations of the South and South-west. But we have seen quite enough already to check the complacent optimism in which we are too ready to indulge, and to satisfy us of the extreme gravity and perplexity of the terms under which — to mean any thing practical by it — liberal Christianity has to do its work.

For that work has never been regarded as any thing less than the solution of the entire problem of the application of Christian truth to modern thought, morals, and society. In this view it differs, and must always differ, from any denomin-

ational action or organization, however generous. Liberal Christianity is not the same thing with Unitarianism, and never can be; and it was never understood to be the same by those best authorized to speak for either. That Unitarianism should be a liberal form of Christianity,—one among many,—its best friends have always wished. Some of its truest adherents have altogether lost their regard for it as a special form, and have wished—not wisely, we think—that its boundaries should be levelled; and that, as a distinct thing, it should cease to be. But, while the very life of Unitarianism depends on the variety and wealth of the elements it freely receives into its inclosure, still it does not escape the condition of all human things,—that its work is best done in its own field. Unitarianism is not the construction of a theoretic liberalism, but is a distinct and specific growth, by well-marked conditions of historical development. To state more precisely what we mean: We find registered as Unitarian, in the “Year-Book” of the present year, just over three hundred (301) religious societies. Of these (correcting one misprint), one hundred and six are given as established before the present century; and of these, again, thirty-four were founded before the year 1700. Of the whole number, we reckon one hundred and thirteen as original Congregational organizations that grew up under the old ecclesiastical law of New England, amidst the state of things which we have described in a former number of this journal.* Most of them were and still remain the “first parish church” of the places where they respectively belong. In other words, Unitarianism, as represented in its organized forms, belongs essentially to the old Congregational order. So far as there is such a thing, it makes part of the ecclesiastical establishment among us. What is sometimes complained of, sometimes wondered at as “conservatism” in the Unitarian body, is simply the law of life in all institutions which have their roots imbedded in the past. Unitarianism, as a definite form of belief, is the result to which a considerable proportion —

* See *Christian Examiner* for March, 1868, Article VI.

in some districts about half — of the ministers had come, by a sort of tacit and unlooked-for consent, perhaps fifty years ago; which had been accepted, at least without any audible protest by their congregations. But there was no revolution, very little of colonizing or secession; above all, no formal adoption of a creed or set of principles, liberal or otherwise. For a good while, it amounted to little more than a common understanding among sundry groups of ministers, resulting from elective affinities and mental sympathies, which any one was free to share or not. What secession there was, was mostly on the part of the “orthodox,” who were many of them forward to bring about a state of things, through the Voluntary system which they aided to establish, that would deprive the heretical congregations of the legal advantage they enjoyed. It is not till this very year, we believe, that any strong pretension has been put forth, that the ancient Congregational order implied the acceptance of a particular form of doctrine; at least, whatever legal claims have been urged on that pretension have been promptly denied by the courts.

So much for the conditions of its existence, which have made Unitarianism a limited, perhaps an exclusive, in some respects a conservative, body, by no means identical with “liberal Christianity” in the larger sense, as some have so strongly wished. The identification is simply impossible. It would, at best, amount to an assumption, insolent and ineffectual. No sect, and no combination or group of sects, can lay just claim to a title which really means the spirit in which a form of belief is held. The sects — the denominations, if one prefers so long a word — have their work to do; and the more thoroughly they do it, and the more they respect one another in the doing of it, the better it will be for that liberal Christianity which we trust they are coming to share more and more. But there is something larger than they, or than any combination of them, which a man who is at once thoughtful, devout, and free will hold to be alone worthy of the loyal homage of his soul. Not that what we call “liberal Christianity” is more boastful and pretentious; its best advocates may very likely feel, that, in any shape we actually find

it, it is not so respectable, or so really useful, as the humblest of those combined efforts by which imperfect men try to do the Lord's work. Its characteristic force is, that it is in alliance with a common spirit which runs through all forms of faith, penetrates all organizations, pervades the literature, science, and best thought of the age, defines the task of culture, and enlarges the sphere of duty for every man; and takes into its circle of view all the interests of humanity, in church or state. Its weakness is, that when from an unconscious spirit it comes to be a declaration of faith, it is apt to degenerate into mere criticism or mere sentiment; to have "nicer hands" than to do the plain work of "God's husbandry and God's building;" to content itself with censures and with theories; and so to generate a spiritual pride that makes it disdainfully helpless amidst the energetic and powerful, though coarse, activities it attempts to judge.

Still, liberal Christianity, if only a disorganized and impersonal spirit, has its work to do in making more clear the principles, and more wide the sympathies, which are the atmosphere of all right work. And this in particular is the nature of it, — that it must deal with human life *as a whole*, seeking to interpret it in the light of Christian truth. All human institutions, all forms of thought, all developments of society, the entire science of human history, make its legitimate field. Its effort may be very feeble, but its aim is always grand. Its practical wisdom may be small, but its range of sympathy is always generous. To give precision to its aim, human warmth to its sympathy, it should be, not the dream of a recluse, not the fastidious requirement of a critic, but the animating spirit of one who feels himself to be working perhaps in a narrow and humble field, yet to some end distinctly seen, and in harmony with the grander work of the best minds in nobler spheres. What is essential is, that it must choose its part *as a part*, knowing that its entire range embraces a vaster whole.

While we deal, then, with those special developments of thought or life, which best illustrate or encourage our particular task, it is part of our business to see how many and

how hard are the conditions to be met before we can be satisfied even of the direction in which our course tends. Not what feeds and comforts him will content a right-minded seeker of truth; but what he knows will help in meeting the conditions of that task which his age, and in particular his own nation, is commissioned to work out. What is honestly and well done, in the narrowest of sectarian lines, may help towards the grand result; what is really paltry and trivial is that which accepts a private solace or seeks a private interpretation, that screens one from the common destiny of his kind. As workers, we must "do the work that lies nearest;" as students and critics, we acknowledge no interest narrower than the interest of the whole.

There are at bottom only two solutions of that problem, — one theoretical, by the method of science; the other practical, by the method of faith. Science has always had this particular attraction, that it deals with truths in the strictest sense universal: true here, they are true everywhere; and with methods that seek and welcome every imaginable test of truth. But its answer is one which addresses the intellect alone. In proportion as it is consistent and complete, it rules out the whole province of human freedom, and of morals which rest on freedom. The system of law which it declares shapes the course of human history, just as it guides the sweep of the planets; it governs the pulses of thought and emotion, as it does the currents of the blood. But this is no solution at all, such as we are seeking. Except as the condition and sphere of action of a living will, Law is, after all, the mere brute despotism of Fact. We may be intelligent spectators, but we are nothing but spectators, of the play of a prodigious mechanism, — actors, helplessly and blindly taking our part in a drama whose plot and dialogue are all written down. There is a certain fortitude of soul that comes from accepting an irresistible destiny; but fortitude is a passive virtue, and resignation may be but the resignation of despair. At best, the theoretic solution of science may serve to brace and steady our thought; while, for the practical solution, we have still to seek in other ways.

Now it is the great merit of the Roman Church, — the one consistent, grand, and unrivalled representative of the method of faith, as opposed to that of science, — that it has never abated its pretensions to occupy the whole field of human thought and life. Its first great task was to lay the foundations of an empire over men's minds, broad enough and strong enough to fill the sphere left vacant by the vast ruin of pagan Rome. That task it effected with such courage, resolution, steadfastness of purpose, and consummate skill, as to make it the one crowning and triumphant monument of constructive genius and success in history. The momentum of its mighty movement is felt to this day, — in the shaping of the dogma, the interpretation of the record, the associations of reverence attaching to Bible, sabbath, and priesthood, the scruple of conscience touching many of the common moralities of life, — in Protestant communities that have withstood its authority for three hundred and fifty years; even in minds boldly rationalistic, that have for this half-century challenged the very basis it has rested on, in the faith that is deeper than reason. Its insolent assumption, its implacable despotism, which have left a record of the cruellest tragedy to be found in all human story, grew necessarily from its claim to be the realization of God's kingdom upon earth, — not an embodiment of sentiment merely, not a guide of conscience merely, or an authoritative interpreter of truth; but a government, a working polity, asserting a divine claim to rule in every province of man's life. The claim was intolerable as it was intolerant. Free conscience and free thought entered into the desperate league that broke its power. But the claim remained. The magnificent assumption was never revoked. Supreme authority over men's belief and life, jurisdiction absolute, universal, infallible, make the claim which lies in abeyance only, ready to assert itself whenever that Church has the opportunity. Accidentally, it may find itself in alliance with the friends of liberty, as in England once and in Ireland now; or with the defenders of popular sovereignty, as with the American democracy to-day. But in theory it is supreme, or it is nothing: once in power, it can tolerate no rival near the throne.

But the theory of that Church, as a lawful and sovereign government, and not as a voluntary organization, while making it not only hateful and false, but unintelligible, to that Protestantism which it at once despises and hates, has kept it true to one condition of a spiritual empire, which it seems the very genius and destiny of Protestantism to overlook.* Its relations are (in theory) authoritative and direct with every soul of man or child that comes within its reach. And, in virtue of its theory, there is no toil or sacrifice which it will not impose on its agents, to bring every soul within its reach. Mr. Parkman's admirable narrative has brought fresh home to us the devotion of the Jesuit missions among the Indians in Canada, two centuries and a half ago. Mr. Parton's interesting sketch shows how the same spirit is at work, with equal enthusiasm of devotion, but without the same frightful hazards and sufferings, in our American cities. The instructive thing to see is how it stakes out the territory, and plants itself as a local institution on the soil; as fast as the growth of population will allow, how it establishes new parish-limits and erects its local church, and gathers its group of ecclesiastical agencies, its charities, and its schools. Not the costliest Protestant structures, or the most elaborate Protestant ritual, sustained by the generous pride of the wealthiest commercial classes, can rival the incessant growths of that munificence which flows from a million secret sources. But even this is not so striking as the fact that Catholicism plants itself deep down among those levels of population which it is the despair of our voluntary organizations to reach effectually. Wealth, splendor, and pride may come to that Church from the adhesion of the cultivated and rich; it knows, doubtless, how to reap valuable harvests from the devotion of proselytes in the higher ranks of life. But its true strength — especially in republican America, where votes are counted, not weighed — lies just in the lowest level of all, — the deposit of that tide of emigration, whence come all the gross ignorance, all the hopeless poverty, all the helpless pauperism, with most of the crime, and of the blind, bitter partisanship in politics, which most perplex and baffle us. Just where our social science fails, and our republican

theory breaks down, the Roman Church finds its opportunity. Where Protestantism sees at best only outside objects of its charity, Romanism sees subjects of its spiritual empire. Where Protestantism deals with individuals as individuals, unorganized and dispersed, Romanism deals with them as a mass, to be trained as willing recruits, and drilled into an effective army. Confident in that alliance, it has already threatened to break up our system of common education, and compel its own children within lines of priestly discipline, in schools controlled by the interests of its own polity and creed; it has already elicited (as in New York this year) lavish appropriations of public money for the support of its own peculiar charities; it already declares, with a positiveness that no rival could emulate, its absolute assurance that the structure reared on that foundation is to be the one all-embracing, all-controlling Church of the future.

Nothing, it would seem, is more certain, than that the course of three centuries can never be retraced, or civilized society be placed again at the control of a spiritual absolutism, or that the freedom bought at so great a price is ever to be surrendered. Nothing, it would seem, can we rely on more securely, than the clear, hard intelligence, educated by long scientific training to a cool and scornful challenge of dogmatic mysteries; or the stubborn temper of republicanism, which at once scorns and defies the domination of a priesthood. Here and there, one may be found to barter spiritual liberty for spiritual peace. Despair of finding truth — or, still oftener, a shrinking from the apparent drift of science — may win one to the service of an ideal catholicity, which has always been so fair, but alas! so false a dream. And some may seek, in an authority so venerable and august, a counterpoise to the moral recklessness and defiant scepticism of modern life; or accept it as the only force subtile and strong enough to control the ignorance and the passion that sway the currents of a rude democracy. But these are not motives which an honest mind seeking truth, or an honest heart loving freedom, can acknowledge. And when that church, whose authority means the submission of reason to faith, professes through its latest

order of apostles to welcome all truth that science can teach, and to be in alliance with the truest liberties of the republic, it is impossible that the strange profession should not sound false and hollow. The hostility may be cunningly disguised; but the warfare between "Reason and Rome" is one in which there can be no discharge. At least, if there is truce or compromise, something must be abandoned on both sides. If the circle of that Church is to widen, so as to admit the infinitely varied and rich elements of modern life, which have been developed outside its pale, that new and magnificent catholicity it will then exhibit will indeed be a solution of the religious problem, as much beyond its present dream, as it is beyond the comprehension or hope of that multitude toiling more humbly, but not less faithfully, in their narrow, sectarian lines.

And this, it must at length be clear, cannot come from any device or skill of man's intelligence, but from the guiding of "that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to each man severally as he will." For its conditions it demands the largeness and freedom of science, the courage, the moral earnestness, and the patience of faith. Above all, it will not be had by selecting a part only of the influences that are at work, and arbitrarily ruling out the rest. Christianity, if it is indeed the truth of the universe; religion, if it is indeed a key to the riddle of the universe,— must be as generous and wide in its temper as the life of which it offers the interpretation. If it is a sufficient refutation of the pretensions of Rome, that it repudiates and holds accursed the largest thought and the noblest life of the last three hundred years, it is no less the refutation of our popular creeds, that they recognize truth as divine only inside their own narrow pale. A true science and a true scholarship are in their very nature unpledged and free. The laws of nature, the science of history and language, the study of what have been called the "ethnic religions," the absolutely untrammelled interpretation of the records of faith,— all these are to bring their contribution. The visible churches of Christ embrace at best not half, very

probably not a third, of our own population; and they must, before very long, find the limits of their propagandism. The recognized dogmatic beliefs of Christendom are accepted by certainly not a half of the active and dominant intelligence of the day. What of the rest? Is it to be shut out from the circle of Divine providence, or of Christian hope? It is little likely that the next generation will see our existing systems of Christian belief, interpret them as generously as we will, relatively stronger or more widely accepted than now. These beliefs are but provisional at best: we take them subject to revision and correction. So with the present results of scholarship and science: they are but provisional; we take them, subject to revision and correction. Their true synthesis and reconciliation must come about by slow steps, and through long periods. For the result we are not responsible; for the steps that lead to it we are. And the true meaning of liberal Christianity is to work at its immediate task, in the light of its present faith, trusting in the Spirit of truth that the result it seeks shall come about at length, by the co-working of every honest mind, and every true life, under the guiding of that Infinite Intelligence which alone can see the end from the beginning.

ART. VIII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

THERE is a society of literary and scientific Israelites in Paris, whose praiseworthy work it is to gather and criticise the monuments of Hebrew learning; to harmonize these, as far as may be, with the spirit of the nineteenth century; and to reconcile an enlightened Judaism with an intelligent appreciation of the religion of Jesus. They believe, and they try to show, that the doctrine of Jesus was the doctrine of the Jewish people, of their Scriptures and of their traditions; and that a wise science justifies Jewish ideas. From time to time they publish learned works in defence of this plan.

The latest of these is the solid octavo by Rodrigues,* one of the most beautiful issues of the press of Lévy. In this volume the verses of the Sermon on the Mount, as Matthew reports it, are taken up one by one, and are shown to be similar to, if not identical with, earlier Jewish utterances in books of the Bible, in the Apocrypha, or in the traditional words of the Jewish Rabbins. Every moral teaching of the Saviour's discourse is paralleled by some psalm, or proverb, or aphorism, or story of earlier date. Rodrigues denies that to an educated Jew there is any *new* thing in the Sermon on the Mount. Indeed, he would go farther, and maintain (as we have more than once heard intelligent Jews) that there is nothing absolutely new or original in any point of the authentic discourses of Jesus.

It is impossible to deny that this theory has a great deal in its favor. Every careful student of the Old Testament will be more and more brought to the conclusion, that the words of Jesus that he came "not to destroy, but to fulfil," are literally true. He will be surprised to find that many things which he thought especially Christian were acknowledged and taught in the law or prophets as clearly, if not with as much emphasis, as in the books of the New Testament; that the doctrine of God's fatherhood is Jewish, that the doctrine of man's brotherhood is Jewish, that the doctrine of spiritual as better than formal righteousness is Jewish, that the doctrine of forgiveness is Jewish. Jesus was not the first to interpret humanely some of the harsher sentences of the ancient code. If any thing is clear in his history, it is that he was in his childhood and youth a diligent student of the Scriptures of his nation, and more familiar with these than many of the Rabbins themselves. It may be doubtful whether he had heard in the schools all the Rabbinical sentences which Rodrigues cites; and in fact, as they are taken from the Talmud, it is not absolutely certain that they were uttered by the earlier Rabbins. But those which are evidently taken from Jewish utterances would naturally suggest the rest. The originality of Jesus was in his life, and not in his words. The equivalent of the last two verses of the sermon, as Rodrigues gives it, is, "Now, when Jesus had finished these sayings, the multitude were astonished by the vigorous and concise form of his teaching. For he taught them the Law and the Prophets after the manner of the son of Sirach, of Hillel, and of Shammai; reproducing

* *Les Origines du Sermon de la Montagne.* Par HIPPOLYTE RODRIGUES. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères, 1868. 8vo, pp. 202.

in short and sharp maxims the teachings of the Sacred Books, and not in long dissertations, like the other Scribes."

It is the theory of Rodrigues, that the early Jewish Christians and the proper Jews were not far apart, and that, if Christianity had been saved from its Pauline corruptions and additions, the Jews might have accepted it. While he finds that the second half of the seventh chapter, about the false prophets, the ravening wolves, the workers of iniquity, and the rest, have all their parallel passages in the Jewish teaching, he rejects these as not genuine words of Jesus; not consistent with the gentle and humane spirit of the utterances which have gone before them. He sees in these words only evidence of the bitterness of the quarrel between the Pauline and the Judaizing party. It is Paul teaching them to build on faith, and not on works, who is the false prophet; and the author of the Gospel puts his own anti-Pauline spirit into the mouth of Jesus. If Jesus had uttered these words, he would have stultified himself.

The doctrine of Jesus, as Rodrigues regards it, was an Essenian Judaism. He remarks the fact, that the sect of the Essenes is not once mentioned in the New Testament, though the doctrines of Jesus are in many respects those which Josephus assigns to the Essenes. The kingdom of God, the kingdom of heaven, as Jesus presents it, had Essene features. This view is gaining in favor with the theologians of Germany. Dulk's remarkable drama treats Jesus as an Essene by education, though he had left their ascetic society and ways. "

Rodrigues' work is not in all respects satisfactory; but its tone is candid, liberal, and charitable. Whatever we may think of his proofs, we shall all gladly assent to the wish and hope of his closing paragraph: "Using the liberty allowed to every one, we may be permitted to conclude, that, if the religion preached and practised by Jesus was in substance that of the Jews and the Jewish Christians, it gives decisive proof, that if the religion of Moses and the religion of Jesus would go back anew to the principles of their founder, and would reform themselves according to the scientific and philosophical results reached in our day, the religion of Moses and the religion of Jesus would be one and the same religion. For, while the natural course of things is not hindered, the two religions cannot in our time reform themselves or fulfil themselves without becoming one.

C. H. B.

No Protestant can write about Rome like your genuine Catholic enthusiast. This man sees a great deal more than the other, over-

looks all the disagreeable things, and his raptures are all genuine. He goes with you where a Protestant would never think of going; tells you all the legends as if they were worthy histories; and makes you, in spite of your critical holding back, to share in his grateful joy. The Abbé Rolland, in his visit to Rome, was a pilgrim more than a traveller. His record * is that of a devotee who accomplishes a vow; and his seven weeks in the Sacred City have given us the experience of a pilgrimage as real as any of the Middle Age. He knelt at all the shrines. He kissed the foot of the Holy Father. He walked with the monks in the streets and in the catacombs. He adored the relics of saints and the Saviour, so marvellously preserved. He wondered at the magnificent charities of the asylums and hospitals. He tells us what he saw in churches and convents, in cells and in cemeteries. The Colosseum appears in his narrative, first as the place where the martyrs were murdered, and then as the place where the cross is planted and the Capuchins make their rounds. The Antonine and Trajan columns are all the nobler to him in bearing the statues of the apostles. The Pantheon is truly venerable to him, not as the temple of all the gods, but as the church of all the saints; and Gregory Fourth, not Marcus Agrippa, is the name which it best perpetuates. In one letter, M. Rolland gives us St. Paul at Rome, tracing his footsteps in the memorial shrines. In another letter, he follows the way of St. Peter from the Mamertine prison to his tomb in the Vatican. One letter is given to the monks of St. Augustine, another to the Dominicans, another to the Minorites, another to the Jesuits; and this French priest has no antipathy to the company of Loyola. St. Lawrence, St. Agnes, St. Sebastian, and St. Cecilia, — all are duly celebrated; and we are taken to the churches which keep their honor. A long letter is given to the “French at Rome;” and it is a source of honest pride, that the eldest daughter of the Church is so loyal to guard and defend her gracious mother.

Of the forty-two letters of M. Rolland's book, every one is interesting. The style is good, the faith profound, the enthusiasm unailing, the details well proportioned, and the book is full of information. It would make a capital guide-book for any Catholic visitor to the City

* Rome: ses Églises, ses Monuments, ses Institutions. Lettres à un Ami. Par M. L'ABBÉ ROLLAND, Vicaire à Saint-Julien de Tours. Ouvrage approuvé par Mgr. L'Archevêque de Tours. Paris: Régis Ruffet et Cie., 1866. 12mo, pp. 478.

of the Popes ; and a Protestant, too, can find valuable teaching in its pages. It is, on the whole, a better book than that of the Irish statesman, John Francis Maguire.

C. H. B.

IN reading what Montalembert writes of the monks and saints, it is hard to tell how much he believes of the wonderful works, the heroism, and the holiness of his subjects. He does not commit himself to the defence of the monastic legends ; yet he very rarely questions any traditions, even those which are the most fanciful and absurd. The "perfume of Rome" is in all the story, though it is written calmly, and in the tone of honest history. This biographical sketch of the Abbot of Iona, the companion in Celtic reverence of Patrick and Brigitta, is as full of miracle as the Bollandist narratives or the Christian Apocrypha ; and, if the miracle were taken out, the dimensions of the book would be reduced by half, and its beauty be spoiled. Yet it seems incredible that a member of the French Academy, an admirer of English common sense, a friend of science, a theorizer in politics, can believe these extravagant stories which he tells, worthy of the Gospels of Nicodemus and the Infancy. Montalembert is in the French Church what Dean Stanley is in the English Church, — a rhetorician in history, who escapes difficulties by passing them without discussion, and shuns criticism where this will be likely to disturb reverence. You cannot put your finger upon his heresies ; yet you believe somehow that he is a heretic, and belongs to this century, and not to the Middle Age.

The life of St. Columba* is very pleasant reading, and gives a striking picture of the state of Ireland in the fifth and sixth centuries, and of the Hebrides and their people when the exile came there to found his convent on the Holy Isle. Several curious facts are mentioned, which we do not remember to have seen in other works : such as the consecration of Aidan by Columba, on the "Stone of Destiny," which is still used as a support for the throne of the English kings, when they are crowned at Westminster ; the remarkable knowledge of wind and weather which the saint had gained, enabling him to prophecy a long time in advance ; the style of early navigation in the Hebrides ; the exact function of the ancient bards. The present condition and appearance of the Holy Isle are not so well

* Saint Columba, Apôtre de la Calédonée. Par LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT, de l'Académie Française. Lecoffre et Fils, Paris, 1867. 18mo, pp. 271.

told ; and the volume would be greatly improved by a picture in the frontispiece of the ruined abbey, so little of which is left.

C. H. B.

PERSECUTION cannot silence the voice of that soldier of Christ, so brave and constant, the younger Coquerel. He does not mean to give up preaching the truth because he is forbidden by the order of a majority, however obtained ; and he obeys literally the direction of Jesus, — if they will not hear him in one city, to turn to another. The Consistory of Paris is not the whole of the French Church ; and there are provincial cities which will be glad to welcome him, if he cannot declare the word in the capital. The new volume of discourses which he has published* is dedicated to his friends and pupils at Nismes, who listened to him with such sympathy. In that city the martyrs of faith have always been honored. The title of the new volume is "Conscience and Faith." It gives in successive discourses what ought to be the attitude of the free soul towards God, Human Life, the Scripture, Jesus Christ, and the Church, — the rational and enlightened idea of the soul on all these themes. Without evasion, concealment, or compromise, the author utters his full thought ; not caring to apologize for his heresy, or to win favor by concessions to the Orthodox faith. The doctrine which he sets forth is in every point the average and accepted doctrine of the Unitarian pulpit. He cannot call Jesus God ; but he is glad to accept him as "Lord" and "Master." He cannot take the Bible as a fetish, or be enalaved to its letter ; but he finds in it a guide to truth and the saving gospel of the kingdom. He vindicates the right of reason. Yet he speaks with profound reverence of the will of God, and the duty of obeying that will. Those who have joined Coquerel to the school of materialists and destructives will discover their mistake in what he says here of duty and conscience and the personal God. He will allow that all are Christians who call themselves so, or wish to be called so, — will not bring any test, either of faith or of character, to decide their right to that title. "He is a Christian, he is a believer, who is in spiritual communion with Jesus Christ, who thinks and acts according to the principles and the motive which Christ has given. Now, no one, in this matter, can judge of another, and hence

* *La Conscience et la Foi.* Par ATHANASE COQUEREL, Fils. Paris : Germer Baillière, 1867. 18mo, pp. v., 185.

this rule, — any one must be presumed a believer and considered a Christian who claims to belong to Jesus Christ, who calls himself believer and Christian. If he lies, it is at his own risk and peril. No church has the sure means of discriminating and shunning hypocrites."

A more acceptable volume than this, for truthfulness, reverence, beauty of expression and dignity of thought, has not recently come under our notice. It ought to appear in an English dress.

C. H. B.

AFTER Conybeare and Howson in England, and Baur in Germany, one would think that there would be no call for more special treatises upon Paul; that these minute examinations of his history, his position as a teacher and a thinker, and his influence, would forestall all further attempts.

M. Bungener, nevertheless, is brave enough to offer a new contribution on this worn theme; trusting in that fluent and glowing style which has proved so attractive where he has written about Rome and the Council of Trent, about Julian and Voltaire. His work on St. Paul* is a companion to his work on Calvin, who in his view was the Paul of the modern age. He has told the story of the apostle very pleasantly, with good rhetorical lights and shades; but has added nothing to it, and brought out no event of the life in any new light. The difficult questions are either evaded or very slightly discussed. The conversion of Saul is held to be miraculous; yet is explained as if it were an ordinary event. The contradictions in the accounts are allowed to stand, but are not allowed to have any weight. Bungener admits, too, that there were differences between Paul and the more Jewish apostles; but does not allow that these differences were the basis of any *party* strife, or that the theology of Peter and James was any other than that of Paul. As a contribution to the discussion, so interesting in our time, of the theological varieties in the first Christian Church, the St. Paul of Bungener is of no value. It is simply another eloquent and graphic narrative, after the ordinary evangelical pattern.

Some of the reasoning of Bungener is weak in the extreme, as where he attempts to show that all the Jewish laws about the sabbath are transferred to the Sunday merely because the first Christians

* Saint Paul, sa Vie, son Œuvre, et ses Épîtres. Par FÉLIX BUNGENER. Paris: G. Cherbulier, 1867. 12mo, pp. 518.

chose to substitute that day for the sabbath, — a fact which he asserts, but fails to prove. Then his reasoning to show, that the salvation of the ship's crew at Malta was miraculous, although in the use of ordinary means, is another absurdity. At heart he is half rationalist, and is always quite ready to give natural explanations of events; but he must save his evangelical credit, by asserting all the more that every thing which an inspired man does must have in it a semi-supernatural character; miracle in his story of Paul is quite superfluous. It might be wholly left aside, without weakening the effect of the narrative or changing its course in any way. Every thing which Paul does, and every word which he utters, seems to be precisely the thing and the word most natural under the circumstances and with his peculiar temper.

Bungener will fail, also, to satisfy the evangelical party by the slight treatment which he gives of Paul's theology. He finds in the Pauline writings the doctrines of grace; but he does not dwell upon them, or show them drawn out in any clear and unquestionable way. In Bungener's St. Paul there is no prominence of a vicarious atonement, or a total depravity, or a Triune God, or even of a bare justification by faith. It has the orthodox sound, without the orthodox substance.

C. H. B.

AN autopsy of the body is an examination of it after it is dead. The physician uncovers brain and heart and lungs and stomach, to see exactly, if he may, what was the cause of the stopping of the vital breath and the loss of pulse and sensation. M. Sièrebois, in his "Autopsy of the Soul," has not done a work of that kind for the spiritual faculty, or even a work exactly analogous. His work is rather that of *vivisection*, by examining the soul while it is alive and active, to show what its place is, how far it goes, how it is related to body, and how it is fastened to the fate of nerve and muscle. M. Sièrebois is a materialist, as positive and as confident, if not as fierce and as combative, as Moleschott or Büchner. He believes in no soul separate from body, and he believes in no God separate from Nature. He finds no reason to expect any life of soul beyond the life of the body to which it is joined. He accounts for thought in the nervous vibration. The suspension of spiritual life in sleep and in asphyxia is

* Autopsie de l'Ame, sa Nature, les Modes, sa Personnalité, Sa Durée. Par P. SIÈREBOIS. Paris: Germer Baillière. 18mo, pp. 276.

to him proof that the assumption of any spiritual essence is chimerical. He does not refuse to use the word "soul" or the word "spiritual:" but he thinks that these only describe the finer and more interior physical functions; and he denies most earnestly that any theory of separate soul life is necessary either to the happiness, purity, or righteousness of the life of man. A man may be just as good, and have just as sure a foundation of character, who identifies soul with body as one who separates soul from body. M. Sièrebois is temperate and candid in his treatment of the *Spiritualist* theory, and seems at times almost to wish that it were true. He does not exult, like many of the materialists, in getting rid of all *post-mortem* consciousness for man, and in distributing his being off into clods and gases. He is rather resigned than satisfied, in the conclusion which science seems to force. His book, moderate as it is, will not make many converts to his view. What he says about immortality not being taught in the proper religion of the Jews, is true enough; but his assertion that the gospel and the Christian religion sometimes present the future life as a dream, in no harmony with any present reality, is less reasonable. If there is any characteristic idea in the Christian religion, it is that it assumes another and a spiritual life. It has many theories of that life, — some of them vague, some of them fantastic; but the *fact* of a soul life is the one thing on which all sects agree, the one thing which they confidently assert. No creed of any Christian sect fastens the final decay and death of the soul to the final decay and death of the body. That view is outside even of the materialism of Priestley and the elder Ballou, who believed in a resurrection of body.

C. H. B.

HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES.

BUNSEN'S "Egypt" is one of those formless encyclopedic monographs, which make at once the delight of German erudition, and the despair of an ordinary student, who is both irritated and fatigued at the bulky bales dumped before him, too heavy and too fast for his faculty to set in order, classify, and digest. It is a book indispensable to the special student; in particular details it shows literary skill enough to be clear and extremely interesting to the average reader. But, really to appreciate its argument and its value, most persons want the guidance of a careful and skilful hand through its wildernesses of learning; and it is a guidance such as only a trained scholar is competent to give.

In default of this, one looks with grateful expectation to the attempt which has been made in a humbler way, by dint of patience and affectionate enthusiasm, to set forth a portion of its results in intelligible shape.* And there are two points as to which Mrs. Dall's handsome pamphlet may be of real service. The view it gives of the magnitude and value of Bunsen's labors is a timely help to the understanding of a career so dignified, honorable, and useful; while the tables of chronological results will be to many minds a sudden and great widening of their historical perspective, a stimulus to inquiry, and a check to dogmatism. This service of zealous discipleship we are glad to commend. There is less need to characterize it farther, because a considerable part of it has already appeared in our pages, and because to criticise it fairly would be simply to restate the whole ground.

A few points of special remark ought, however, to be made. In the first page of her preface, Mrs. Dall says, that, if any American journal would stately publish "representative articles" of this character, "there would never have been any need of this publication." As the whole of this pamphlet, we believe, except a dozen pages, had previously appeared in different periodicals, — about half of it in our own, — it is difficult to see what she means by this; and the impression given by it needs to be publicly corrected.

Again, on the next page (p. vi.), she says, "Neither Dr. Birch nor Lepsius could tell me what prompted Bunsen to use the eccentric period of 21,000 years." We cannot guess what motive prompted these eminent archæologists to withhold from a willing disciple the explanation of a period which is perfectly familiar to every astronomer, which is explained in such easy text-books as Biot's and Herschel's, which is assumed as a well-known datum in Herbert Spencer's "Biology," and of which Mrs. Dall herself has given a perfectly intelligible explanation (p. 21), copied from the pages of her own article in this very journal.†

We have not space to examine the statements of the pamphlet very closely, or time to compare them with those of the great work it follows; but copy instead a few notes, made by a more competent reader, of "what he has noticed in a hasty survey:" —

"I. *The Epoch of Zoroaster*. — No Zend scholar would now attempt

* *Egypt's Place in History: a Presentation*. By Mrs. DALL. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 8vo, pp. 108.

† See *Christian Examiner* for September, 1867, p. 317.

to fix the date of Zoroaster, except conjecturally, and that leaving a margin of several centuries. Mrs. Dall gives it to us as a fixed, ascertained date; but not only that, but in the course of her one hundred and seven pages gives it three times, and each time differently. Page 33, she says, 'From the *Zend* we get such a table as this: Zoroaster's religious reform, B.C. 3500;' page 37, 'Zoroaster appears about 3000 B.C.:' page 96, in a note, 'Zoroaster's first year is B.C. 2234,'—each time speaking as positively as though she were giving the date of the birth of Charles V. or death of Elizabeth.

"II. *Mashallah*.—On page 91, she says, 'Mashallah, a stele, dated 4000 B.C., and translated by Chabas for the "Archæological Review" of April 15, 1858, contains these sentences,' &c. This is taken from Bunsen's fourth volume, p. 665, but with the following variations:—

"1. Instead of the inscription being on 'a stele,' it is from a papyrus of the Imperial Library at Paris.

"2. Instead of being 4000 B.C., it is, according to Bunsen, about 2200 B.C., or 4000 years old.

"3. Instead of being called *Mashallah*, Bunsen merely says that the ancient Egyptian moral ideas were often expressed in the form which the Hebrews called *Mashal*, and which we call *Proverb*. He then adds, 'We owe to M. Chabas the analytical translation of parts of such a collection of *mashals*,' &c., and refers, not to the 'Archæological Review,' but to the French 'Revue Archéologique' of the date referred to. Mrs. Dall has simply made a mistake of 1,800 years in the age of her extract.

"III. Page 37, line 8, instead of 'Armenians,' put 'Hindoos.'

"Page 38, she states the oldest hymns of the Aryans, who emigrated into the Punjab, at 3000 B.C. Max Müller puts the date of the oldest Veda at from 1200 B.C. to 1400 B.C.

"Page 32, she says a feud divided the Hindoos from the Persians 'as late as 6000 B.C.' For this statement there is no authority.

"IV. Page 28, Mrs. Dall tells us that the great Sothic year began 'whenever the sun rose at the same moment as the Dog-star.' But this happens, of course, *every* year. We should have supposed this was a slip of the pen, and that she meant to say, 'when the first day of Thoth coincided with the heliacal rising of the Dog-star,' were it not that she has in no place stated it correctly. A little lower on the same page she says, 'The sacred Sothic year must always begin at the rising of Sirius.' Sirius rises once in every twenty-four hours. What she here meant to say was, that the Sothic year must begin at the

heliacal rising of Sirius, and when that heliacal rising coincides with the 1st Thoth of the lunar year. — J. F. C.”

THE third volume of Curtius's Greek History* reaches from the close of the Peloponnesian War to the Battle of Chæronea, — a period full of perplexing and unimportant details, but made brilliant by the careers of Epaminondas and Demosthenes. The three books into which it is divided (fifth, sixth, and seventh) are entitled, respectively, “Sparta's Rule in Greece,” “Thebes as Chief Power in Greece,” and “Macedonia and Greece.” One more volume will probably complete the work.

This volume has the same qualities as its predecessors, — qualities which go far to disprove the common notion, that no German can write a history. For Professor Curtius combines, with his accurate German scholarship in details, an earnest spirit, a vivid imagination, and a power of grasping and presenting essential points, which are needful qualities in an historian, but in the last of which, at least, his countrymen are apt to be woefully deficient.

The portion of the present volume which possesses the most general interest is that which treats of Socrates, his relation to the history of the time, and the causes of his condemnation. In this matter, the views presented differ materially from those of Grote, — less favorable to the Athenians, and on the whole condemnatory of the Sophists, although not in the indiscriminate way that has been usual. Curtius gives Protagoras and Prodicus credit for high character and aims, but severely condemns many of their associates and followers. The chapter entitled “Athens after her Restoration” begins with asserting and describing what Grote denies, — an “increased and increasing moral and political corruption.” This he does not attribute to the political institutions, but to the demoralizing influences of a long and disastrous war; and to the current scepticism, not only theological, but moral and religious. The spirit of rational inquiry, represented especially by Anaxagoras, subverting the foundations of the popular beliefs, was only met by the stupid and obstinate conservatism of the priesthood. In this condition of things, religion was powerless: “if there was to be any help, it must come from another side, — that of Philosophy and

* Griechische Geschichte. Von ERNST CURTIUS. Dritte Band. Bis zum Ende der Selbständigkeit Griechenlands. Berlin: Weidmann'sche Buchhandlung, 1867. 12mo, pp. 784.

Art." A long analysis of the history of art at this period follows, showing that this shared in the fullest degree in the tendencies of the times, and resulting in the conclusion that no conservative power was to be found here, — that philosophy was the sole influence that could yet preserve the community.

"But in order to lead upon this road, and to demonstrate the necessity of a moral renewal which must take place in the heart of each individual, there must be a man of prophetic nature, who should understand clearly the errors of the time, but himself stand above his time; who should possess the spiritual power of subduing these errors; and should be so conscious of his power to rescue and to aid, as to be ready, without self-seeking, to live and die for it. Such a man the Athenians had among them." — p. 89.

His view is, then, that the Athenians, though gone astray, were yet not hopelessly corrupt; that they were at one of those turning points in human affairs, when a great man can give a lasting impulse for good; that they craved such a man, and had him in Socrates. In consistency with this view, we have the personality of Socrates described, and the character of his labors among his countrymen. Of his theology he says, —

"Since the idea of a Reason ruling the world had been developed above the manifold forms of the Greek Olympus, — the idea of Deity above the gods, — in this Socrates attached himself to Heraclitus and Anaxagoras; but he remained nearer to the popular faith in conceiving the Deity not in a cosmic activity, but especially in its relation to men; he held fast to personality, and had the peculiar power, which can be the possession of only a deeply religious spirit, of leading direct from the gods in whom the people believed, to the Deity which reason demands." — p. 101.

Thus Socrates was fully in harmony with the spirit of his age, sympathizing in a large degree with the instructions of the Sophists, but possessing alone the power to develop this spirit of the age into something higher and purer. But to the unreasoning conservatism of the day his rationalism was no less heterodox and dangerous than that of the atheists and teachers of a low expediency; while his conservative temper was equally unacceptable to the eager democrats. "In a word, Socrates found opposition everywhere: for some he was too conservative; for others, too free-thinking; he had against him the Sophists and the enemies of Sophistic, stiff orthodoxy, as well as unbelief; old-fashioned patriots, no less than representatives of the restored democracy." — p. 109.

Even this would not have led to his condemnation, our author adds,

but for a sudden spirit of intolerance and vindictiveness which just at this time seized upon the community, and hurried it into deeds of violence and injustice of which it had not before been guilty. The care with which this series of events is described, and the close connection pointed out between them and the trial and condemnation of Socrates, aid materially in understanding this remarkable event, and give the author a fresh claim upon our gratitude.

"The accusers and judges were therefore," he adds, "not in the right as against Socrates. He suffered for crimes of which he was not guilty; condemned by some out of malice, by others out of short-sightedness and stupidity. He was made a sacrifice to the polity which had as its aim to restore the old Athens, without being clear as to its means and end. His conviction could bring the state no advantage. A real service was conferred by the Athenians only upon the condemned; for they gave him an opportunity to seal his teachings by a free obedience to the laws, and an heroic death."—p. 117.

W. F. A.

If painstaking accumulation of facts and absence of all extravagance make a valuable history, then Mr. Smiles has given us, in his account of the Huguenots, such a work.* He evidently sympathizes with the Calvinist dogmas, and with the brave endurance of these martyrs of France; but he is nowhere betrayed into any harsh invective against their persecutors. With the materials for a whole gallery of pictures as bright as those in Versailles or the Louvre, he has spread out only the colors, and left it for the reader to make the pictures. Not one character, not one scene, in Mr. Smiles's book stands out in any strong relief. When you have finished the reading, the sense is that of having looked into a kaleidoscope, in which the scenes have shown an endless sameness along with an endless variety. Some more skilful literary artist could easily bring striking beauty out of this redundant material.

Mr. Smiles shows no sign of much original investigation, and Haag and Weiss are the authorities on which he chiefly relies. But he is a patient and careful compiler, and tells us every thing which is worth knowing about the French refugees in the United Kingdom. So far as he seems to have any special purpose, it is to show these refugees

* *The Huguenots: their Settlements, Churches, and Industries, in England and Ireland.* By SAMUEL SMILES. With an Appendix relating to the Huguenots in America. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1868. Crown 8vo, pp. 448.

as the skilled artisans of the country which received them, — as originating those industries in silk and wool and metal which have made Britain in later time the great workshop of the world. There is hardly a branch of practical art in which England is not indebted to the Protestants from abroad. The French churches in England, once numerous, have fallen to decay. But the French workers have left their skill as the heritage of the nation, while they have mingled their blood with the Saxon race, and lost their native language.

The Appendix to the book, which treats of the Huguenots in America, is a very slight sketch, substantially reprinted from an article published many years ago by Mr. Gabriel P. Disosway. In this sketch, the author makes the singular blunder of identifying the French settlement of Oxford, in Worcester County, with the present "busy town of Worcester." An ample and most interesting volume might be made from the story of the Huguenots in America, from Maine to Florida. There are traditions of South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, New York, and Massachusetts, both in Worcester County and in the Old Colony, that might be appropriately wrought into a sensation novel of the evangelical kind, such as are published in the religious journals. Indeed, the Huguenot names have at once an aristocratic and a romantic sound, and are pretty freely employed in novels from which the pious tone is quite excluded. It is sad to remember, however, that the descendants of so many who were prominent among the patriots of the Revolution were conspicuous in these last years as leaders of the Rebellion. There are exiles now of the "lost cause" in the land from which the fathers were driven out two centuries ago.

C. H. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE merits and the defects of Professor Perry's "Political Economy" * are readily discerned; and it may be said in general, that they lie respectively in the philosophy and the science of the subject. His strong point is in the appreciation and statement of the general principles and broad truths of political economy: when he undertakes to prove these by lengthened argument, or in any way to enter into detailed discussion, either as illustration or as application, he is weak.

* *Elements of Political Economy.* By ARTHUR LATHAM PERRY, Professor of History and Political Economy in Williams College. Second edition, revised. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 1867.

The work will then be very serviceable to general readers, by presenting and enforcing sound practical ideas; but he who wishes to study the science, sound the bottom of its principles, and comprehend the reasonings upon which it rests, will get very little assistance from it. Even at its best, it is exceedingly diffuse; and the diffuseness is not that of one who is explaining an obscure subject by lengthened and obscure illustration, but the vague, rambling diffuseness of one who lacks a strong grasp, and the power to compress.

The most fundamental discussion in the book illustrates these qualities better perhaps than any other,—the chapter on Value. We do not quarrel with Mr. Perry for making “the Science of Value” the definition of political economy, although we prefer the accepted definition, “the Science of Wealth:” value, if not the subject itself, at all events determines and limits the subject, and is the most fundamental idea of the science. But we fail to find in all this long chapter any adequate analysis of this fundamental idea. He repeats Bastiat’s definition of value, “the relation between two services exchanged;” calling it a “satisfactory and final” analysis, and pronouncing the work in which it was made, “the most important contribution to the science since the time of Adam Smith.” We recognize heartily the service of this eminent writer to the philosophy of political economy, but we are hardly disposed to call this definition a “final analysis.” Nor do we believe that Bastiat himself intended it as such. He did not aim in this work at a complete analysis, but had a special object in view. It was a controversial publication, a reply to Proudhon’s “Contradictions Économiques,” as is shown by the very title, “Harmonies Économiques.” Its aim was to show the harmony of economical laws, and their consistency with human welfare and progress; and for this purpose a comprehensive and philosophical treatment was required, rather than a scientific analysis. The result was a most brilliant and effective vindication of his science, and exposition of its truths; but it was imperfect even as a vindication, and with hardly an attempt at profound analysis.

The fact is, the *analysis* of value was made long ago by De Quincey; and Bastiat has neither added any thing, nor taken away any thing, from this, but has simply thrown clearer light upon its character. Especially, he has made it plain, what has been hardly recognized before, that immaterial services are subject to precisely the same laws of value as material commodities. But what these laws are, he does not show us; nor, for his purpose, did he need to do so, especially since the work

has been already done by De Quincey. Mr. Perry, indeed, does away, in so many words, with all distinction between *services* and *commodities*; so far as political economy is concerned, treating all exchange as that of services merely. Certainly it may be so regarded; but what do we mean by *service*? Service rendered by the person making the sale, or aggregate of services (i.e., labor) embodied in the commodity? Mr. Perry's language is somewhat ambiguous: at one time it may be understood as the one; at another, as the other. Bastiat, it is clear, meant simply *service rendered*: the man who sells me a hat, for instance, does me a service which I esteem at five dollars. This, of course, reduces all estimation of value to the equation of supply and demand; and on this principle, consequently, Mr. Perry treats the whole subject, assuming that no further analysis is possible. All value arises, he holds, from a balancing of two efforts put forth to satisfy two desires, — the estimate put upon these efforts, and the consequent satisfactions; and upon these desires, efforts, estimates, and satisfactions he rings the changes until we are tired of the very sound of the words. Now this is all very well, but it does not go to the bottom of the question. No principle is laid down upon which this estimate is based. It is all hap-hazard. And here is where De Quincey's analysis comes in. Every thing that possesses value, he shows, must have *utility* (that is, the element of *desire*, the aggregate of all the considerations which induce one to gain possession of any commodity); and *difficulty of attainment* (that is, the element of *effort*, the sum total of all the obstacles that stand in the way of satisfying the desire). Thus Bastiat's elements are found to be coincident with De Quincey's. In the case of barter, there are two objects whose difficulty of attainment is to be measured; in the case of sale (compound exchange), one commodity: the money serves as the common expression of value, and therefore stands in need of no special estimate for this special case. And De Quincey goes on to show, that, of these two elements (U and D, he calls them), both must be present in order to create value, but only one can be operative. In case of scarcity or monopoly, the value (or price) is determined by U, — that is, what the purchasers will give; in other cases, by D, which here means what it costs to produce the article. In these, the vast majority of cases, supply and demand do, it is true, determine the *fluctuations* of value; but the natural value, about which the fluctuations constantly oscillate, is determined by cost of production.

This superficial and indefinite analysis of value runs through Mr.

Perry's whole book, lessening the work of even the best portions. Thus the chapter on Currency, which is sound and able in almost every other respect, nowhere states distinctly what Mr. Mill calls "the most elementary proposition in the theory of currency," — that "an increase of the quantity of money raises prices;" or this other, that "the value of money is inversely as its quantity multiplied by what is called the rapidity of circulation." Much of the reasoning is given upon which these laws rest, and exceedingly well given; and the laws are at times taken for granted, but they are nowhere distinctly stated. The principal part of the chapter, we have already said (as well as that one upon credit), is very satisfactory. Mr. Perry argues very cogently against the whole theory of paper money; and calls attention — although less distinctly than we wish he had done — to the broad distinction between the proper sphere of credit, and that of currency. The legitimate function of credit is to transfer capital to hands which can use it more efficiently: it is not its proper function to *create* capital; and, if it ever appears actually to create wealth (by issues of currency, for instance), it is only a deceptive show, for the fictitious capital thus created will lower the value of the currency already existing, so that the sum total of wealth will be no greater than before. The experience through which our nation is now passing is rapidly disgusting the community with every form of that credit currency which it has been found so impossible to preserve from the grossest abuses.

Many parts of the chapter on Foreign Trade are very good; but those paragraphs which attempt to illustrate the course of international trade by figures are in Professor Perry's worst style. We confess, after much study, that we cannot understand his calculations; and that, too, after Mill's admirably clear exposition of the same subject. We protest against his practice, after the manner of the advocates of Free Trade, and of Protection also, of accusing his opponents of cheating and selfishness; and against the arrogant tone in which this discussion is always carried on. There are as sincere advocates — and as insincere — of the one theory as of the other. We do not see how it is possible to answer the Free-Trade argument on purely economical grounds, where the question is of immediate advantage. But when Mr. Perry (p. 424) assumes, "for argument's sake, what would be folly to concede in reality, that it is desirable for the public to encourage a presently unprofitable business," he is coolly begging the whole question at issue. It is just upon this principle that the argument for

protection rests,—that it may be well sometimes to carry on “a presently unprofitable business,” for the sake of an ulterior gain; a proposition which we say would be folly to deny, if we were not afraid of seeming arrogant in our turn. Conceding this, and conceding that a varied industry is desirable in any community, there remains only one more proposition to be proved, to demonstrate the doctrine of protection,—that protection is the only, or the best, means of developing this varied industry. Mr. Perry, like most free-traders, argues as if there was no obstacle to the establishment of any branch of industry, at any time and place; he ignores the unquestionable fact, that a new branch of manufactures is always at a disadvantage for a while. But Mr. Mill candidly admits this fact, and concedes that protective duties may be defensible “when they are imposed temporarily (especially in a young and rising nation), in hopes of naturalizing a foreign industry, in itself perfectly suitable to the circumstances of the country.” This concedes all that any reasonable protectionist ought to demand in theory; in practice, we fear that no government, but an “enlightened despotism,” would ever succeed in laying such duties justly and judiciously, and in removing them just as soon as the industry was sufficiently developed to make this desirable. The colony of Victoria has just made this very experiment. It began with moderate and temporary protective duties, on Mill’s principle; but it has been found impossible to lighten or remove them as manufactures became established, and now the battle is waged there between the two parties, as fiercely as ever it was between Whigs and Democrats.

In pointing out the defects of the work before us, we would not fail to do justice to its many merits. It is a welcome contribution to the discussion, and aid to the enforcement, of those great economical principles, a right comprehension of which is now the most pressing want of the nation. It will be read where a more severely scientific treatise would not be, and cannot fail to do service in the cause of economic prosperity and national progress.

W. F. A.

WHEN a man of genius and of the finest moral feeling falls into a way of saying things dictatorial, extravagant, and unjust, one is apt to feel more irritation than the case warrants, and give judgment with an emphasis sharpened by a sense of personal injury. So many of Mr. Ruskin’s later utterances have given pain to those who have owed to him, in other days, their best instruction and delight, that his best friends find themselves turning cool apologists, and average critics find

room for only anger and blame, or perhaps contempt. It is with great regret that we have perceived this altered tone towards a name claiming so much of real gratitude and admiration, — a tone certainly not softened by the last essay of his pen,* in which he appears more wilful, more extravagant, more unjust, than ever. He has nowhere challenged more wantonly than here the ordinary opinions and political hopes of man; or been more wildly unpractical than in these latest dreams of social regeneration; or more wilfully assailed an eminent and pure reputation, than in his criticism of Mr. Mill; or more arrogantly paraded an offensive contempt of others' moral judgments, than in what he says now, quite needlessly, of the American character and the case of Governor Eyre; or shown a more lamentable despair of mankind, than when, as now, he rates Mr. Carlyle's cynicism as only too hopeful and serene. These are the symptoms of a nervous and sickly mood into which he has fallen in these later years; and they take a prominence — in his own mind as well as with his critics — quite beyond what they deserve. They make easy butts of attack; and his temperament is such as rather to crave than shun attack. They make the sharp points on which one impinges in skimming the surface of his thought, — and so furnish the cheap and easy game of his reviewers.

We reckon it a misfortune, because it gives an excuse for slighting some of the very finest and noblest ethics that have ever been uttered; because it blunts the sense to some of the keenest criticism on the real sins and sorrows of our time; because it affords a base pretext for condemning the counsel of a man who speaks in sadder earnest than any of the professed religious teachers of the day. The fantastic names which he has chosen to disguise the sting of his brief, pungent treatises, have also had the effect to confirm a prejudice against the soundness, or even the sincerity, of his thought. And a mind less in earnest than his own is apt to be only annoyed or made angry at the intense gravity of his assurance, that his lessons of chief value to the world are precisely these tirades on topics of political economy. Forget the prejudice and the irritation, — let all the eccentric judgments be passed over as of no more account than if they were in *Æschylus* or *Plato*, — and there yet remains a body of earnest, passionate conviction, — the passion and the poetry of modern social ethics, as we might call it, —

* *Time and Tide* by Weare and Tyne. *Twenty-five Letters to a Working-man of Sunderland, on the Laws of Work.* By JOHN RUSKIN. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 18mo, pp. 199.

which will remain valuable and true as long as the morals of the Christian gospel retain their meaning.

It has been curious to trace the change in the tone of Mr. Ruskin's language on matters of religious opinion,—from what seemed, in his earlier writings, a strict, somewhat stern orthodoxy, and reverence for the letter, mingling here and there in his fervent nature-worship and glowing homage of art; to the extraordinary courage, frankness, and freedom of "Unto this Last," and the more than Stoic nobleness of the preface to "The Crown of Wild Olive." Like most of those whose personal moods jar violently against the actual miseries of the world, and the sophistries that palliate them, Mr. Ruskin's ethics take the form of an intensely idealizing judgment of human society and institutions. Striking out, so to speak, in empty space, and building his castles in the air, he easily fashions to himself the image of a noble State, busy, contented, prosperous, and not too crowded, with an aristocracy using its privilege for pure beneficence, with an artisan class neither crushed by hopeless poverty, nor brutalized in ignorance, nor restlessly crowding to be each man better than his neighbor. It is wholesome and good, we hold, to look upon such visions; and Mr. Ruskin's wealth of rhetoric, and his passionate glow of conviction, far outweigh that dogmatism of assertion, and that asperity of judgment, by which he challenges the animosity of a world he would instruct.

J. H. A.

ALTHOUGH the author of "The Turk and the Greek" * makes no pretensions of remarkable ability, and exhibits himself neither as hero, philosopher, saint, poet, nor even word-painter, his book is pleasant for its very simplicity. His views of the great changes silently coming over the Ottoman Empire are not overdrawn; some out-of-the-way spots, like the island of Scio, he helps one to be at home in; enjoying the familiarity with native languages of one born in the Levant, which few travellers attempt to obtain, his observations are unspeakably more valuable than the paltry gossip of dragomen, which fills too many books of Oriental travel.

Mr. Benjamin presents, none too vividly, the incessant, inevitable, omnipresent decay of the Ottoman empire, accelerated so immensely by the concessions following the Crimean war. On the occasion of a

* *The Turk and the Greek*. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1867.

late conflagration of three thousand houses at Constantinople, the government secularized all the mosque property within the burnt district, — a stride in reform like Henry the Eighth's sequestration of monastery land in England; and even more interesting, as a type of the decay of Moslem fanaticism, pointing to the overthrow of the effete despotism it has vitalized so long. Constantinople itself Mr. Benjamin represents as showing the exhaustion of the Ottoman race in contact with the corroding luxury of a great capital. The American missionaries receive earnest commendation from one who associates their effort with that revered father to whom his book is dedicated. And certainly, by printing and getting into use an immense number of school-books, patterned after the American, they are preparing a better future for Turkey than it now dreams of; and, by the abolition of the penalty of death upon Christian conversion, they are at liberty now to make direct effort for the propagation of faith. Unhappily, the stupidity, servility, superstition of the Greek Church forbid it from rendering any help in christianizing Mohammedanism. Greece herself has made some progress in beautifying Athens and extending education. But the Church has embarrassed every other effort by its frequent holy days, its substitution of mummerly for morality, the contented stupidity of its clergy, and the mediæval bondage it maintains over popular thought.

The Greek Church rendered unspeakable service in the past, by furnishing a bond of union to a scattered, despised, persecuted, seemingly helpless race, and rousing them to struggle for freedom through their seven-years' war. But since the revolution it has rested like a tombstone on the people's heart, making freedom of conscience more dangerous in Athens than in Smyrna, smiling upon the luxurious apathy of King Otho, and thwarting the new-born restlessness of a nation starting into life.

F. W. H.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Sermons by Rev. Newman Hall, D.D., of London; with a History of Surrey Chapel and its Institutions. New York: Sheldon & Co. pp. 309. (These are discourses and addresses, many of them occasional, delivered during the author's visit in America last year. They are followed by a few brief religious poems.)

American Edition of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Part XI. pp. 1121-1232. Idol — Jehonadab. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical; with special reference to Ministers and Students. By John Peter Lange, D.D., in connection with a number of eminent European divines. Translated from the German, and edited, with Additions, by Philip Schaff, D.D. Vol. VI. of the New Testament, containing the two Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 8vo. pp. 584.

Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Providence. By Emanuel Swedenborg. From the original Latin, as edited by Dr. J. F. I. Tafel. Translated by R. Norman Foster. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 340.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

Sketch of the Official Life of John A. Andrew, as Governor of Massachusetts. To which is added his Valedictory Address, delivered upon retiring from Office, on the Reconstruction of the States lately in Rebellion. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 16mo. pp. 211. (Reprinted, with Additions, from the "North-American Review." Portrait in Photograph.)

Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion. Parts XXIX.-XXXII. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Spanish Conquest in America, and its relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vol. IV. 12mo. pp. 456.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Sister's Bye-Hours. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (A series of little tales, having the serious beauty and tenderness of feeling characteristic of Miss Ingelow's writings. "Poor Matt; or, The Clouded Intellect," is the one most generally known.)

Farming for Boys: what they have done, and what others may do, in the cultivation of Farm and Garden; how to begin, how to proceed, and what to aim at. By the Author of "Ten Acres Enough." With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 286. (The lofty wisdom of "Ten Acres Enough" diluted in a story which proves attractive to the boys it is meant for.)

The Butterfly Hunters. By Helen S. Conant. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 167. (In which the hard names of the entomologist are oddly relieved on the groundwork of a pleasant holiday tale.)

Portraits of Celebrated Women. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated from the French by H. W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 384. (Containing nine of Sainte-Beuve's careful and finished sketches. "In all modern literature," says the translator, "I know of no pages more solemn, more searching, more truly tonic to an earnest feminine mind, than are to be found in the essays on Mme. Guizot and Mme. de Rémusat, and some portions of the essay on Mme. de Staël.")

New Poems. By Owen Meredith. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 507, 518.

Love or Marriage. A Novel. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 119.

Harper's Phrase Book; or, Handbook of Travel Talk for Travellers and Schools. Being a Guide to Conversations in English, French, German, and Italian, on a new and improved method. Intended to accompany "Harper's Handbook of Travel." By W. Pembroke Fetridge. New York: Harper & Brothers. Square 16mo. pp. 308.

David, The King of Israel: a Portrait drawn from Bible History and the Book of Psalms. By Frederick William Krummacher, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 518.

Charlotte's Inheritance. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 145.

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"The high position which the Pianos, manufactured by this firm, hold in the estimation of educated people is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence."—*New-York Mirror*, June 2, 1867.

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[VOL. VI.—Nº 2.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

CONTENTS.

ART.	PAGE	ART.	PAGE
I. THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION.— <i>O. B. Frothingham</i> . . .	121	VII. DAVIDSON'S INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.— <i>H. G. Spaulding</i>	196
II. UHLHORN'S MODERN REPRESENTATIONS OF THE LIFE OF JESUS.— <i>H. D. Catlin</i>	136	VIII. SERBIA.— <i>S. G. Bulfinch</i> . . .	207
III. BUNSEN.— <i>Caroline H. Dall</i> . . .	145	IX. THEISM—CHRISTIAN OR NOT.— <i>J. H. Allen</i>	220
IV. THE MATHER PAPERS.— <i>C. C. Smith</i>	160	X. REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE	227
V. MISS CARPENTER'S WORK IN INDIA.— <i>H. W. Holland</i> . . .	179	<i>Theology.</i> Malcom's Theological Index, 227. Hunt's Essay on Pantheism, 235. <i>Miscellaneous.</i> Report of the New-York Children's Aid Society, 237. Note on Bunsen's Egypt, 238.	
VI. CIVILIZATION AND BARBARISM IN SOUTH AMERICA.	185	NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED. . .	239

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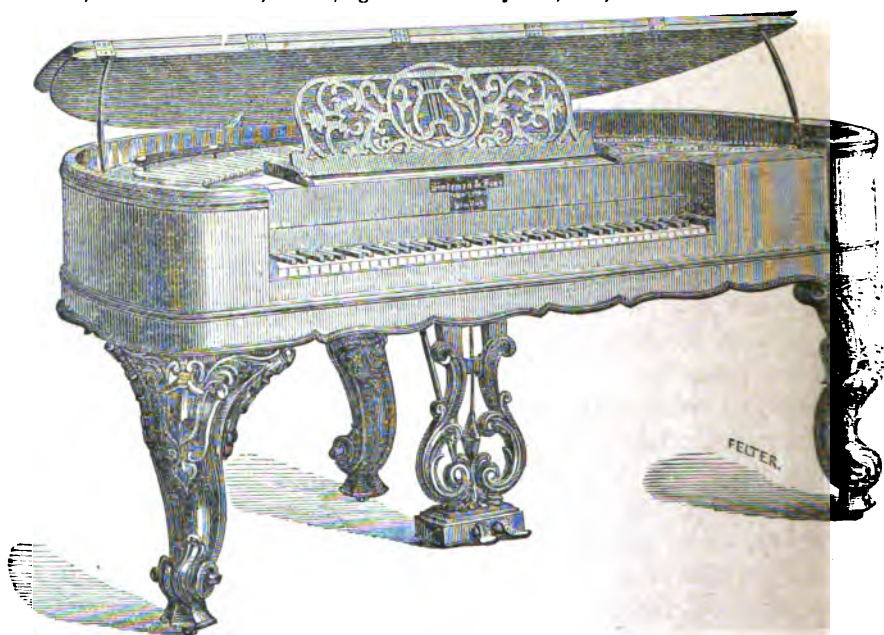
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FROM WATSON'S WEEKLY ART JOURNAL, DEC. 17, 1865.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

ART. I.—THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION.

An Address read before the Graduating Class of the Cambridge Divinity School, July 12, 1868. By O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

THE prophet is a mediator, as well as the priest. It is the office of both to effect a union of things discordant. But, while the priest discharges this duty officially, the prophet discharges it personally. The priest mediates by means of sacraments. The prophet mediates through ideas and through character. The priest stands, a fixed, silent figure, midway between the opposing points,—whose separation is the misery, whose accord is the blessedness, of the world,—to pass from side to side, through his anointed hands, the gifts of sacrifice and the gifts of grace. Who or what he individually is, matters little, if he be duly appointed and set up for his function. He may be neither wise nor pure, neither true nor earnest, neither sweet in humanity nor tender in devoutness. His intellect may be unilluminated; his soul may be clouded. Still his duty may go on: for he is there as an automaton, not as a person; an agent, not an organ. The oblations that are in substance or symbol laid upon the altar, the emblematic confession, gratitude, homage, contrition of mortals, he, by expressive action, lifts up to the Being who sits remote on the mercy-seat. The grace that is expressed in the rite—the absolution, consolation, peace, that heaven

imparts to human beseeching—he receives in the form of a sign, and hands down to the waiting multitudes below. Neither the gifts that go up in aspiration, nor the graces that descend in blessing, traverse his spiritual being. They can therefore take no stain from it, if it is unclean. Though he be impious, piety may trust him to bear her message of love through the doorway she may not pass, to the Presence she may not behold. Though inhuman, he may be depended on to carry for a space the cup and the salver which contain in mystery the saving body and blood of the reconciled God.

The mediation of the prophet is of a different kind. He is not an instrument, but an organ. Ministering through the agency of ideas, and of principles conveyed in ideas,—a teacher therefore, a speaker, a thinker,—it is of first moment that he be a living mind and soul. What he passes from one side to the other is literally *transmitted, sent through* him. He must be himself reconciled; he must himself be in accord with the Being above, and the beings below. Not artificial is his ministry, but real; not mechanical, but vital. The humanity that streams upward must be able to count on his devoutness; the divinity that streams downward must find a willing co-operator in his kindness. It will not be enough that the divine and the human *crystallize at his touch*: they must *blend in his nature*.

The priest is to all eyes an individual set apart. His dress, his mien, his house, his table,—usually, his solitary, wifeless, childless condition,—are peculiar. Sacerdotal robes make him conspicuous in public; sacerdotal manners make him an object of notice in private. The prophet is not thus visibly distinguished. He marries, and rears children; he dwells much like other citizens; he is in society; he engages in civil affairs; he votes; he takes the platform; he does not scruple an occasion to visit the opera, the concert-room, or the theatre. He is human. But these external differences must not conceal the fact, that he, too, is a mediator, no less effectually than the priest. He does not abolish the gulf of separation, or treat it as if it were not: he is a bridge over

it; his pulpit spans a breach. The traveller in Belgium stands with delight, mingled with curiosity, before the quaintly carved pulpits that are set up against a pillar in the cathedral churches. Wonders of art they are! One tells in symbol the story of the creation; another, the story of the garden and the fall; a third, the story of the redemption; a fourth, the whole grand history of the first and second Adam. The fine artist in wood has put his soul into his work. There the animals confront the angels, the seraphs struggle with the sinners; the lower deeps yawn, the upper deeps open; the prophets and kings take their places; Mary bends over the cradle, and stands beside the cross.

In the midst of all this symbolism, the preacher stood to deliver his word; the idea of reconciliation encircling his form, the very box he was placed in suggesting the burden of his prophecy.

This whole ministry, whether evangelical or otherwise, is a ministry of reconciliation,—reconciliation between whom or what? What are the two things that stand over against one another, and between which he would make peace? The older, and still the prevalent, mode of thinking puts the antagonism thus: Separation between man and God; opposition of nature to the supernatural; conflict of the material with the spiritual; a gulf dividing this world from the next; the two dooms,—salvation and damnation, hell and heaven. The chasm was one that divided the finite from the Infinite, and it cut its way sheer from the primal origin and essence of being, down through every department of thought and life; parting off into two definite portions the spiritual, moral, social, personal interests of mankind; cleaving in twain cares and pleasures, mercantile pursuits and trivial amusements; setting man at variance with himself along the whole line of his existence; making his experience a warfare; opening a cross-road at every step of his temporal career, and at the end of it showing a parting of the ways in the direction of everlasting life or everlasting death. Thus, from man's origin to his endlessness, the imagination disclosed a succession of gulfs which only wings of the spirit

could traverse. It has been the business of late years to fill up these gulfs. The gulf between God and man is filled by conceiving man as, on one side of his nature, *divine*; and God as, on one side of his nature, *human*. There is a province, it is said, where God and man meet, without the aid of intercession. He is not far from every one of us, and may be found by all that seek him. We in our better hours recline upon his bosom and inhale his peace. If we do not meet him in the workshop or the street, the fault is ours. If we do not live in companionship with him, it is not because we cannot, but because we will not. There is no chasm: there need, therefore, be no bridge.

The gulf between nature and the supernatural is filled by extending the realm of the natural till it includes all the phenomena that come under our intellectual cognizance. The natural, we say, is the orderly, the regular, the beautiful, the perfect. The natural man is the good man. The natural and the spiritual man are one. Is it said the "natural" is that which is under law? Every thing is under law. There are laws of thought and feeling: the Supreme Holiness is bound; the First Cause is necessary. To be released from law is to be outcast, not free. The gulf between matter and spirit is filled by making matter the organ of spirit; spirit the impelling force, matter the means of manifestation; spirit the intelligent cause, matter the pliant instrument; spirit the active principle, matter the passive substance,—the two necessary to balance, complete, and use each other. Spirit without matter, an unorganized, diffusive power; matter without spirit a nonentity. Instead of a gulf betwixt the two needing to be escaped, a connection between the two so close as to be indissoluble.

The gulf between this world and the next is filled by throwing both into one; by making life one continuous whole; by abolishing the grave as a receptacle of consciousness, or a goal of probation, or a check to advance, and running all the lines of moral experience straight through it; grading the pit into which the body plunges; and setting on either side of the dark valley the watch lights of hope, that sparkle

on, far as the eye can see, lighting the one unmistakable road that leads to universal blessedness all the souls of men.

In similar wise disappears the gulf between finite and infinite. The finite, we say, has its infinite possibilities. The human is not shut in by a wall. Its horizon line recedes as its being expands. This *mortal* puts on immortality, this *corruptible* puts on incorruption. The infinite is the moral, the spiritual, the perfect. But the finite tends to these, and, following its tendency, reaches them.

In these few words, so few as to be unintelligible, I fear, I have tried to indicate the work attempted by the intellectual energies of our generation,—the work undertaken by science and philosophy, by ethics, politics, art; in a word, by intelligence using all the means that thought and experience place at its command to abolish the separation between things human and things divine.

The apparent result is the cessation of a ministry of reconciliation. There is nothing, apparently, to reconcile. The atonement is not to be made: it was made from the beginning. The atonement is laid in the nature of things. The cry, therefore, is, that the prophet shall give up his ghost of a mission; that the preacher shall abandon his mere tradition of a calling, shall put an end to his pantomime of gesticulation, and earn his living as other men earn theirs. For the pulpit, we are told, there is no place: take it away. A gentleman had running through his grounds the Middlesex Canal. It divided his garden from a very beautiful grove of trees, which was a favorite retreat in the summer time. Being a man of wealth, he spanned the canal with a stone bridge elegant to behold. After a time the railroad superseded the canal. The waters were drawn off. The bed was filled in, planked over, covered with corn-fields. But the bridge still stands where it did. It serves no purpose as a bridge; it is easier to walk over the even ground than it is to climb its steep arch; it occupies good soil for planting; it withdraws from use a quantity of granite; it is by no means ornamental; and its incongruity raises a smile, not

always inaudible, in the passers-by. So, to the apprehension of many, stands the pulpit, now that the dividing gulf is dry, — a needless relic of a past dispensation, doing nothing that literature, the book, the magazine, the newspaper, do not accomplish a great deal better; and, by its standing where it does, casting a tacit reproach, and being an actual hindrance to these.

I am here to consider if this is a fair statement of the whole case. Is the ministry of reconciliation ended? Are the gulfs all filled up? Let us admit that certain maps of them have been rendered useless; that the charts of the old engineers have become obsolete; that ancient estimates of their character, dimensions, and depth have been discredited; that their names have become unintelligible. But has the ancient ravine itself been abolished? If it has been, the ministry of reconciliation has been abolished; if it has not been, that ministry remains. And it becomes us to consider the way in which it shall be discharged.

To my apprehension, the gulf, the essential gulf, the only gulf that is worth practically considering, is the gulf *betwixt the animal and the human elements in man*. You may describe it under the old nomenclature, if you will. Call it a gulf between the creature and the Creator, between the temporal and the eternal, between the finite and the infinite, between the worldly and the heavenly life, between the flesh and the spirit, you will not convey a stronger impression of its reality or its character, than you do when you call it a gulf between the animal and the human in his constitution.

The real facts of life are unaltered by time. There has been no change in the substance of things. The structure of the mind and the material of experience remain as they were. The *interpretations* of life vary. The *realities* of life are immutable. The data to which the older divines appealed, in justification of their ministry, are still before us. Human existence is full of them; human nature teems with them; and an earnest glance discloses them to us in a form as solemn and startling as that which moved them to cries and tears.

It is enough to hint at these things: I cannot describe them. Ignorance, weakness, imbecility, lethargy, stupor, vice, stubbornness, turpitude, lie in monstrous heaps upon our civilization; and the wind of passion, which is always blowing in gusts, now and then catches them, whirls them in the air, stifles us with their dust, and covers us with their rubbish. Terrible surprises lurk in the moral atmosphere. A little congealed vapor in winter is driven before the soft air; while we sleep, the light particles of snow fall by myriads. A muffled army of invasion, they take possession of the earth; we wake in the morning to find ourselves blockaded, — the streets impassable, lines of railroad buried beneath avalanches. Mechanical power, steam power, is set at defiance. The irresistible legions of the travelling public are held under arrest. The lord of the planet battles for existence with snow-flakes.

So in the moral world about us are stored the elements of terror. Of a sudden they gather, they drive upon us; the virtue of man buffets them in vain. The *obstinacy* of the dark power is what appalls us. This animal element, this crude element of passionateness, — by whatever name you will call it, — this dumb, chaotic, portentous force, sweeps over us, and bears down feeling, purpose, determination. Better than volumes of divinity, the daily papers present the argument for a kind of inertness in the moral world.

The story of the warfare between the powers of light and the powers of darkness is as new as it is old. Every earnest man and woman is conscious of it. Paul's terrible language — "That which I do, I disavow; what I would, I do not; what I hate, I do" — is hardly too strong to describe the pressure of inability that is upon individuals and society. A vast burden of powerlessness weighs will and purpose down; a rigid limitation sets bounds to our effort. We see so much farther than we reach, we perceive so much more than we can do, we confess so many obligations we cannot meet, we are aware of so many duties we cannot discharge! Our purpose faints behind our desire; our thought gropes after our dream; our determinations are determined. We

know that things are wrong; but we cannot get a conviction that they are wrong, and so we go on doing them with a fatal facility that makes us feel ourselves creatures of destiny. Blundering and impotent, we push on, hoping that somehow things will come out right, but haunted by a desperate feeling, that, if they do, it will be in spite of ourselves.

Now these, I apprehend, are the old facts out of which the old theory of a dislocated world was constructed. This passion, this prejudice, this inertness, this perversity, this incapacity, this old man of the sea, sitting astride of our shoulders, suggested the thing that was called the "old Adam" in us. What is it if it is not the *old Adam*, — precisely that and nothing else? It is the immaturity of mankind; it is the crudeness of human nature; it is the heavy bulk of the raw material which we have not organized; it is the mud of the pre-Adamite world clinging to our feet; the preceding centuries huddle their infirmities on our backs; their ideas infest our minds; their practices entangle our footsteps; their judgments nestle in the meshes of our law; their lusts, violences, dishonesties, mingle with our feelings. Their influence is akin to that of demoniacal possession. To it we may trace all, or nearly all, the social enormities that curse us. A great many things we do that are lawless, or worse; yet it is not *we* that do them, but this force of unsubdued animalism that is in us. Is it to be wondered at, that, in ages of ignorance, when human reason was unable to take scientific views of things, men cried out for an Expiator to lift off an incubus that was too dreadful to be carried?

But to call for an Expiator we feel would be vain. No expiation will serve. It is inheritance we suffer from, not guilt; undevelopment, not depravity; infirmity, not sin. The struggle is between history and possibility; the *want* of humanity and the *promise* of humanity; the *beastliness* we have not outgrown, and the *saintliness* we have not appropriated. And we are to end the conflict, not by throwing ourselves in agony upon the merits of a Redeemer, but by throwing ourselves enthusiastically upon the virtue of our rational powers.

It is here that the ministry of reconciliation comes in. Its office is to pass men over the gulf that *yawns between the lower and the higher self*; to rescue humanity from passion to principle; to redeem it from selfishness into self-love; to counteract the brutal traditions of sensuality and hate by the beautiful prophecies of sacrifice and brotherhood. The preacher represents the *human nature* in men as the supreme element in them, and for the interests of that human nature he stands, as a distinct interest, never to be compromised. The difference between the developed and the undeveloped man, the cultured and the uncultured, the human and the bestial, while in one sense it is a difference of more or less, is in another sense a contrast of opposites. There are no gulfs betwixt men, we say, but only differences of level. It is but a difference of level makes Niagara. At the top of the precipice, laughing lovers sit on the grass, admiring the rainbow; at the bottom boils the caldron of death; and between top and bottom there is no inch of space where existence is possible for a moment.

A difference of more or less! You take ship in New York, and sail out on the Atlantic. You pursue a level course. There is no dip or plunge, save as the waves lift or depress the vessel's prow. On and on you go; overhead the constellations, around the monotonous plain of waters: night and day, for weeks and weeks, you go on. At length you come to port on the *other side of the globe*. It seems to you that, were your vision long enough, you might look back and see the city you started from. Not unless you can look *round* the planet or *through* it. Between you and home is the solid globe. It was only a question of miles, more or fewer; but here you are setting the soles of your feet against those of your friends in Broadway, and pointing your heads in opposite directions. More or less makes the antipodes.

Look at the ideas that lie in groups on the surface of the religious world. Mark their distribution among the different sects. There seems to be no line of radical separation between them. They are shared by the various churches. Some have more of this, others more of that,—more or less of

depravity ; more or less of the Christ ; more or less of inspiration ; more or less of grace through usage or rite ; more or less of authority conceded to book or confession ; more or less of duration to punishment, or of destination to bliss. The question is one of shading. So it appears ; *but it is not as it appears*. When Luther put off from Rome, he had no thought of going far. His successors looked but a little way beyond Luther. Their successors pushed on the line of advance, nothing being further from their purpose than a final departure from the ancient landmarks. So sect followed sect, each modifying slightly one or more of the original beliefs, but each persuaded it was keeping every essential article ; each, in fact, convinced that it brought the essential article out into the light. So church follows church, and party, party ; all holding fast by the same tradition, all taking their bearings from the same star, all consulting the same charts ; all studying the same authorities in navigation, all sailing under the same flag, heading for the same port, carrying the same freight of souls. Universalism came, Unitarianism, Liberalism, — all using the same forms, all observing the same sacraments, all reading the same Bible, all making the same ascriptions in prayer and hymn. There were successive *departures*, but no visible *gulf*. There were innumerable shades of opinion ; but no sharp line of division was evident, cutting Christendom in two. But look beneath the surface, and there it is ! As they sailed round the globe, these timid navigators found the *antipodes*, and now stand greeting each other with the soles of their feet, their eyes straining at opposite quarters of the heavens. For while the old church stood on the dogma of human *depravity*, the new church stands on faith in human *ability*. The old church planted itself on the idea that men must be miraculously saved from hell ; the new church plants itself on the idea that men must distance hell by reason. The old church bowed the soul to an institution ; the new church makes institutions the creatures of the soul. And between these two groups of principles a gulf is fixed, so deep and wide, that they who stand on one side cannot see those who stand on the other.

In society people look much alike: save in some little peculiarities of feature, walk, mien, manner, mood, there is not much apparent difference. They profess about the same average opinions, applaud about the same class of sentiments, approve about the same courses of conduct. Human nature, we hear people say, is about the same all over the world. The differences between them are simply differences of more or less. And yet it needs no keen observer to note certain very plain distinctions as between people who live as if the world were made for them, and people who live as if they were made for the world. One principle bids a man to live for himself; another principle bids a man live for others. The principles stand to each other as light and darkness,—in ceaseless opposition. They writhe together, day and night, in every soul.

The ministry of reconciliation has regard to this conflict. The preacher takes his position as representative of the good principle,—reason, culture, the moral sentiment, the social law, aspiration after the pure and perfect; in a word, the *human nature*, of which in man there is so very little, spares no effort to bring this into prominence, and so to consolidate and organize it, that the battle shall go steadily in its favor, and the victory be at last on its side.

Do I mean to say, then, that the preacher has this ministry of reconciliation all to himself? that other agencies do not share it with him? I mean to say, that, as far as I can see, he is the only person who, first and last, absorbingly and exclusively, makes the ministry of reconciliation his business. Other powers engage in it, but neither directly nor with purpose as he does. Certainly the lover of his fellow-men will do no injustice to science or literature or art or politics or reform; he will not undervalue the importance of the magazine, the newspaper, the lyceum lecture. But these things aim at representing society *as it is*, rather than at making society what *it should be*. They *accommodate* themselves to the time; they do not *redeem* the time. They may be *friendly* to the human, but they are not *organs* of it. Literature makes it its office to entertain. The press acts as the medium

of intellectual exchange, and admits nothing that seriously interferes with its popularity as an advertising medium. The lyceum lecture is the amusement of half-educated people who cannot have the theatre, or whose religious scruples forbid their frequenting it. Politics rarely intend any thing better than fitting men for pigeon-holes. Even reform loses the articulation of the small voice in the rattle of machinery. A small infusion of the genuine human element may be instilled into all these agencies. Not too much; for that would spoil them for their purpose. For, one and all, they live on the old Adam. Compromise is their word. The lyceum lecturer who preaches must preach so melodiously that his preaching is drowned in his rhetoric, or he gets no second invitation to preach. The young preacher who leaves his pulpit for the editor's chair finds that his subscribers do not want his philosophy or his piety. As a preacher it was not his privilege only, it was his duty, to deal with the highest moral principles. Earnestness was expected of him. He was there to speak of the true, the beautiful, the good. He had nothing to do but exalt virtue. The place, the hour, the associations, the memories, the traditions, the exercises of worship, music, symbolism, the Ineffable Name, venerable words of Scripture, hymns saturated with the feeling of ages, overhanging beliefs, convictions consecrated in the highest moods of the race, lay him under a vow to defend the interests of the social, rational human nature in man against all comers, and to distrust the fascinations of eloquence, that tempt the truths of the spirit to linger a moment at the porches of the ear. He is not expected to amuse people, but to animate, encourage, inspire them. They do not want his wit; they want his wisdom. They do not desire his humor; they demand his humanity. Elsewhere men assert themselves; there they *surrender* themselves. Society, with strange persistency, still regards the ordained minister with respect; still concedes his position to be one of authority; still waits for his word as being the word of power. Is it for him to be the sceptic? is it for him to qualify? is it for him to turn literateur or politician, lecturer or teacher, under

the impression that thus he can obtain readier access to the popular mind, when, by so doing, he loses sight probably of the object for which he wishes the access? The human uses in all these things he can extract remaining where he is. What principle in society can he not discuss? What idea in literature can he not deal with justly? He can fight every battle, and yet never camp on a field; he can fill every post, yet never leave his own.

Charge me, if you will, with magnifying my office. To that charge I would plead guilty, were it in my power to magnify it. But you must not understand me as magnifying the men who fill the office. The greatness of the office makes them look absurdly small. Let not their littleness dwarf their place. The work of empowering the human attributes of mankind is not to be exaggerated. It is not unreasonable to think that it will provide occupation for a special order of men, who shall see to it that there be no confusion in church or state or community of the animal with the angelic, the brute with the rational being. It is not necessary that all the members of the order should wear the same badge, or bear the same weapons, or put on the same armor. There may be among them men panoplied in mail, with the red cross on their breasts; and there may be *bare-arks*. Theology, Christology, eschatology, symbol, rite, sacrament, are but the names the warriors give to their arms,—as soldiers call their blades Spanish or Damascene. In our war for union, the multitudinous rifle-barrels, however fashioned and labelled by the inventor, fell into one level, and sent their deadly missiles to one aim at the word of command. Why quarrel about tools, if we all mean to make the same use of the tools we have? Why raise a dispute over coats, if the hearts inside of the coats beat true to the call of the better self, struggling with the worse? Would the war go on better, if absolute uniformity of costume and accoutrement were insisted on in every corps? Would the victory be more certain, if the discordant war cries that draw the very hearts out of the clans that shout them were suppressed, and in place thereof a monotonous slogan were put

upon uninterested lips? No, no. Let each use the weapon that fits his hand; let each cry the cry that comes from his heart: only let us be sure that every weapon deals a straight blow at the beast, that every cry is a cry for humanity from a human bosom.

The beauty of this ministry is its human character. The minister is the man, pure and simple. None are above him, none are beneath him. He touches all at a common point, as the brother of all. Every door is open to him, for in every house dwells that which he represents. Men come to him in care, grief, want, temptation; for he is without prejudice, his sympathy is unalloyed by hate or partiality, his judgments are impersonal. He makes himself translucent, that the light of the pure reason may fall through him upon the vexed or the guilty conscience. He knows no distinction of persons. The PERSON is all he cares for. He goes directly to the manhood and the womanhood, whoever the man or the woman may be. Gifted he may be, brilliant, cultivated, elegant, learned; but only as he is *human* is he *minister*. Unlearned he may be, simple, unattractive in speech or manner; but being human he is minister. To me the significance of this ministry is of very profound and enduring import.

Matthew Arnold, a noble spirit, who has taken up this ministry of reconciliation under the name of culture and in the ranks of literature, preaching, with an eloquence we should all envy if we dared, the necessity of making reason and the will of God prevail, criticises our form of ministration as being inferior to his, because it exaggerates the moral and spiritual side of culture. But the sadness and soreness of his own spirit, torn with the difficulty of making itself understood, proves how perilous it might be for lesser souls to attempt so grand a battle on ground so pre-occupied. For many a day yet, the ministry of reconciliation must be a ministry organized and distinct, — not of necessity sacerdotal, not of necessity dogmatical, not of necessity technical, or limited to a department of nature or life. It may be, nay, it must be, broad, comprehensive, human, flexible, hospitable,

to a man like Arnold himself, but none the less distinct, and organized for distinct work.

Young men, I have given you my idea of this ministry as I entertain it. It is for you to fill it out as well as you may. You will never fill it out to your satisfaction. Alas for you if you think you do! You will often be tired and discouraged; you will feel as if you had chosen rashly, and committed a fatal mistake; you will look out from your lonely post, and dream that you might have been happier and more useful somewhere else. When tempted to do so, search yourselves, and you will discover that you are under the power of the lower mood. You are giving up the battle, not praying that you may wage it on harder fields; you are coveting applause, or you are greedy for money.

Remember now, I pray you, and never forget, that ours is an austere calling. It means work, study, thought, care. It is pretty sure to mean things worse than these. You must not complain because others fare more sumptuously, and wear costlier garments than you. You must not whine because you cannot live as well as your parishioners. Be satisfied to live in simple nobleness with your humanity. You do not enter the ministry to be rich or famous or luxurious. The less of all that you may be the more you are faithful. Estimate your loyalty by the earnestness of your battle. The prophets have often been called to make bread out of stones. The ministry is not a *paying* profession: they who wish it might be, do not understand it; they who hope to make it so, had better leave it. We can well spare those young men who avoid it for more lucrative pursuits. Prize the human absolutely, supremely, solely; but never confound the human with the secular. Do not imagine, that, by imitating the secular dress and manners, you are broadening your humanity: you are not. You are merely incurring the danger of confounding the lower humanity with the higher. Humanity is not a slouched hat or a gray coat, a swagger or a cigar. Respect your order, regard its decencies, observe its proprieties, be jealous of its honor. *Culture* and *character*, — be these your mottoes. Do not be ashamed of being ministers.

Let men see that you are ministers because you are men, and they will respect your ministry. Do not fret against the limitations which shut you in with all things noble, and only shut you out from some things pleasant. Be tranquil in the atmosphere of serene truths; be happy in the spiritual companionship of the good among the living, of the sainted among the dead; hold fast the unseen hands of the men who have lived and died for their fellows; and listen for every note of that still, sad music which has breathed, and is ever breathing, from those who have borne the cross, and have found in sacrifice an all-sufficing joy.

ART. II. — UHLHORN'S "MODERN REPRESENTATIONS OF THE LIFE OF JESUS."

The Modern Representations of the Life of Jesus. Four Discourses delivered before the Evangelical Union at Hanover, Germany. By Dr. GERARD UHLHORN, First Preacher to the Court. Translated from the third German edition, by CHARLES H. GRINNELL. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., 1866. pp. xii, 164.

To those who see in Christianity only one among the more remarkable phenomena of history, and in its founder only a person with a singular "genius for religion," there is presented a continual problem: many centuries have passed, yet the questions touching society or the individual, which arose with Christianity, are still the absorbing themes of discussion; the life of Jesus is still the most fascinating in history. Why is it that each new attempt to solve the mystery of that life creates a sensation in every class of the community, whether addressed to the scholar or "to the people;" while Clough's "Plutarch," Forsyth's "Cicero," and even Irving's "Washington," fall comparatively unnoticed from the press? Is it because the facts in the life of Jesus are disputed, together with the significance of his work? The same may be said of the career of Mohammed; but omit those grosser details,

which attract indeed like the carrion of the wilderness, and who cares for the life of Mohammed, except the historian? Is it because the life of Jesus gathers an interest from those relations to Christianity into which we are accidentally born, this network of life and civilization about us? If this be conceded, we are only called to the solution of a new problem: What has interwoven Christianity so inextricably with all the interests of this Occidental life?

It was with no surprise, then, that on the appearance of "Ecce Homo," two years ago, we saw in the murmurs of applause and dissatisfaction from over the water the interest which a new life of Jesus awakened in the minds of English readers. For thirty years we had had the German, and more lately the French, conception of Jesus: we had then to welcome in "Ecce Homo" a thoroughly English one, — English in its popular style, its waiving of the critical method, perhaps also in its theory of the State.

To-day there is a lull. Strauss, Lange, Hase, Renan, Schenkel, and we know not what others, have from various points of view drawn their portraits of Jesus. We have now before us, and propose to notice in these pages, a critical study of the chief of these sketches, — those of Strauss, Renan, and Schenkel, — and indeed a survey of the ground and of the foundations of the Christian edifice. The author, Dr. Uhlhorn, of Hanover, though apparently a high Lutheran, speaks for the most part with admirable calmness and dignity. While not disguising his earnest desire to establish the Orthodox view of Christ's life and work, he strengthens his position not a little by his fairness in stating the case of his opponents; by what Martineau, in his "Essay on Mill," calls "a deliberate, intellectual conscientiousness, which, scorning to take advantage of accidental weakness, will even help an opponent to develop his strength, that none but the real and decisive issue may be tried." We feel that he knows both what he speaks and whereof he affirms, and that he can afford to be quite just to his opponents.

We are indebted to Mr. Grinnell, not only for translating the work, but for putting it into such strong, happily chosen,

and idiomatic English. This adds much to our pleasure in reading the book.

The work contains rather more than the title would lead us to expect. It is not merely an examination of the "*Modern Representations of the Life of Jesus*:" nearly half the book is taken up with the Gospels and the miracles, treated somewhat independently. There are four discourses whose contents may be briefly stated as follows:—

In the first discourse, after tracing the historical preparation in the decline in the first third of our century of the old or "vulgar" rationalism, in the publication of the views of Strauss, and, later, of those of the Tübingen school (both these latter having endeavored to explain the origin of Christianity independently of Jesus), the author comes to the "*Life of Jesus*" by Renan. Of this he gives a summary, and criticises unfavorably the picture thus drawn. In the second discourse, he does the same for the views of Schenkel and Strauss. In the third discourse, the authenticity of the Gospels is discussed. Assuming for the moment, for the sake of the argument, that the miraculous element in these books is no bar to our acceptance of them, he unfolds the evidence of their genuineness; and especially in the case of the fourth Gospel, where both the external and the internal evidence is given at some length. In the fourth discourse the author takes up what he had previously waived,—the question of miracles.

We purpose now to call attention, with comment or query, to several passages which struck us in the reading.

On page 9, as again on pp. 114 *seq.*, and 150, the author presents the chief, perhaps the ultimate and unanswerable, argument for Christianity,—the *life* of its defenders. "Come and see" is an appeal beside which miracles are as nothing. On the same page, the author alludes to the indirect influence of such writers as Strauss and Schenkel on many persons who, from want of time or inclination, have not read the books, but who "content themselves with the knowledge of having it down in black and white, that it is all over with Christianity!" We are reminded of what a biographer of

Pascal tells us, that while the Jesuits in vain essayed to put forth other than the frailest, most absurd replies to the "Provincial Letters," thousands of their adherents and admirers took great comfort from the fact that *an answer had been made!*

On p. 6, after showing that each new attack on Christianity begins by declaring every preceding one a failure, the author strikingly adds, "It is as if we heard at the door the feet of them who shall come in to carry out those also who lord it over the present day." The point which made perhaps the deepest impression on us in the first discourse was this,—that after the ill success of Strauss and of the Tübingen school in explaining the origin and growth of Christianity independently of Christ, both parties seem now agreed to fight the battle upon this narrower ground,—the person and work of Jesus.

"The attack, therefore, is all the more dangerous, since it is now directed against the very heart of the Christian faith; but the change in the situation is evidence of unmistakable progress. We are at least rid of Christianity without Christ. The ground is cleared; and, though the fight is harder, the issue is fortunately nearer" (pp. 16).

The absurdities of Renan are set forth well, and not without a touch of humor, as on pp. 24, 25. On p. 28, the author shows, as Professor Fisher has so well done in his examination of Renan ("Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity"), that Renan has unconsciously aided the cause he assailed, by reducing the discussion to a dilemma in which an honest and unbiassed mind cannot evade the claims of Christianity.

"We may truly learn from Renan whither one is led, who, on the one hand, admits the records of the evangelists to be historical, even if it is only in their outlines,—(and this must be admitted by any one who is not willing to fall into a most unscientific arbitrariness); and, on the other hand, refuses to acknowledge that Jesus is the Son of God become man. Then, it is true, one gets a mere man, but most certainly not a purely moral one, a pattern of genuine humanity; but one that is from intrinsic necessity a fanatic and an impostor."

We have, however, a criticism to make. The clause which we have thrown into a parenthesis, because it is not essential to the statement of the dilemma, is really the very point at issue, by denying which the opponent escapes the dilemma. For if the latter were stated in a formal way, it might stand thus: *If the Gospels be historical*, then either Jesus is the Son of God, &c., or else he is a fanatic and impostor (for the Gospels make him claim to be the Son of God, &c.). On p. 31, the author, after speaking of Renan's attempt to palliate the lying and imposture of which he makes Jesus guilty, pointedly adds, —

"Take notice here, that these are the moral foundations of those who talk so much about morality, and plume themselves upon reducing Christianity to its simple moral principles."

In our author's examination of Schenkel, he is at times far from satisfactory. On p. 52 he finds fault with Schenkel for admitting a groundwork in fact for the narrative of miracles, but denying the miraculous itself. But does not our author allow, with some of the keenest of the Orthodox writers, that there is against a miracle a certain presumption, which must be removed; and that some quite natural events have been known in history to take on a miraculous coloring? Again, on p. 62, while charging Schenkel with a wavering view of the sinlessness of Jesus, in that he speaks of great inner struggles and storms which Jesus is supposed to have experienced, our author says, "Where inner storms and temptations are, there is sin." Would he hold, then, that Jesus had no inner struggles? What mean those words attributed to him in the Gospel of John (xii. 27): "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? [Shall I say], Father, save me from this hour? But for this cause came I unto this hour." Again, on p. 65, the author seems to lay stress on the Godhead of Jesus as essential to our belief in his sinlessness. But, if Jesus was sinless by virtue of his Godhead, what merit in it? Why say any thing about it? If God, could he be otherwise than sinless?

On pp. 66, 67, we read, —

"We can have faith only in God. . . . We are now obliged to confront the following alternative: Either the Christ of Schenkel is a mere man like other men, remarkable, perhaps the most remarkable of all, but only within the bounds of human nature, — and hence we dare not have faith in him; . . . or we can have faith in him, — and hence he is not a mere man."

This is hardly satisfactory. Schenkel may have missed his aim; but what does it amount to, to say we can have faith only in God? There is a sense in which we *do* have faith in men. The point is, Was Jesus human, and no more? If he was, our faith in God is yet like the rock. Our author, however, seems to be just in his strictures upon Schenkel for his arbitrary treatment of the Gospels. "What suits Schenkel's portrait is genuine; what does not suit it, is not genuine."

The third discourse is devoted to the discussion of the authenticity of the Gospels. The Gospels and the miracles are so intimately connected, that they stand or fall together; but, for the sake of the argument, the author, in this discourse, assumes that the miraculous element in the narrative is no hindrance to our acceptance of the books, and then proceeds to unfold the evidence of their genuineness. On p. 80 we are told that the gospel era was an *historical* one; and we are thus reminded of a sentence in a letter of Dr. Arnold* to Bunsen (or *from* him, for the note is ambiguous): "Strauss writes about history and myths, without appearing to have studied the question; but, having heard that some pretended histories are mythical, he borrows this notion as an engine to help him out of Christianity. But the idea of men writing mythic histories between the time of Livy and Tacitus, and of St. Paul mistaking such for realities!" On p. 82, the author says, —

"Since the history in question was such as to involve the hatred of the whole world when it was professed, and might lead to disgrace and even to death, people were apt to inquire carefully beforehand upon what ground it rested."

* *Life and Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 68, note.

But the argument from the early martyrdoms is less convincing than it was once thought to be; and if we may credit the extraordinary accounts, in Renan's "*Apostles*," of recent martyrs in Persia, the argument is almost worthless. The argument from the admitted genuineness of the four Pauline Epistles (Romans, 1st and 2d Corinthians, and Galatians), out of which the essential features of the Gospels may be independently gathered, seems to us the strongest that can be brought to the defence of the latter. Full of interest is the account (pp. 90 *seq.*, cf. pp. 14 *seq.*) of the gradual though reluctant retreat of the Tübingen writers, inch by inch, as it were, from the second into the first century for the assignment of the dates of the Gospels. The argument for the genuineness of the fourth Gospel is, in our judgment, a masterpiece for clearness and simplicity. The comparison, on p. 112, of the four Gospels to four portraits of the same person by different artists, instead of to four photographs from the same plate, seems to us as reasonable as it is beautiful.

The fourth discourse (that on miracles) we found in some respects the most interesting in the book, though at certain points rather unsatisfactory. On pp. 117, 118, the author declares, but in our judgment fails to show clearly, that a denial of the fact of miracles—we had almost said, even of the moral *possibility* of miracles—involves a denial of God and of Christianity. The conviction grows upon us daily, that, in order to lay such stress on miracles, we must lay a yet greater stress on the fact of SIN. This, indeed, the author does on pp. 144 *seq.* Sin implies a *personal* God; and a personal God is what the deniers of miracles are too apt to reject. Witness the Pantheists and Positivists. Even Deism tends in the same direction, by removing God far from his creation, and leaving his creatures to their own devices. It is no easy thing, as Professor Fisher has shown in his essay on the subject, to give a correct idea or definition of a miracle, so as to avoid confounding it, on the one hand, with superhuman, yet quite natural, events,—as the courses of the sun, the phenomena of vegetation, &c.; and, on the other

hand, with such violations of natural laws as would convict the Divine Agent of fickleness or want of foresight. Perhaps the best definition ever given of a miracle is that of Pascal: * "An effect which exceeds the natural force of the means employed for it;" provided we keep in mind the will of God, which is concerned in every miracle. The author seems to have been successful in stating the true idea of a miracle, so as to avoid the difficulties just hinted at; yet we again venture to offer some criticisms on certain illustrations and incidental statements and phrases. The case cited on p. 120 appears irrelative. Franke, the founder of the Orphan House at Halle, was one day in urgent need of money for the purposes of the Institution. He goes to his closet and prays; and, as he comes from his chamber, a letter is handed him with the required sum. A most wonderful coincidence, indeed, but hardly a miracle; for, besides the fact, that with no great violence to probability it might be explained as a mere coincidence, an objector might with reason press the consideration, that the letter must have left the sender's hands before the prayer was offered, even if not before the emergency arose. To seek escape from this difficulty by suggesting that the sending was providentially ordered in view of the foreseen prayer, is to embarrass an already difficult subject with vexed questions touching the relations of Divine foreknowledge and will to human freedom.

On p. 123, in criticising Renan's *test* miracle, the author, in our judgment, errs in saying, "No more can be demanded of us than to prove them [miracles] as we prove every other historical fact, by unsuspected witnesses, who can and will tell the truth." This last is the very point at issue: we may justly look more narrowly into the testimony to alleged events, when these are miraculous, and may consider whether the honest witnesses may not have been under a misapprehension, or have been deceived. On p. 129, the author says that the visions of the Maid of Orleans, and the voices she heard, are to be explained as illusions, the result of disease or unnatural excitement. But why so? Is not the evidence as

* Thoughts, chap. xxiii.

good as for Paul's vision of Jesus on the way to Damascus? The author says that Paul distinguished between a vision and real sight, and adds (p. 130), —

"When the Apostle Paul, in order to prove his apostolic worth, appeals to the fact that he too had seen the Lord, as the other apostles had, his sight must have been just such a sight as theirs, — consequently a real, and not a visionary one, — or the reasoning would amount to nothing."

Of the two alternatives, one might prefer the latter; for Paul was not always severely logical. But how gross all this is! The author's argument requires him to make Paul see Jesus with the eye of *flesh*; this Jesus, then, must have a body of flesh (for how can a fleshly eye see spirit?): therefore flesh and blood can inherit the spiritual world! On p. 133 we are asked, "What became of the body of Jesus?" i.e., if it did not rise. But an objector might ask, with at least as much emphasis, What became of the body, in case of the resurrection? If we credit Luke's narrative, it was material enough, — we write with becoming reverence and seriousness, and because these thoughts have sadly bewildered us, — it was material enough to partake of fish and honey-comb. Did it, then, ascend into some material heaven?

We are much perplexed by the author's use of the expression "*final cause*" on pp. 137, 140 *seq.*, 143; also on p. 118. The context seems to require the idea of a *blind, unintelligent cause*; but a *final cause* implies an eye that, at least in design, sees the end from the beginning.

These criticisms have been made thus freely, in deprecation of the tendency among some to push injudiciously the argument from miracles. Miracles are the grossest testimony to religion; and a faith which rests on them, even if it be possible to call it so, is of the lowest sort. Beautiful are the closing words of the author: —

"The final, thorough, heart-winning proof of the truth of the Christian faith must be set forth by our lives. I will close by reminding all of you, that the best defence of the life of Jesus is the life of a Christian in whom Jesus lives. Let us all work together in this defence."

ART. III. — BUNSEN.

A Memoir of Baron Bunsen, late Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of his Majesty Frederic William IV. at the Court of St. James. Chiefly drawn from Family Papers, by his Widow, FRANCES, BARONESS BUNSEN. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1868.

It is not often that the words "Envoy Extraordinary" have any meaning; but, as we pause to remember how this man's life was passed, we feel that for once they are not misapplied. Carl Christian Bunsen, the sole child of his father's old age, lived to hold as a statesman, for thirty-four years, the highest diplomatic honors of his country; to become an authority the while in letters, archæology, philology, and art; at the same time that the severest historical researches, and immense labors in Biblical criticism, seemed to be taken up,—as other men took up their daily game of billiards, or drank their morning cup of coffee. Truly does his wife say of the protracted labors of the last agonized months, "But these were not to be called *work*: it was no trouble to him to pour out the ripened fruit of his well-stored mind;" and the constant activity of that cultured and inquisitive spirit was never better illustrated than when, for the last time, he called Kamphausen, who was his assistant in the "Bibelwerk," and said to him, with closed eyes, "Dear Kamphausen, I am not able to confer with you to-day. Work on alone, and be ready. But listen to me: I have made out the question about Obadiah; he lived in the time of Jehoshaphat,—that is clear;" and then he corrected a word in Kamphausen's last translation.

These volumes err, as all recently written biographies do err, in attempting to give the Life through the Letters. What a man thinks, wishes, and fancies he effects, is one thing. What other men think of him, wish for him, or give him credit for achieving, is another. Never did any author require a sharp outline of his actual experience from an outside observer, if Bunsen did not. It has yet to be eliminated

from the affectionate sympathy of this record, and the keen criticism of his opponents. Here we are permitted to follow all the personal disappointments, to see the bitter struggles of his loyal and religious soul; but his political history, his place among the statesmen, is still unindicated.

The family to which Bunsen belonged would seem to have dwelt at Corbach, in Waldeck, for centuries. Three ears of corn in their escutcheon indicate the condition of agriculturists. His father had, by a first wife, two daughters, — Christiana and Helen. In his old age, he married the *gouvernante* of the Countess of Waldeck, Johannette Eleonore Brocken, a woman held in high esteem at the palace of Bergheim, but who gave to her child no impression of motherly tenderness. Upon his early years, the strongest influence was exerted by his sister Christiana, a person of a certain unlovely strength and integrity of character, in whom practical skill probably challenged the allegiance of the purely ideal child. At the age of thirteen, he began to save his pennies to buy books. He was the best French scholar in his school; but it is noted as peculiar, that he never could be taught to sing or dance. His prodigious powers of work betrayed themselves at school, where an essay of forty-one pages written in one week, and the fair transcript of sixty, to help his overtasked father, on one Sunday, astonished all his companions. At one of the examinations, the counsellor asked to have Schiller's poem of "The Bell" declaimed on the following day; and Bunsen committed it in time. His passionate love of books extended to a sort of intimacy with the bookbinder, and even then he began to talk of India, — a name that his brightest companions only knew as they saw it on the map. At Marburg and at Göttingen his presence was a blessing, for he knew how to apply the right stimulus to all sorts of professors. He met them without dissimulation, and his brilliant intelligence piqued them to their very best! At Göttingen, at the age of twenty-one, he obtained the prize for his celebrated essay on the "Athenian Law of Inheritance." The event, which almost intoxicated his friends with delight, did not interrupt the usual hours of

his daily work. At this age he was said to resemble in a striking manner the portrait of the first Napoleon now hanging in the town-house at Brügge,—a likeness which occasioned personal inconvenience when he went to Paris in 1816.

Four likenesses of Bunsen adorn these volumes. First comes the bust by Wolff, executed in 1827, at the age of thirty-six. It is not wanting in dignity. The head seems but partially developed, and the likeness to Napoleon can be traced. Then come the portrait by Richmond, and the bust by Behnes, both taken in his fifty-sixth year. The portrait by Richmond, which seems to be a favorite with his family, tested by comparison with the others, reminds us of the idealized portraits of Rowse in this country, in which the idealization frequently passes to the point of caricature; and we see not our friend, but our friend's moment of exaltation, unnaturally, and therefore offensively, protracted. This portrait might well stand for that of Harold Skimpole, and the name will suggest to the reader the precise point of caricature; while it is remarkable, that Behnes' bust, executed in the same year, is the only likeness of him which gives the impression of age. Thirteen years later, when Bunsen was at the age of sixty-nine, Roeting gives us at Bonn a portrait unequalled for dignity and power. In this picture, as in that of Goethe, the brain is dominant; suffering has imposed reflection and self-restraint, while it has neither dimmed the sweetness, depressed the aspiration, nor diminished the hope.

Great was the spite entertained against him, throughout his life; for, although a *parvenu* and a commoner, he made kings his intimates, and his demeanor was that of a man who crouched before no one. His education had more than exhausted his father's slender means; but the intimacy of Schulze, Lücke, Lachman, and Reck showed that this appropriation had been wisely made. In 1820, he found himself an orphan. It is customary in German universities to encourage students to preach, even when they have not decided to follow the Church; and the satisfaction given by Bunsen's *one sermon* made it matter of regret when he left Marburg. It was an

act of great moral courage to resign his fellowship, and go to Göttingen, without visible support, in search of a necessary stimulus. One can hardly tell whether to admire most the brave clairvoyance of the boy, or the steady trust of the father, who, being a man that would have demanded unquestioning obedience from the child, granted hearty consent *now* to the apparently wilful decision of the youth. Heyne, the leading classical scholar in Germany at that time, was professor at Göttingen, and he knew how to value the student. "Poor and lonely did I arrive," wrote Bunsen, "but Heyne guided, encouraged, stimulated me;" and what was more, he put him in the way of getting pupils, so that Bunsen soon found the way to earn his own bread. Here, too, he formed an intimacy with William B. Astor, of New York, whose excellent accommodations he shared as his German tutor. His habits of early rising—he had always been waked by his father at three in the morning—gave him the advantage of undisturbed morning hours. Mr. Astor had already prepared to entice him to America. "Be not alarmed," he writes: "to America I shall not go, so long as a Germany exists."—"When I met Bunsen," wrote more than one student of that day, "my happy time began."—"It was so unusual," wrote Abeken, "that one whom I could love and honor should advance to meet me!"

In 1814, while on a journey to seek his sister in Holland, Bunsen was delighted by the happy purchase of some Oriental manuscripts, over which he rejoiced with infantine exultation. "Building Stones" was the title of a philological paper written by him at this period. How significant of the true character of a man who never was known to accumulate loose pebbles and drift, but always stored away well-chiselled material! It was Brandis who persuaded Bunsen at this time to go with him to Copenhagen, to pursue the study of the Northern tongues. Subsequently, when Brandis went as a private lecturer to Berlin, at the suggestion of Niebuhr, Bunsen went with him. This led to Brandis being made Secretary of Legation when Niebuhr was sent to Rome; and Bunsen followed, quite ignorant that in that spot he was to have a

happy home for twenty-two years. Astor had left Göttingen in 1814, promising to return in two years, — a promise faithfully kept.

In his last year at Göttingen, Bunsen created some sensation by going indignantly out of a lecture-room, where he conceived sacred things to be discoursed of in an unworthy spirit, — an act the more noticeable, as he was supposed to sympathize in the views themselves, and to object merely to the spirit in which they were given out. It was customary in Bunsen's life to hear him spoken of as a man who turned with fascinating and brilliant indecision from one object of interest to another; but perhaps no man ever held to his aim with more tenacity than he. The points laid down in a "plan of study" which he presented to Niebuhr at Berlin in 1816, were steadily held in view until the hour of his death in 1860. A visit of Mr. Astor to Italy opened to Bunsen an opportunity, which he eagerly seized, to pursue his Persian studies. His marvellous philological power was manifested by the manner in which he instantly took his place in a class with men who had been eight and ten years at work, studying, as he expressed it, with "fury and delight." At Rome, without money, prospects, or consolidated plans, his future immediately opened. About this time he began to show an affectionate interest in Italy and America, and to indicate the precise position of Germany in the work of human progress. He was one of those fortunate men who carry in their presence the evidences of their power; and so we are not surprised to find him in April, 1817, the favorite guest of a distinguished English family in Rome, who introduce him to the Duchess of Devonshire, and with whose oldest daughter he soon confesses he has "been for eight days a *little in love*." The moment he discovered this, he withdrew from the intercourse which had already become precious; but there was at that moment one woman in Rome who knew how to value the real happiness of her daughter beyond a fixed income or an achieved success. When Mr. Waddington turned to Niebuhr for advice, the Prussian Minister replied, "Had I a daughter myself,

I would gladly give her to him. His talents, ability and character are a capital most safely to be reckoned on." In less than three months, Bunsen was married. "Great happiness," he writes, "is hard for a man to bear and to deserve." During his first months of married life, he carried on his Bible studies, encouraged in this work by the intelligent perplexities of the young girl he had married. On the 31st of October, he was regularly inducted into diplomatic life under Niebuhr, and celebrated at his own suggestion and in his own way the tercentenary of the Protestant Reformation. "The Italians are angry," he wrote; "which, however, matters not. May our grandchildren in 1917 celebrate their jubilee *in Rome*, and in a *church*!" His exceeding happiness had only one effect,—to make him feel more and more that he must do some great work. His first "Christmas tree," brought with it the slander that he was imitating Popish practices. The date of December, 1817, is interesting, because under it he makes his first distinct utterance concerning his latest work in life,—a work to which all others were subservient, and towards which the intelligent observer of his life must feel that even his great work on Egypt was only one protracted study. "*The consciousness of God in the mind of man, and that which in and through that consciousness he has accomplished, especially in language and religion,—this was from the earliest time before my mind,*" he writes in a letter to his sister Christiana. It is in the same letter that he speaks thus of the chief disappointment of his earlier life, the failure of a purpose he had cherished of travelling in India:—

"And now nothing was ever so certain to me, in my life, as that the journey to India, had I been able to accomplish it, would have caused me to miss my main point: not that the journey would have been without use of itself, but I should have been crushed by the load that it would have brought upon me, and, in the means to my great end, the end would not have been reached."

The character of his sister Christiana must not be passed over in estimating the forces which moulded him. She had

been adopted by an aunt who died early, and the mismanagement of the severe illness which followed the young girl's bereavement seems to have laid the foundation of a lasting invalidism. After her father's second marriage, she returned to Corbach. A very short acquaintance with a ward of her father's led to an attachment so deep, that both parties remained faithful to it during two-and-twenty years of separation, during which neither received any intelligence of the other. Unfortunately, Faber was wealthy; and Heinrich Bunsen's sense of honor, or his mistaken sense of the value of money, made him conceal Chistiana's residence, and forbid her to answer the letters which Faber addressed to her from a distant military station. When he returned and could find her, he still urged marriage; but he was following Bonaparte to Russia, and from that campaign he never returned! No wonder that she could not remain in her paternal home. No wonder that, when Bunsen went to meet her in 1814, his heart was touched to the depths to find her ill and dependent on strangers. No wonder that he gladly provided for her, although her "harsh character" made her presence no healing balm, but a sharp thorn in his side. In 1825, he made the great mistake of bringing her to reside in his own family; where she continued for nearly eight years, and where, it is clear, she was an instrument of moral flagellation that threatened constant discord. She knew right from wrong with matchless perspicuity, while utterly unconscious that her own heart was unsubdued, and her religion that of the understanding only. It needed a love as vital as that which bound Bunsen to his wife to withstand the influence she exerted.

The labors and honors which followed his happy marriage can only be indicated. He was made Secretary of Legation in 1818, carried through the erection of the Protestant hospital in Rome, devoted months in every year to the formation of a new Prussian liturgy, and to forming art-collections for the king. He took up Egypt with Champollion in 1824, had a "kind of shrinking from it," but invited Lepsius to Rome, and organized and carried through the great Prussian expedi-

tion, nevertheless. He provided England with materials for its own history from the Vatican. He completed his description of Rome; revived an old Catholic foundation to allow young men to study at Rome; looked after cholera patients; and finally, entangled by the unhappy diplomacy of his own court and the court of Rome in relation to mixed marriages, received in 1838 "permission to travel," which ended in a long residence at London as Prussian Minister, after a short diplomatic career in Switzerland, where, according to his instructions, he "did nothing." He wished at this time to purchase California for Prussia, a plan warmly applauded by the Minister at Washington, and from which Humboldt dissuaded his majesty. The Puseyites were angry with him for his letter to Gladstone; the "English Review" had found out that "Egypt" was the "work of a heretic;" and so the Bishop of Lincoln took occasion to show him peculiar honor at a dinner of the Literary Fund. A good conscience kept Bunsen himself comfortable. About him clustered everybody distinguished for scholarship or manhood. In 1847 he published his "Ignatius." He made out the pictorial character of one hundred and thirty of the four hundred Chinese roots, and "finds the connection of Egypt with China capable of being made out." While his indispositions increased in violence, he still worked on, corresponding with American doctors of divinity, and continuing to give to the Prussian Government, by his own residence on Carlton Terrace, an altogether new dignity.

When his recall came in 1854, it only gave him an opportunity to inaugurate his "Bibelwerk," in the quiet home at Charlottenburg, near Heidelberg. He became popular in Germany as the author of an Introduction to Caird's "Sermon on Daily Life." Of George Sand's "*L'Histoire de Ma Vie*," which he read in his sick room, he says, "A wonderful book. This woman has a deep, and I think a *true* soul. She is said to be ugly, which is a pity; but, as the Suabian wisely said, 'Unpleasant that is, but no sin.'" He went to Berlin to the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance; and his brilliant reception formed a graceful and picturesque close to an

intimacy with his sovereign of precisely thirty years' duration.

At Charlottenburg he projected a *Life of Jesus* and a *Life of Luther*. "Sent to Coventry" by the excited feelings of his neighbors, during the Crimean war, as "too German," he was nevertheless the first to start a subscription for the relief of Austrian prisoners. The difficulties of Bunsen's life as a diplomatist seem to have arisen from the fact, that the king loved him, actually hungered and thirsted after him, so as to create an intense envy at court; and from that independence of soul which would never bow to prejudice or party. The excitement he created in England was also felt in America. An English woman, and an American man together supplied the funds for the completion of his noblest works. "The daily beauty of his own life made certain other people ugly," but only narrow people talked against him. Many a young German and Briton might make his first acquaintance with the true glory of manhood through Bunsen's person. If he was strong and great, he was eminently complete. In Goethe's character there was neither fervor nor reverence. In Bunsen's there were both. His faults were the exaggeration of rare virtues. He was, as his best critic, the writer in the "*North-British Review*" for June, 1868, has said, "a thorough German." In his single-hearted devotion to truth, his enthusiasm, his wide reach of speculation and grasp of ultimate principles, in the systematic tabulation of his knowledge, and the fine fury with which he devoured his proper food, he is inferior to no man on record, so far as we know. God gently led him, keeping him out of all positions and occupations that would have narrowed him. His great bent was towards theology. His "*Egypt*" would never have been written had he not desired to throw light on the Pentateuch. He handled the Bible as freely as the "*Hippolytus*;" but his rationalism was not cold. He knew of no nature not guided by a great Spirit, who breathed *out* of all life and history as well as *into* it. Arnold, Hare, and Stanley were the men he loved. He called Channing an apostle; and of the evangelicals could only say, that they kept on "thrashing the old straw." The ideas

of a personal devil and a fiery hell were no part of Christianity, in his view. The Incarnation not only takes place in *Christ*, but in the *Church*. He denies the vicarious office of Jesus, and speaks of the three persons in the Trinity as *three Factors*. The importance of a full translation of his "*Bibelwerk*," to English students, can hardly be exaggerated. If he did not live to complete it, he had put it so entirely into the hands of his assistants, that no difficulty nor confusion need arise in its publication.

In November, 1859, Bunsen was still at Heidelberg, impatient to despatch the manuscript of his "*Bibelwerk*," that he might feel free to go by way of Paris to Cannes. He took part in the centenary celebration of Schiller's birth, and great physical suffering was the consequence of his sympathy with the universal emotion. It was his last appearance on any national occasion. He gave up his house, expecting to return to Bonn, and met his son Ernest in Paris; while his wife and daughters remained behind, to save him the fatigue and pain of the last arrangements. In Paris, Renan discussed with him a new commentary on the "*Song of Solomon*." In January, at Cannes, he seemed so comfortable, that occasional hopes of recovery animated those who loved him. In February, he continued to work at the Commentary and "*Bibelwerk*," revised his English "*Egypt*," and took a little more exercise in the open air. On the 25th of February, an attack of suffocation, attended by pain in the region of the heart, came on. The hour of intense suffering was only the beginning of the end. Only a week after,—on the fourth of March,—he presented his wife with a letter, as a birthday gift, full of happy, graceful passages, evidently intended to divert her fast-growing anxiety. Short excursions, which gave no relief, and pleasant visits from his children, broke up the weeks of suffering, in the midst of which the family met with a severe affliction. His daughter Matilda, who died in 1867, a deaconess at Anspach, was suddenly lamed for life; and at the moment when Bunsen was compelled by illness to move north, the heaviest anxieties hung round her sick bed, where her elder sister watched alone. On the journey, his son

Theodore left them to go to Japan. By the advice of an eminent physician at Basle, the father went to the baths at Baden-Weiler; but his restlessness increased, and, without relief, he hurried on to take counsel with his old friend, Dr. Wolff, at Bonn. He arrived on the 25th of May, and a slight improvement took place in his condition, which lasted till the 11th of June. From that day, his decline was uninterrupted. He lived for six months longer, each month adding to the sufferings of the last. Throughout June, he took his daily drive, leaving cards for the friends he made no attempt to see; and, as late as July, he enjoyed the society of Joachim. To please this friend, he gave one lecture on the religion of Buddha, and spoke for more than an hour. He wrote and corrected parts of his "*Bibelwerk*" daily; and it was at this time that Roeting's picture of him was painted, — a picture full of majesty, a worthy companion, in dignity and power, to the best portrait which remains of Goethe. On the 25th of June he had written, —

"I began on the 21st to compose the 'Problems and Key' to the work on Egypt. I have resumed the 'Conferences on the Prophets.' Next week, please God, the last touch will be put to the 'Gospels.' All ties binding me to the outer world are already, or will soon be, severed. After the 1st of July, I shall read no more political papers." "I can work only two or three hours a day."

On the 8th of August he writes, —

"The days have been heavy and the nights dark, but Eternal Love has surrounded and sustained my soul. I daily thank God that I have lived to see Italy free, and Garibaldi her hero! Now twenty-six millions will be able to believe that God governs the world, and to believe in Him. I have carried an English and a German volume through the press. The printing of the 'Gospels' begins the 1st of September, and this is more than ever the centre of my thoughts."

His birthday came on the 25th of August. It had always been a glad festival. It was now celebrated with the thought that it was for the last time; and with the deeper, sadder certainty, that no one who loved him could desire him to survive to another. He melted into tears before the portrait of his

wife, finished for the occasion. He had strength to address his family in some tender and hopeful words, and his glowing faith gradually raised the spirits of the rest. Still he showed, for some hours each day, a wonderful capacity for work. He conferred daily with Kamphausen on the Old Testament, and went through the first three Gospels with his son Henry, whose Biblical scholarship gave him cordial delight. He received visits from several royal personages. Two days of comparative ease made it possible for him to receive Mr. R. B. Morier, and an animated political conversation delighted his hearers. He was taken to the Garden Pavilion once to see a cast of the head of Jupiter Olympus from the Vatican. He took two airings with his son George, conveying to him his last wishes, — refraining from orders, but desiring that, if it were possible, this and that thing should be done. On the 26th of October, he went out for the last time. On the 28th, Wolff thought he was dying, and said, "The struggle is fearfully prolonged!" During this day, his broken utterances were carefully preserved. He murmured much about "Eternal Love, — Love that wills, Will that loves." — "Most precious Fannie, my first, my only love, in you I have loved what was eternal!" He remembered all his absent children, — the princes and statesmen of his native land. "If I have walked toward the throne," he said to his wife, "it was by your help." And how, among these deathbed utterances, should an American read without emotion the words, —

"All power founded on supposed privileges must perish; it is all of evil. The United States have yet much to do, — much for their future, to purify themselves, to make themselves free." — "We only are, in so far as we exist in love to God."

On the 4th of November, he was for a few hours quite himself; and, on the morning of the 12th, his beaming eyes "looked their last." Although he lingered till the 28th, the clouds of death continually overshadowed them. On the 1st of December, 1860, a bright and cloudless day, as he had desired, he was borne to his grave in the cemetery of Bonn. No hired official desecrated the occasion. The body was

borne in the arms of those who loved him, who constantly relieved each other. The boys of the Protestant school sang the hymn at the grave, and friends brought with their hands the earth that was to lie lightly on his breast. "His soul was joyful in God." Perhaps no man ever lived who combined more wonderful gifts,—a large heart with an almost universal intellectual grasp; a brotherly love for all men, of whatever nation or creed, with dignified loyalty to lofty station; a reformer's will and power to destroy, with the wise man's reverence for every thing holy on earth and in heaven. In England he attracted everybody by his sympathy and benevolence, by his wonderful brilliancy, his real humility, and his beaming personal beauty. God had been specially good to him, also, in giving him his wife. She was sweet, brave, strong, and inquiring. She valued all his great qualities so truly, that she had a perfect patience with his visionary faith in individuals; with his almost Arcadian simplicity and trust; with the hopefulness that was almost insane; with the buoyancy of spirit, which, if it often carried him over a dangerous abyss, sometimes was thought to prevent his feet, as well, from taking steady, manly hold of the earth he trod.

At last heaven has him, and from his green grave we catch the meaning echo of his life. On the stone is written what he so often said, "Let us walk in the light of the Eternal."

Of the book itself we have two things to say. We protest, again, against accepting a man's correspondence as a memoir of his life. It seems to us that the modern fashion of printing all a man's private letters the moment he is cold, grows partly out of the indolence of scholars, who will not trouble themselves to study the originals, and come to wise judgments concerning his bearing. We think also that it is impossible for near kindred to write a memoir that the world will finally accept. The exceptions to the statement are so rare, as to prove the rule. We protest also against several attempts, in these volumes, to give to Bunsen an orthodox position in theology and Christology which was not natural to him, and

which he never occupied. We know these attempts are unconscious, and we admit the difficulties. Bunsen was so large a man, that he never could make an extreme statement without at once seeing the other side, and endeavoring to balance it. It was natural that liberalists, looking only at his wide intelligence, perfect fearlessness, and radical criticism, should class him with the most reckless extremists. It was quite as natural that those who loved him most tenderly should feel the glow of his personal devotion, and reject the representation hastily. His constant protest against the Christology of the churches, his friendship for Arnold and Renan, show very clearly what manner of man he was. Whatever those who stood round his bed might think, his murmured expressions of "love to Christ," "the only true way," &c., were perfectly consistent with this position.

In every other respect, this memoir deserves great praise for its unflinching truth, with no hint or glint of unpleasantness anywhere. We hear that it has produced a great social excitement in England, because it goes so freely into the interiors of English homes. Nowhere do we get so pleasant a glimpse of the royal family. All the differing voices in regard to Victoria are gracefully harmonized on the pages of the baroness; and we find that the dignity of the queen is preserved, in spite of the affection of the wife and the fondness of the mother, and the cheerful chat which seems so vapid on the royal pages. Certainly, all women should bless Albert and Victoria, who knew how to appreciate whatever was noble and inspiring in art, philanthropy, science, or literature, and who have kept the court of England *clean* in a social and domestic sense for more than thirty years.

It is said that, when Bunsen first went to England, Exeter Hall received him with delight. There are few traces of Exeter Hall in these volumes. The great heretic, whose advocate in the "Essays and Reviews" had to stand so furious a storm of theological rebuke, was a great pietist, as well as Christian in every fibre of his feeling; but that appeased nobody! He chose to go through the natural to the divine. The stupid world of priests, Protestant and Catho-

lic alike, strove in vain to drive him into the supernatural. Whatever be the value of the dogmatic results of his labors (and this is not the place to discuss a question, which stimulates afresh our enthusiastic interest), the impetus of the spirit which he imparted to theological inquiry can never be lost. It may, however, be said that few of those who pronounce against his judgments are qualified to consider them. They generally confess at the outset that they have not read the books, to which he gave the arduous study of fifty years, and the best powers of a mind open at his latest hour to fresh convictions.

The poor student, who helped himself forward by teaching gymnastics, succeeded Niebuhr at Rome, and was adopted into a wealthy English family when he was penniless, because a woman's heart foresaw his great renown, and prophesied his eventual dignity. Beloved by his king as few men are beloved by their equals, he was not only made the Prussian Minister to England, but throughout his life represented to the English mind, in a far higher degree than any other man, whatever was eminent in learning and theology, charming in character and distinguished in rank, on the Continent. Goethe never took such possession of the English mind as the ovation offered Bunsen at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance showed; for Goethe was no religionist, and did not know the meaning of that thoroughly English word, "home."

From first to last Bunsen was detested by the German aristocrats; but the best bread of the aristocracy came to his table without the asking. It was because he believed in a natural aristocracy that he accepted the life barony offered by his dying king, and sacrificed some of the most precious hours of his last years to the Chamber of Peers. "Civilized slavery," he said plainly, "was the only term which represented the political position of Germany." So absolutists, politicians, priests, were all against him: but God was with him, humanity is for him, the Church moves in the tramway which he spent his life in grading; and, whatever the result to him, his life stands a magnificent monument to the fact, that to simple manhood all the best powers of earth and heaven are for ever tributary.

ART. IV.—THE MATHER PAPERS.

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AN honest pride in the character of their ancestors, and a desire to perpetuate the memory of their deeds, were among the peculiar traits of the English race brought hither by the founders of the Plymouth and Massachusetts Colonies; and they have lost little of their real strength by the lapse of time, though they assume here a somewhat different form from that which arrests the attention of every thoughtful traveller in England. Both Governor Bradford and Governor Winthrop rightly estimated the magnitude of their undertaking; and fortunately they left invaluable records of the early history of the colonies of which they were the chief pillars. Inspired by their example, their successors were not unmindful of the duty devolving on each generation to gather up and preserve the traditions of the elders.

"A particular or two more," writes Secretary Morton to Increase Mather, in a letter first printed in the volume before us, "I would propose unto you, which is, that you would please (if you shall see mature cause and reason) to be instrumental to set on foot and put forward a General History of New England; if this may be thought by the judicious (yourself and others) to be the time." — *Mather Papers*, p. 595.

Three years after the date of this letter, the General Court ordered, —

"Whereas it hath been thought necessary, and a duty incumbent upon us, to take due notice of all occurrences and passages of God's providences towards the people of this jurisdiction, since their first arrival in these parts, which may remain to posterity, and that the Reverend Mr. William Hubbard hath taken pains to compile a history of this nature, which the Court doth with thankfulness acknowledge; and as a manifestation thereof do hereby order the Treasurer to pay

unto him the sum of fifty pounds in money, he transcribing it fairly into a book, that it may be the more easily perused, in order to the satisfaction of this Court." — *Mass. Rec.*, vol. v. p. 378.

At a little later period, Cotton Mather published the "*Magnalia*;" and scarcely a generation had passed away when the first volume of the "*New-England Chronology*" was published by Thomas Prince. Prince was an antiquary in the best sense of the term; and at his death he left a large and precious collection of books and manuscripts for the illustration of the early history of New England. Among these were several parcels of letters and other papers which had belonged to Increase Mather, or to his more famous son, Cotton Mather; and it is from this prolific source that most of the Papers in the volume before us have been derived. Less than thirty years after Prince's volume was published, Governor Hutchinson gave to the world the first volume of his "*History of Massachusetts*," a monument of rare powers applied to the treatment of a worthy theme. However much we must condemn the political career of Hutchinson, it is impossible not to hold his labors as an historian in grateful remembrance. Hutchinson had been in his grave but eleven years, when the Massachusetts Historical Society—the oldest society of the kind in America—was organized for the purpose of doing, in a more systematic manner, what had thus been attempted by each successive generation since the first settlement of Plymouth and Boston. Impressed with the importance of multiplying copies of historical records and materials, they said in their Introductory Address to the Public, "The members of the Historical Society have determined, not only to collect, but to *diffuse*, the various species of historical information which are within their reach."*

The volume now printed is the thirty-eighth in the invaluable series of Collections published in accordance with this purpose. Besides the collection of Mather Papers which was in the possession of Prince at his death in 1758, and nearly the

* 1 Collect. Mass. Hist. Society, vol. i. p. 4.

whole of which is now printed for the first time, the volume comprises a curious and interesting series of letters from Cotton Mather selected from the Winthrop Papers, and a few papers or extracts from other sources. As a whole, the collection is one of very great interest and value. Nearly all of the letters are worth printing, as illustrations of the character and opinions of men who were among the most conspicuous personages in New England, or for a wider historical interest; and many throw new light on some of the obscure points in our colonial history. They have been edited with marked ability and carefulness by the Publishing Committee,—Rev. Dr. Robbins, Professor Torrey, and Rev. Dr. Lothrop; and too much praise cannot be awarded them for the fidelity with which they have discharged a difficult task. Their notes include biographical notices of all the persons by whom the different letters were written or to whom they were addressed, and such other brief explanatory notes as seemed to be required. For most of these notes, which are precisely what such notes should be, the reader is indebted to the Chairman of the Committee, on whom the labor of preparing the volume for the press has of course mainly devolved.

In reviewing a collection so miscellaneous in its character as this, which includes letters from more than fifty different individuals, extending over a period of nearly three-quarters of a century, it is impossible to give an adequate impression of the richness and variety of its contents, without occupying more space than we can now devote to the volume; and for the same reason we must resist the strong temptation of discussing anew the character of the two remarkable men whose names will be most closely associated with it. For our present purpose, it will be sufficient to indicate a few of the principal topics illustrated by these letters; and to cite a few characteristic passages.*

* The Publishing Committee have very properly printed the letters *verbatim et literatim*; but we have thought that our readers would be better pleased to read the extracts which we shall offer in a more familiar language. Accordingly, throughout this article, we shall uniformly modernize the spelling and correct the punctuation; but we shall make no verbal changes, though in two or three instances we shall be obliged to reproduce words now obsolete.

The first division, which fills nearly seventy pages, consists of letters from Nathaniel Mather, who succeeded his brother Samuel as minister to an Independent congregation in Dublin, and who was not the least remarkable member of a remarkable family. His letters are chiefly of interest, however, for the light which they throw on the religious condition of Ireland and England at the time when they were written, and as showing how great was the re-action of New England on the mother country. Thus, in a letter of uncertain date and address, but which is supposed to have been written in 1651, and sent to John Rogers, afterward President of Harvard College, Mather tells his friend, —

“Now I am here, I find matters so that I cannot but sincerely wish from my very heart, that all my good friends in New England were here also with myself. ’Tis a notion of mighty great and high respect to have been a New-English man; ’tis enough to gain a man very much respect, yea, almost any preferment.” — p. 4.

And, as if to impress this opinion the more strongly on his correspondent, he adds, in another part of the same letter, that if Mr. Hubbard (father of the historian) would

“learn but to be a little more rhetorical and get a faculty of better delivery, I question not but (the Independent party continuing to bear sway) he would, after a few weeks of making himself known, be *inter primos* of the whole kingdom. ’Tis incredible what an advantage to preferment it is to have been a New-English man.” — pp. 4, 5.

When we remember how considerable a number of the early graduates of the College went back to England, and how important a part the writings of Massachusetts ministers filled in the controversies in England between the Independents and the Presbyterians, it is impossible to believe that Mather was mistaken with regard to the state of feeling at that time existing among the persons with whom he came in contact.

In his letters to his brother, Increase Mather, there are numerous references to the much-vexed question of infant baptism; and he does not hesitate to express a strong dissent from his brother’s views. Referring in one letter to “The First Principles of New England,” he tells his brother, —

"I am yet more abundantly satisfied than ever for infant baptism; but, as far as I see, some of your grounds infer rebaptizing in many cases. These three principles, — that infants are members of the church general visible, as you call it; that children baptized in your churches are subjects of Christ's discipline, that is, church discipline; and that there is a specifical difference between the membership of infants and adult persons, — I confess I believe not one of them." — p. 8.

And five years afterward he writes, —

"The company, or body, as you call them, of professing believers throughout the world are in truth no company, no body; having no compaction amongst themselves, any more than the loose stones in the highways in Ireland and in France and in New England are a house or body of stones, or all that speak in the world are a company of speakers, or all that eat and drink are a company of eaters and drinkers." — p. 35.

Certainly this was carrying the theory of church independency to its utmost limit. On several other points, also, he differed with his brother; and, shortly after the latter published the "*Κομητογραφία*;" or, A Discourse concerning Comets," we find Nathaniel writing, —

"I am persuaded comets do no more portend than eclipses, and eclipses no more than the constant conjunctions of the sun and moon; that is just nothing at all, save only as they may be natural causes of alteration of air or weather; and I doubt not but what is in your book and sermons to this purpose may easily be answered." — p. 49.

A letter without date or address, but probably written in 1682, and certainly intended for Cotton Mather, contains good advice for a young minister: —

"As for any advice from me, you have those nearer you so well able, that I need say nothing. Only let me say, engage not in constant preaching (especially alone) too soon. . . . I had forgot to say to yourself, by any means get to preach without any use of or help by your notes. When I was in New England, no man that I remember used them, except one; and he because of a special infirmity, — the vertigo, as I take it, or some spice of it. Neither of your grandfathers used any; nor did your uncle here, nor do I, though we both of us write generally the materials of all our sermons." — p. 34.

Indeed, in nearly all of Nathaniel Mather's letters, we find evidence of a high degree of ability, good sense, and real kindness of heart, together with some of the less amiable characteristics of his family.

Passing over two or three letters from Richard Mather, the famous minister of Dorchester; and a few letters from John Russell, the minister of Hadley, who will be chiefly remembered on account of his long protection of the regicides Goffe and Whalley, — we come to a small and interesting collection of letters written by Increase Mather, which are of chief interest as revelations of personal character. One of the most curious is addressed to Michael Wigglesworth, author of "The Day of Doom," on hearing a report that he designed to marry his servant maid, who was "of obscure parentage, and not twenty years old, and of no church, nor so much as baptized." He plies his friend, who was then nearly fifty years of age, with arguments against the proposed marriage, telling him "the world will say, there's such an one: he was as justified a man as any of them, and yet we see unto what his affections have carried him" (p. 94). And he concludes, —

"Thus have I made bold to suggest my thoughts unto you; and if I had not respected the interest of religion, and your credit and comfort, I should have been wholly silent in a matter that concerns another, and not me, further than as I am bound to seek your welfare, and do what I may to prevent trouble from coming upon my neighbor and brother; especially such an one, whose name hath been, and I hope may still be, of precious esteem with the Lord's people. Though your affections should be too far gone in this matter, I doubt not but, if you put the object out of your sight, and look up to the Lord Jesus for supplies of grace, you will be enabled to overcome these temptations." — p. 95.

The remonstrance seems to have been to no purpose; for, shortly afterward, Wigglesworth married his second wife, — his first wife having probably been dead twenty years. Subsequently he married a third time.

Of considerably greater interest and importance is the letter of Mather to Dudley, indignantly denying the authorship of

the famous letter to Mr. Gouge in Amsterdam ; which was at the time ascribed by some persons to Mather, but which is now generally admitted to have been a forgery. Appended to this letter is a copy of the Amsterdam letter as circulated in Boston ; and there is also a second letter from Mather in explanation of his first letter, to the effect that he had never positively charged Edward Randolph with having forged the letter.

"The truth is," he writes, "I never thought that he (and therefore could not charge him), but a brother of his, was the forger: only I wish he can *bond fide* clear himself from being privy to that wickedness."* — p. 112.

In connection with these letters, the Publishing Committee enter into an elaborate examination of the theory first suggested, we believe, by Dr. Palfrey in a note to the third volume of his excellent "History of New England," that the writing of the letter might have been a "freak" of Cotton Mather.† That this theory has no foundation in fact, will, we presume, be the opinion of almost every person who carefully considers the subject ; but it does not seem to us quite so impossible that it may be true as it seems to the Committee. The reasons adduced

* Among the letters from Randolph in this volume is one to Governor Bradstreet, in which he says, —

"It's then no wonder you and the several of the magistrates had so few votes at the nomination, when one of the Saphedrim had so magisterially prejudged you all. I take no notice of his reflecting upon the proceedings of affairs in England. I hope upon occasion he is able to make good his several assertions and his politic observations: but when Sir Lionel Jenkins asked me what his name was who wrote the letter, and finding it to be Mr. Mather (as I could well inform him), he said, 'What! is it that stargazer; that half-distracted man?' and took no more notice of him (as he deserved). I remember, when I was last with you, you were all alarmed with a scribbled paper (as 'twas called) abounding with treasonable reflections upon his Majesty, and indecent discourses of your Honor and others; but the author not being proved, nothing that I heard of came further of it. But I have by me Mr. Mather's original letter, which he promised he would write to good Mr. Kick by a ship which would sail about three weeks hence (as in the letter), in which letter he has treated me very much unlike a good Christian, much less a minister of God's word. But I thank God I heartily forgive him," Randolph hypocritically adds, "and have endeavored in no way his disquiet, but pray that he may repent of so great a sin against the king and many of his good subjects." — p. 528.

† History of New England, vol. iii. p. 557, note.

by Dr. Palfrey make out a plausible case; and nothing more, we think. There is no evidence that Mather was mistaken in ascribing the authorship of the letter to Randolph's brother or some other person acting with his knowledge and consent; and to regard it as the work of one of Mather's family or friends is at best a needless supposition. Hutchinson's account contains a perfectly satisfactory statement of the case.*

The next, and to many readers the most interesting, division comprises letters and papers relating to the regicides. Among them are a long letter from Goffe to his wife, and one from Mrs. Goffe to her husband. They confirm the impression which the letters printed by Hutchinson were suited to produce, and it is impossible to read them without emotion. Mrs. Goffe spelt as badly as any lady of her time, and her Calvinistic theology is at times stiff enough to make one's hair stand on end; but her letters exhibit a tenderness, a pathos, and a singleness of heart which must win for her the sympathy and admiration of every reader. Nor are the letters of Goffe to her less tender and true. In every respect the collection is one of surpassing interest; and in no other part of the volume are

* In his answer to Randolph's letter, cited in a previous note, Governor Bradstreet writes, —

"I am sorry to hear what you write in reference to Mr. Mather. Some few weeks before I received your letter, there came over a copy of a letter that went under the notion of one of his; but he positively denies it, and saith every line of it is forged, is much concerned about it, and says he is much abused thereby: and indeed my charity is such, that, though I am afraid that he might write something inconvenient to his friends, yet I cannot think him so foolish and absurd to write all that is contained in that letter." In the same letter Bradstreet thanks his correspondent, "especially for the endeavor you say you will use for the peace and welfare of this place and people here, which, if you can be instrumental to effect, I am confident you will never have cause to repent thereof. I cannot choose but have a natural love and affection to this place and people, with whom I have spent so great a part of my life, though I have sometime met with pretty hard measure from some of them. I am afraid (by what I hear), that by this time some judgment is passed against our Charter; but if his Majesty would be graciously pleased, out of his princely clemency, to pardon what is past, and to continue the government here in such a way as is intimated in his Majesty's gracious Declaration, to which myself and several of the magistrates voted a submission, I doubt not but it would conduce as much to his Majesty's honor, dignity, profit, and satisfaction, as the sending over a Governor, which would be chargeable; and the people here, you know, are generally very poor, unless some few in Boston, and most of them not so rich as they are thought to be. The war with the Indians and late great fires have much impoverished this country, and the unprofitableness of trade everywhere doth much discourage." — pp. 582, 583.

the notes more copious or valuable. It will be remembered, that, for greater security, the correspondence between Goffe and his wife was carried on under the assumed names of Walter and Frances Goldsmith, writing in the characters of a son and his mother, so that his children are always spoken of as his sisters. Thus he writes to his wife : —

“DEAR AND HONORED MOTHER, — Yours of the 14th October and 23d February, 1671, came both together to my hands on the 12th June last ; with which I have been abundantly refreshed, rejoicing greatly to hear that it is so well with you and your little ones, that the Lord is still pleased to keep and provide for you, and that all mine to yourself last summer came safe to you, — a great mercy, especially considering how many hands they passed through before they came to yours, which I was not aware of. I am glad you have informed me of it, for I would not make my letters too chary, to you.” — p. 136.

And in the same letter he writes, —

“That expression in your first, that my dear sisters are not much taken with the vanities of the world, I read with much joy ; hoping that the Lord will not only keep them from hunting after the vain things of this world, but will in his due time give all of them hearts, with Mary, to choose the better part, which shall not be taken from them. . . . But that which you write in your second concerning dear Frank I cannot read without tears, not of grief, but of joy ; for I have no greater joy than to hear that your children walk in the truth, as St. John speaks (Epi. 3) to Gaius.” — p. 139.

After much more of the same tender, affectionate, and trustful character, he closes with these words, —

“My dear mother, I once again beg the continuance of your prayers ; for I have great need of them. I know you cannot forget me, day nor night ; if I may conclude from the continual workings of my own thoughts, affections, and desires towards yourself and my dear sisters, and the motherly affection you have hitherto shown to an unworthy child, that hath caused you so much sorrow. But I must and do leave you to the sweet embracings of Him who is your Redeemer and your husband, the chiefest of ten thousand.” — pp. 142, 143.

In the preceding October, Mrs. Goffe had written to her husband, —

"I rejoice to hear that the country agrees so well with you, and that you thrive so well. It is the Lord's blessing, and it is marvellous in our eyes, that we should be provided for, when many of his dear children want. The Lord make us truly thankful, and give us hearts to be willing to be without what he will not have us to enjoy, though never so much desired by us. We are to be at the dispose of our heavenly Father; and, though he exercise us here with hard things, heaven will make amends for all. It will not be long before we shall see him as he is, and be made like unto Him who suffered for us, that through his righteousness we may be made righteous. I know not whether this may come to you safe, and therefore shall be the briefer; but I am willing to take all opportunities to let you know how it is with us, and how dear you are to me and your three sisters, longing greatly to see you. If the Lord see it good for us, he will bring it to pass in his own time. . . . I am glad you received what was sent. We are fain to be thrifty, and therefore I shall forbear sending till I hear what it is you want; but if in any thing I can serve you, pray command me, for I shall do it to the uttermost of my power, if the Lord permit." — pp. 133, 134.

Following these more familiar and personal letters, we have a pretty large collection of news letters, mainly relating to affairs in England, and designed to inform the exiles as to what was passing at home. In many of these letters are curious little details, or bits of gossip, which give great vividness to their pictures of the social, religious, and political condition of England between 1661 and 1679. Two of the letters mention a play in ridicule of the Presbyterians, which was acted in London in October, 1661, before a distinguished company, including, it was said, the Earl of Manchester and three bishops.

"In it," says one of the writers, "were represented two Presbyterians, under the form of Mr. Baxter and Mr. Calamy, whose habit and actions were set forth. Prayers were made in imitation of the Puritan, with such Scripture expressions as I am loath to mention; the matter such as might have been used by any godly man in a right manner. The case of Sion lying in the dust was spread before, &c.; and God's former deliverances of his people urged in such phrases as would amaze you if you heard them, with eyes lifted up to heaven. One representing the Puritan put in the stocks for stealing a pig, and the

stocks found by him unlocked, which he admires at as a wonderful providence and fruit of prayer; upon which he consults about his call, whether he should come forth or not; and at last perceived it was his way, and forth he comes, lifting up his eyes to heaven, and falls to praise and thanksgiving. I cannot tell you all of it, being large; but such as that some present, who were far from liking the Puritan, were greatly astonished, wondering the house did not fall upon their heads." — pp. 177, 178.

The writer adds with a charming simplicity, —

"Plays are greatly frequented by the greatest, but lectures are like to go down."

The same writer says in another letter written in the spring of 1662, —

"Never the like since the first Reformation, for scandalous persons, ignorance, drunkenness, lying, swearing, uncleanness, &c., among the clergy. One being asked where he had lain all this while, answered, among the pots, &c. Dr. Bolton and another of them, in his drink, said he was in heaven, &c. The bishops have set up four lectures in London; but thin congregations, and every one must stand bare. These men are more generally disliked than ever, even by good and bad. They have gathered vast sums, &c. But in the meanwhile trade is exceeding low. The city greatly mistaken in their hopes, &c. Multitudes broke and are undone, &c.; no trading, little or no money stirring, and corn is very dear; and such a gentle winter, that a famine is feared. The city swarms with beggars, &c." — pp. 195, 196.

At a later period, we have similar graphic representations of the wickedness and immorality which prevailed everywhere.

"The multitudes of plays," we read; "the snares of dancing-schools; the frequency of masks; the impudency of sinners and lewd persons of both sexes, — do both increase the sins of the land, and snares of the younger sort. The land is filled with sin." — p. 221.

Two of the letters refer to the memorable debate, in the House of Commons, on a proposal to tax the players; and to the pertinent inquiry of Sir John Coventry, as to the nature of the services rendered by them to his Majesty.

Next in order is a series of letters from John Cotton, of Plymouth, son of the famous minister of Boston. The reputation of the younger Cotton has always been rather under a cloud, in consequence of his having been "excommunicated by his father's church for three aggravated offences," as Mr. Savage phrases it, and many years afterward having been dismissed from his charge at Plymouth "under very unpleasant circumstances;"* but his letters show him to have been a man of considerable ability, shrewdness, and energy. His peculiar faculty for getting into trouble appears from several of the letters. Thus, referring to Hubbard's "Narrative of the Indian Wars," he writes to Increase Mather, who had probably loaned him a copy:—

"I could have desired to have kept your book a few days longer, whereby it might have been filled with marginal notes of erratas. Our Governor and Magistrates had some cursory perusal of the book: the mistakes are judged to be many more than the truths in it."—
p. 232.

By some means this statement came to the ears of Hubbard, who was of course much exercised at finding his accuracy so sweepingly impugned. A second letter from Cotton to Mather tells the result:—

"How it comes to pass," he writes, "that you, my most entire friend, have endangered my loss of my best friends here, besides all that reproach those concerned in the Bay will lay upon me, you will inform me in your next. I went last Wednesday to visit our Governor, who had lately received letters from Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Dudley, informing thus: Mr. Hubbard saith, Mr. John Cotton, one of your preachers, hath written to his brother Increase Mather, that some of your magistrates said there were as many mistakes or untruths in the book as lines. This he had from Mr. Allen and Mr. Thacher, who said he heard the letter read; and one of these ministers advised him to send to the Governor for satisfaction. Mr. Dudley writes sharply and reproachfully to the Governor for what I wrote to you. Our Governor is angry, and sent for the Treasurer the day before, and possessed him as if he were the main man whom I intended. . . . I am at a loss what

† Savage's Genealogical Dictionary, *sub voce*.

to write at such a distance: my desire is that you would honestly tell me why you trusted J. A., having little reason to expect but that he would make mischief of it. I am certain you intended no harm to me, but if you do not improve your piety and prudence to suppress discourse of this subject, ——." — pp. 234, 235.

Probably this sudden ebullition of anger did not seriously affect the friendly relations of the two brothers, for we soon afterward find Cotton writing in as affectionate a tone as ever, though at the very time he had another quarrel on hand with a brother minister; and at a little later period he writes, —

"I entreat you to return by Mr. William Clarke, who is now at Boston, an answer in writing to my following request, which I affectionately make to you; viz., concerning my cousin Cotton, your son, that he may live here with me this winter. God hath given him grace, and his learning is above what those of his standing have usually attained unto, whence he is able to do good to others; and you know it is recorded as the honor of your blessed father, that at fifteen years old he was called to be a schoolmaster; and why may not his grandson have it put into the records of his life, that before that age he was accounted worthy to be so employed? All the work I would engage him to, should be to be tutor to my John, and Rowland's teacher. He shall be sure, God helping, not only of a comfortable board, free of all charge, but return in March (if so you please), with five pounds of silver in his pocket, though none else should improve him. I doubt not but that many would be glad to improve his help for writing and ciphering, and would give him a good reward for his pains; but I would not urge for more than you see meet at present, only assure you the reward above mentioned shall be faithfully paid for the service desired." * — pp. 239, 240.

One other short extract from a letter addressed to Increase Mather in 1688, while he was acting as the agent of Massachusetts in England, is all we can add from this part of the volume: —

"My dearest brother, whatever befall you or become of New-England interest, I am assured all will have cause to, and all that fear God

* The earliest vote appropriating money for a public school in Plymouth was passed four years before the date of this letter. — See *Plym. Records*, vol. xi. p. 233.

will, acknowledge that you have now hazarded your life for the name of the Lord Jesus, and for the sake of his little despised flock in this wilderness. I do not know, nor did I ever hear, that ever any one man run so great a hazard, attended with such circumstances, for this people as you have done. It will add to your crown in the great day and forever, whatever your trials, conflicts, and censures may be here. The Lord strengthen your heart and hands in his work, and grant you, in this your service, the blessing of Abraham; viz., to be a blessing to this whole land." — pp. 257, 258.

Want of space compels us to pass over unnoticed several interesting or valuable letters from John Higginson of Salem, Thomas Cobbet (sometime minister of Ipswich), John Bishop, Samuel Petto, Joshua Moodey, and others; and to come at once to the curious and interesting series of letters from Cotton Mather. Our first extract shall be from a letter written at the time of the witchcraft delusion of 1692, and addressed to John Richards, one of the judges; and we take the greater pleasure in citing this passage, because in many minds Cotton Mather is unjustly identified with the worst excesses of the period.

"I must most humbly beg you," he writes, "that, in the management of the affair in your most worthy hands, you do not lay more stress upon pure spectre testimony than it will bear. When you are satisfied, or have good, plain, legal evidence, that the demons which molest our poor neighbors do indeed represent such and such people to the sufferers, though this be a presumption, yet I suppose you will not reckon it a conviction that the people so represented are witches, to be immediately exterminated. It is very certain that the devils have sometimes represented the shapes of persons, not only innocent, but also very virtuous; though I believe that the just God then ordinarily provides a way for the speedy vindication of the persons thus abused. Moreover, I do suspect that persons who have too much indulged themselves in malignant, envious, malicious ebullitions of their souls, may unhappily expose themselves to the judgment of being represented by devils, of whom they never had any vision, and with whom they have much less written any covenant. I would say this: If, upon the bare supposal of a poor creature's being represented by a spectre, too great a progress be made by the authority in ruining a poor neighbor so represented, it may be that a door may be thereby opened for the devils to obtain from the courts in the invisible world a license to proceed unto most

hideous desolations upon the repute and repose of such as have yet been kept from the great transgression. If mankind have thus far once consented unto the credit of diabolical representations, the door is opened! Perhaps there are wise and good men that may be ready to style him that shall advance this caution a witch advocate; but in the winding up this caution will certainly be wished for."—pp. 392, 393.

Fortunate would it have been for the reputation of Cotton Mather, and for the fair fame of his contemporaries, if he had never written less sensibly on the subject of witchcraft, and if he had always exerted his great influence to moderate, rather than to inflame, the baneful excitement.

Many of his letters are written to John Winthrop, of New London, a distinguished member of the Royal Society, whose purse seems to have been always open when Mather wished to print a new tract or sermon. They relate to matters of science, in which both were largely interested; to new books; English and Colonial news; and numerous other topics. In a letter written in October, 1716, Mather thus mentions the arrival of Governor Shute:—

"We are at last blessed with the arrival of a new Governor, who appears to be of a very easy, candid, gentlemanly temper. Of what principles you shall guess, when you see shortly a sermon which was preached in his audience, by one chosen to entertain him in the pulpit, at his first arrival."—p. 420.

And the next month he returns to the subject:—

"We are blessed with a Governor of incomparable candor and goodness; and I now have the pleasure of entertaining you with the first lecture that entertained him after his arrival."—p. 425.

Winthrop having become involved in some difficulty with his neighbors in Connecticut, his friend writes, recommending to him "a removal unto this capital city of our province. Here you will have the most valuable opportunity of a conversation with friends who love you most affectionately, and whom you love above all the men in the world, and such as will soon make way for your being serviceable, as they have been from whom you are descended. Here you will soon be apprised of

methods and people, whereby your plentiful estate may soon be brought unto improvements that will render it yet much more considerable. Here you will be accommodated with all the enjoyments which a Christian, a gentleman, and a philosopher can wish for. And as you have a singular inclination to see and make me happy, I will add, your coming to this town will be a vast addition to my happiness" (pp. 430, 431). In another letter he writes to the same person : —

"I hope very quickly to transmit unto you, what I remit this winter unto the Royal Society. In the mean time, I have nothing to entertain you withal, but the first compliments which were ever paid in our country to the 5th of November, which, doubtless, will be Whiggish enough to gratify you." — p. 435.

All of the letters to Winthrop show how close was their friendship, and how similar in many respects were their tastes, while they are also among the most characteristic productions of Mather's pen. They show at once his breadth of learning, his tendency to extravagant statement, his vanity, and his inclination to flatter those persons whom he liked. In a word, they are just such letters as we might expect to find the author of the "*Magnalia*" writing.

Among the other men of note from whom we have letters of considerable historical or personal interest, are the Rev. Simon Bradstreet, Governor Dudley, Major John Richards, Samuel Baker, Judge Sewall, Edward Randolph, and Governor Bradstreet; but we must content ourselves with a very few extracts from some of the most characteristic or striking. Cotton Mather had small pretensions to be regarded as a poet, but he occasionally tried his hand at verse-making; and for this, and for an almanac which he published at the age of twenty, he is complimented by the younger Bradstreet in a letter to Increase Mather.

"I received the verses and almanacs you sent," he writes, "and thank yourself and my cousin, your son. I think his verses were in time and tune, and his almanac too; only I must confess I see (though I well know what is said by some) no religion in Hebrew months, nor irreligion in calling a vessel 'Castor and Pollux,' &c." — p. 479.

By the side of this we may venture to place a few lines from a letter of the "famous" Samuel Baker, probably written four or five years afterward:—

"I am glad to see your son so well furnished with evangelical knowledge. I only wish he delivered truths in your style, in that plainness of expression which the gospel teach and most conduce to edification. You have also the spiritual skill of speaking words in season."—p. 514.

The same distinguished man may be quoted as authority for the statement that then, as now, there was a scarcity of young men fit for the ministry.

"I was much pleased," he writes to Increase Mather at the beginning of 1683, "to see the names of those who had commenced in your college, with some of which I have been acquainted. I wish for its future flourishing you had seen your way plain to acceptance of the presidentship. The scarcity of good men in the ministry is much to be bewailed. The education of persons qualified that way, where opportunity serve, is much to be desired and promoted. Here I cannot but subjoin a caution how you in New England entertain strangers, and employ them in preaching work; for I have heard some debauched young men of parts and good education, when become prodigals, have gone thither pretending sobriety, [and] engaged in that work for a subsistence, which a sufficient testimonial might prevent."—p. 510.

One of the letters from Dudley to Increase Mather is so creditable to the writer, that we gladly quote it entire; and we do so with the greater readiness because Dudley's name rests under so great a weight of deserved opprobrium. The Cotton referred to was either the son or nephew of the Plymouth minister.

"A little discourse from yourself," he writes, "and more from others, hath informed me of unkindness and distance grown between yourself and Mr. John Cotton, your kinsman and mine, for which I am deeply sorry, knowing that your resentment and representation thereof will tend to his utter ruin; and for that he is a person of good descent and hopes, and I think of present good improvement, and if God please hereafter may be of much more, I am concerned to intreat your favor for him. I am ignorant of particulars, and would be so, but pray you

on his behalf to consider that what he is and hath of value in him, — which I hope is not a little, — is, under God, of your own making; and it is an argument to be used to good men, as unto God, destroy not the work of your hands. Remember that he is young; and, if he should strive to fly before he is fledged, you may laugh at him, but not suffer him to break his neck. I have written to him to advise a retrenchment of any aversation grown from yourself, and shall further say when opportunity presents. In the mean time, I humbly pray your favor for him and the work in his hands, and which you will not deny for myself, who am, sir, your humble servant." — p. 482.

It is to be hoped that this manly appeal was successful, for at that time Dudley and Mather were on excellent terms; but every student of our history knows how bitter was the subsequent quarrel between Dudley and the Mathers, and with what sort of confectionery they treated each other.

•We have space remaining for only one more extract. It is from a letter of John Westgate to Increase Mather, written from England in the summer of 1677, which we cite not only as showing the opinion entertained by some of the best friends of the Colony in the mother country, but also as indicating the views of a considerable number of persons here.

"Your town," he writes, "is the seat of justice, from whence laws to other towns proceed. What need have you, therefore, to take heed to make none but wholesome laws, agreeing with the word of truth, such as you may be sure you can answer before God another day? . . . Dear sir, I pray be not offended at my plainness. Your fathers, with much hazard, difficulty, and danger, went to that wilderness (even when it was a mere wilderness) to set up the pure worship of God, and to enjoy the liberty of their consciences: you had need, therefore, to be certain in the knowledge of this one thing, viz., how far liberty of conscience extend, and to what persons, before you go about to execute laws for the suppressing of them. I dare not be an advocate to plead for the cursed generation of Quakers, who have much disturbed the peace of your commonwealth. If they be of the same principle with them amongst us, they neither own the Scriptures of truth, nor Christ's dying for sinners, but set up a Christ within them. To say no more of them, I look upon their religion here amongst us to be no religion at all, but a heap of confusion: yet, let me tell you, New England suffers much in this country for imprisoning many of them, and feeding them

with bread and water, and not suffering their relations to minister to them; and putting others of them to death. Though I am apt to conclude their offence was more heinous than they make it in their books wherein they reproach you, and that they did not only disturb the churches, but made a breach in the peace of the commonwealth, yet I could heartily wish you had printed a narrative of your proceedings with them, together with the grounds thereof; and also in a due testimony to be borne against them (as your book hints the magistrates would have done), which I conceive is intended by making a law, due care would be taken to have such bounds and limitations, that such as have estates among you, and live peaceably (if any such there be), may not suffer so deeply as the perverse, obstinate ones." — pp. 578, 579.

This is very well put, and much to the point; but Westgate did not know, what those who dwelt on the spot knew, and what we now know, that the principles and the practices of the early Quakers were utterly inconsistent with civil government. Those of them who were not insane or idiotic—and it is impossible to say how many this exception would include—were fit subjects for exemplary punishment. But this whole question of the treatment of the Quakers and the Baptists by our ancestors has recently been discussed so fully and so admirably by Dr. Palfrey in his *History*, that we need not re-open it here. It is enough to say, that, however mistaken our fathers may have been in respect to the wisdom of their policy, no one was punished for speculative errors, and that Quakers and Baptists might both have remained here undisturbed, if they had kept the peace and obeyed the laws. They were sent away or punished for gross and persistent violations of order, morality, and decency, and for scurrilous abuse of the lawful authorities. It was a matter of little importance, except as a breach of good manners, for men to misuse the English language and to put on their hats when others were uncovered; but it was a matter of importance to prevent young women from walking naked into the religious assemblies, and to prevent the interruption of public worship by unseemly cries and absurd antics.

We are aware that these hurried observations, and these scanty extracts, can give but a very inadequate idea of the

great interest of the volume from which we have thus gleaned a little ; but our purpose will be fully answered in introducing to the notice of our readers one of the most important of the recent contributions to our historical literature. It will be found a perfect treasury of curious and interesting details in the departments of colonial history and biography.

ART. V. — MISS CARPENTER'S WORK IN INDIA.

Six Months in India. By MARY CARPENTER. London: Longmans.

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, the first great reformer of his countrymen in India visited England, and was warmly welcomed by all denominations of Christians. His visit made an indelible impression on many minds, especially at Bristol, where his remains now rest, and really prompted the remarkable visit of an English lady, of the largest experience in philanthropy, to the suffering women of India. During all these years, Miss Mary Carpenter has been gathering ability for this crowning effort of her life. Six years before her brave expedition, another converted Brahmin had visited Bristol ; had rekindled her interest in female Hindooism ; had compelled her to believe that so long a voyage at so advanced a period of her life would, at any rate, show the earnest sympathy of British women with their suffering sisters in Asia. Nor were there wanting the encouragements of Hindoo gentlemen, and the conviction that her specialty of the reformation of female criminal children would not suffer in her absence, to bid her seek that land where so few of her countrymen go with any other motive than the acquisition of wealth.

Her experimental mission proved a perfect success. Every class welcomed her warmly, from the Governor-General down to the most timid prisoner of the *zénana*. Private letters, as well as public meetings, show that her visit providentially accorded with a ferment of inquiry on this very subject in India. Every facility was thrown in her way. All institu-

tions, criminal and educational, invited her visit. All persons in authority solicited her advice. The same searching criticism, which was resented in Miss Dix's examination of American prisons, seems to have been thankfully received in Miss Carpenter's criticism of Indian jails. Through all the Presidency towns, and many others, doors that were shut against male visitors flew open at her approach; and no abuse seems to have escaped her notice, nor any perversion of the purpose of imprisonment to have passed without her condemnation. In all the inferior criminal institutions, she had to deplore two abuses, which are not confined by any means to India,—that boys were herded in with hardened old reprobates; and that at night large numbers slept in the same apartment: the result being, as any person familiar with prisons must know, the rapid corruption of young offenders, and the general demoralization of the whole mass of criminals. Miss Carpenter, from her long acquaintance with juvenile reformatories, demanded, first, the removal of the boys from such poisonous association with hopeless villains; second, the entire isolation of every prisoner at night; and, third, the introduction of work and teaching. The subject is far greater than persons at a distance can believe. There are six hundred thousand prisoners in different parts of the empire, confined in buildings unsuitable originally, insecure, unhealthy, unfitted for reformation, provided with no teachers, and necessarily deprived of religious influences. At Ahmedabad, Dr. Wylie stated that the good influence of employment through the day was counteracted entirely by the twelve hours of confinement in masses during the night; so that no youth could enter that large prison without having his fate sealed for life! At Surat, frequently eight convicts occupied the same cell at night; and the wretched women were declared to be so vile, that they could not become any worse. At Poona, forty females were shut up together, without any attempt at their improvement, all sense of shame having been thrown aside. At Alipore jail, one thousand prisoners supported the institution, chiefly by printing; but there was no separation for sleep. In the Calcutta female prison, the crowd was such at one time, that a sixth part died. In the

Calicut jail, forty-eight perished of cholera during one month. The Punjaub Reformatory, when visited by Government, was found to contain some twenty boys guilty of offences as serious as murder, but without work and without instruction ; forming, in fact, a hotbed of crime. The "David-Sasson Reformatory," at Bombay, seems to be the only exception to this sickening detail of perverted discipline and neglected duty ; and that was for several years unsupported by the Government. The excuse is, that the few English residents are overburdened with work, that an immense space separates one part of India from the other, that there is great difficulty of communication between the principal centres of civilization, and that a severe expense would be encountered even in providing solitary cells at night for so many thousands. But the subject is now engaging the attention of the Government ; and Miss Carpenter has laid before the proper officials those steps of reform which the experience of her life amply justifies : 1st, that female prisoners must not be governed by male wardens, and should receive the visits of intelligent ladies ; 2d, that there should be school-masters on every prison-staff ; 3d, that employment must be constant ; and, last, that the mingling together at night, which has caused so much sickness, and is perpetuating every moral disease, must be reformed entirely.

But her main work was with her own sex ; and in this respect she is the harbinger of a new era. The zenanas, the harems of India, are now thrown open to visits of European ladies ; and a hundred and fifty in Lower Bengal receive regular instruction by these female volunteers. Schools are opening for girls, as well as boys, in every village, and in connection with every mission. Educated native gentlemen are painfully alive to the condition of their wives, sisters, and daughters ; and steps are taking to relieve widows, and those who have been espoused to deceased persons, from the degradation and privation visited upon Indian widowhood. Polygamy is certainly dying out : only a few persons of the lowest class marry a multitude of wives in order to obtain cheap labor, and public sentiment decidedly condemns the nearly obsolete custom.

One of the prominent miseries of female life in India is, that

the native women are shut out from such occupations as washing and needlework, belonging peculiarly to their sex; while boys are taught embroidery, dressmaking, and knitting. Another serious drawback is the early age at which wives are summoned by their youthful husbands to domestic duties,—frequently before twelve, and just as a desire for useful knowledge is awakening in their minds, and a capacity of making progress manifesting itself. Then, again, at present the country cannot supply female educators; and English women will have to be looked to for help, that their oppressed sisters may break the chain which has rusted into the flesh. The purpose of Miss Carpenter's second voyage this autumn is to introduce into India some of her own sex, who can enter a female training-school as pupils, and at the same time conduct some model schools in the neighborhood.

Our imaginations may exaggerate the destitution far beyond its extent. Miss Carpenter speaks highly of the female schools connected with the missions, and might well have particularized the excellent instruction given by that zealous and untiring missionary, our friend Dall, assisted by two English ladies. Besides the one hundred and fifty private houses visited by regular female teachers in Lower Bengal, Ahmedabad has had the advantage of female schools for fifteen years; about two hundred girls' schools are aided in Bengal, but Inspector Martin says they only average nineteen pupils. A few normal schools have already made a beginning,—one of them containing twenty-five pupils, and one enjoying somewhat the princely munificence of that famous disciple of Zoroaster, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy. Twenty-three hundred girls were under instruction in the Bombay Presidency last year; and at a meeting held in London, Aug. 23, 1867, a number of Hindoo and Parsee gentlemen declared, that the prejudice against female education in Bombay was fast yielding to the conviction that the time had now come for decided government action; that there had been a vast increase of female pupils at the Parsee schools; and that the daughters of natives, who a little while ago bitterly opposed this whole movement, now regularly received instruction.

As might have been supposed, the stronghold of idolatry is in the ignorance of the women, their credulity, and adherence to the past. Enlightened men often conform to customs they despise, from regard to the entreaties of a mother or wife; while the very weakness of the uncultivated mind makes it more tenacious of those appendages of religion which it has not detected to be only the outer garment, and not the life of the soul. Working in correspondence with Indian views, carefully abstaining from every thing like proselytism, backed by the irresistible influence of the British Government, who can doubt that these efforts will nurture, at length, a true Christian womanhood in India; that girls will be felt to be quite as capable of education as boys; that, instead of being hung with jewels on their ankles and ears until they can hardly move, their adorning will be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; and that the gracious welcome given by a married Hindoo lady at Surat may be extended to all laborers for female education throughout not India alone, but all Asia?—

To the very benevolent and virtuous woman, Mary Carpenter.

DEAR MOTHER, — A few days ago I learnt from my husband your name and your object in coming here, at such a great distance from your country. I was very anxious to see you. Now that you come here, and take so much pains to better our condition, I, in behalf of these sisters here present, feel very grateful to you. May God grant you long life, and may you continue to exert yourself in this laudable work.

(Signed)

SURAT, Oct. 16, 1866.

Miss Carpenter's statements regarding the Christianization of India need to be weighed: they are wholly incidental. She evidently thinks more of her work, than of the distinct preaching of the gospel. In every other country there is considerable unity of spirit produced by common ideas of civilization, and by unlimited social intercourse; and in Europe people travel from nation to nation, without shocking rudely their peculiar notions. But in India the different religions are actually hostile; and that hostility reaches down to daily intercourse, surrounding every sect with a barrier of sanctity, which the Government has to respect, and which nothing but such

influences as the introduction of travelling by railroad is doing much to surmount. The different castes are necessarily brought together by this immense revolution in Indian locomotion: they involuntarily associate as equals, and are accustomed to see the partition walls broken down, which for ages have stood as high as heaven. So that (as Buckle would say) the great Indian missionary is the locomotive, which deserves the offerings of cocoa-nuts, &c., from the wondering natives, because it is effectually emancipating them from the past, opening before them a future of which they had not dreamed, and summoning India to the highest seat in the Asiatic court of kings.

Paying her tribute of respect to the great reformer of India, to whose memory her book is dedicated, Miss Carpenter laments that, though his personal influence had drawn many intelligent Hindoos around him, he did not succeed in inspiring others with his own elevated views, nor in inducing them to make sacrifices for their promulgation. He had exposed many a national vice, had denounced caste as the root of innumerable evils, had offered his brethren no higher authority than their own sacred books for the abolition of cruel customs, and had proved himself altogether in advance of his country and his times.

A very small number of converts were made. His efforts were not seconded by Christians at home or abroad, as they would be to-day; nor were his "Precepts of Jesus" translated into any Indian tongue except his native Bengali; and his early death in England almost drew down again the dark cloud he seemed born to disperse. Yet Miss Carpenter discovered that he had not lived in vain; that a deep impression had been made on many hearts, and the way prepared for spiritual progress in the future. Only one Hindoo gentleman did she meet who knew the rajah personally; and his father well-nigh suffered excommunication because of his friendship for one who was detested as the abolisher of the infamous suttee. This gentleman, W. H. Chatterjee, is the only survivor of the five boys who composed the first school, gathered by the rajah and Rev. Dr. Duff, for the English education of native youths. Under this influence, too, a scheme was formed for female education in respectable Hindoo families, with the supervision of Dr.

Duff and the personal direction of a Scottish clergyman's wife; but professional engagements called Mr. Chatterjee away, and in his absence his coadjutor was removed by death. The new religious movement of Keshub Chunder Sen, which promises so much, is in this direction; has its missionaries; assembles the native women in prayer-meetings of their own; and is devotedly endeavoring to arouse the spiritual nature of all intelligent Hindoos. Still, though the fact came to her knowledge repeatedly, of many natives rejecting heathenism who have not courage to assume the Christian name, Miss Carpenter looks with most confidence to such mission schools as Mr. Dall has conducted with eminent success for several years, where the foundations of a purer faith are laid in childhood, where Christian virtues are ingrafted and Christian principles established; and where the only certain method is adopted, of preparing for the admission of practical Christianity as the future faith of this great and prosperous empire in years to come.

ART. VI.—CIVILIZATION AND BARBARISM IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of the Tyrants; or, Civilization and Barbarism. From the Spanish of Domingo F. Sarmiento, LL.D., Minister Plenipotentiary from the Argentine Republic to the United States. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by Mrs. HORACE MANN. First American, from the third Spanish, edition. New York: Hurd & Houghton. pp. 400.

MRS. MANN has rendered a valuable service by the skill, fidelity, and patient zeal with which she has brought before the public this very interesting picture of a life so foreign and strange to us, and this record of the heroic labors which have made Colonel Sarmiento, now President elect of the Argentine Republic, the one man worthy and able to guide the destinies of a country whose grandeur of proportion and wealth of natural resources offer to it the noblest possibilities of the future.

The Argentine Republic is that vast, rude quadrangle which

our maps exhibit under the name La Plata, extending west and east from the Andes to the great river La Plata, and from the border of Bolivia, at the edge of the tropics, to Patagonia on the south, about eighteen degrees of latitude. In size, it may be reckoned about a hundred times larger than Massachusetts.* Its territory includes great waste districts of salt pools and barrenness, some very valuable mining regions, prodigious plains or pampas occupied by rank grass, vast herds of cattle, and a population wandering and barbaric like the Bedouins; and, at its eastern boundary, some of the grandest navigable rivers of the globe. Its political history curiously crosses the condition of revolutionary disorder common to all the Spanish-American republics, with the wild record of the barbaric chieftains of the great central plains. Buenos Ayres, the commercial capital of the country, had been strongly tinctured with the culture and the revolutionary ideas of modern Europe: while the great inland regions were divided between the old Spanish bigotry and the rude superstition and violence of the tribes of the Pampas. Somewhere about 1810, the revolutionary party, with some foreign help, had effected their independence of Spain; but, to make their independence secure, had called in the help of the *gaucho* chieftains, who speedily reduced the greater part of the country under their own rude, unmitigated military tyranny. The story of the thirty years on from the revolutionary period is full of that cross-fire of parties, that aimless adventure, that petty personal ambition, that wanton and vindictive struggle, which has made the career of the Spanish-American States so weary and hopeless a thing. It is that wild conflict of barbarism against an encroaching civilization, which is continued at this day under the dictatorship of the younger Lopez in Paraguay, and which necessitates the cruel and obstinate war that has threatened to swallow up all the energies of the young republic.

As a single chapter in the history of revolutions, the narra-

* The estimates of different authorities vary from 515,700 to about 1,100,000 square miles of extent, and from less than 900,000 to more than 1,800,000 of population.

tive before us might hardly justify this handsome republication. But as an inside view of the condition of life in a revolutionary period, in so strange a land, and a state of society so foreign, it well deserves our notice. Especially because it is written by a man who was born and brought up among the scenes which he describes; who in his youth bore his valiant part among them, in hot defiance of local tyranny; who, with the finest natural endowment, has gained by noble toil a culture that makes him, in the best sense, a citizen of the world; and who is at this moment on his way to his native land, commissioned with the charge of her political destinies for the six years to come.

The body of the work before us was written by Colonel Sarmiento about twenty years ago, when in honorable exile in Chili, having taken refuge across the mountains from the hopeless tyranny that ruled his native province. His life had been that of a village boy in San Juan, a town of some few thousands of inhabitants, at the foot of the Andes. His parents were both from families of good blood, but fallen fortunes. But while his father seems to have been an unpractical dreamer and enthusiast, whose chief ambition was that his son should be a gentleman, and never handle a spade, his mother seems, along with a deep and somewhat austere Spanish piety, to have combined the energy, thrift, courage, and diligence of our Puritan grandmothers; and her son still keeps sacredly the well-worn shuttle with which she literally wove the web of their humble fortunes. The hot, fearless, and ideal temperament, which was part of his inheritance, brought him into sharp collision with the rude provincial captains; and once or twice his life had nearly been the price of his defiance. In later life, he won his military title by accompanying a force that went from Chili round Cape Horn, to help the better cause at home in the overthrow of Rosas. After a short interval, he was made Chief of the Department of Schools, at his own urgent request; a post created especially at his suggestion, in the province of Buenos Ayres, where he introduced at once the policy by which his name is best known, establishing a system of public schools on the model he had studied abroad;

for while chafing under the disorders and failures of free government in Chili, and in risk of losing every thing by the passionate collision he provoked by his liberty of speech, he had been persuaded to spend a few years in travel, and had traversed Europe, Algeria, and the United States, in eager, intelligent study of what was best in foreign institutions.* He had prepared himself for this by studies at home, which he followed with characteristic ardor, — paying half his monthly wages as miner, when in Chili, to a teacher of English, and a bounty besides to the watchman who roused him to his books at two in the morning; and atoning for his Sunday's rest at the mine by spending the whole of Saturday night in head-work, which brought with it a fever of the brain, that had nearly cost him his life. Meanwhile, his name was favorably known in Europe, by the striking picture his book presents of the conflict between civilization and barbarism in South America. Unusual diplomatic civilities and literary honors were bestowed on him; so that, when he returned to take part in the patriotic struggle at home, he bore with him the acquaintance and confidence of such men as Humboldt, Guizot, Cobden, and Horace Mann. During his six years' service as minister and senator, he aided still further to secure the fruits of the hard-won peace, by the erection of school-houses on the pampas from the confiscated estate of Rosas; by reclaiming for cultivation the large and fertile islands at the mouth of the Paraná; and by surveying and laying out what has since become a flourishing inland town, connected with the capital by a line of railway: and afterwards, as governor of his native province of San Juan, he formed, in the sumptuous "Sarmiento School," the nucleus of a South-American University.

It was while governor of San Juan, about six years ago, that he was overruled by his government on the point of the military execution of a party of bandits that had been captured; and, foreseeing the mischief that would result from a weakness

* See an octavo volume of 327 pages, published by him in New York, in 1866, entitled "*Las Escuelas, Base de la Prosperidad i de la Republica en los Estados Unidos.*" A thousand copies of this work were sent to Buenos Ayres for distribution, but nearly all were destroyed by fire.

he could not prevent, he accepted the post of Minister to the United States, where he has remained until now that he is recalled as president elect of the struggling republic. We sub-join Mrs. Mann's striking outline of a portion of his public service:—

“When sixteen years old, he had quitted the management of a prosperous establishment, to join an army which took the field against Facundo Quiroga. In 1842 [at the age of thirty-one], he gave up the high position won in Chili by his writings, to attach himself to another Argentine army. [It was at this time that his volunteer force had nearly perished in the snows of the Andes.] In 1851, he did the same [leading his expedition round Cape Horn], to join the final war against Rosas. After being disappointed in the ability and disposition of General Urquiza, the commander of the expedition against Rosas, to give a settled or a better government, he alone of all his countrymen withdrew entirely from the scene of operations, in order neither to countenance by his presence the evil rule he foresaw, nor to attempt a forcible resistance to it. . . . From Chili he went to Peru. During his stay in Lima he was invited by the plenipotentiaries sent to the South-American Congress, to which he had never been accredited by his government, to take part in its deliberations, and give it the benefit of his knowledge. He assisted in drawing up the treaties of alliance agreed to by the accredited plenipotentiaries, and did much to couch the alliance in such terms as would least impair the sovereignty of each State.”—pp. 386–388.

From the brilliant and unique picture of the strange life and wild adventurers of the pampas, which is drawn in these pages, we can copy only a few lines; and they shall be those which illustrate the training and habit that have produced the breed of *gaucho* chiefs,—barbarian leaders in the struggle against the rule and culture of the commercial towns.

“These men, Spaniards only in their language and in the confused religious notions preserved among them, must be seen, before a right estimate can be made of the indomitable and haughty character which grows out of this struggle of isolated man with untamed nature, of the rational being with the brute. It is necessary to see their visages bristling with beards, their countenances as grave and serious as those of the Arabs of Asia, to appreciate the pitying scorn with which they look upon the sedentary denizen of the city, who may have read many

books, but who cannot overthrow and slay a fierce bull; who could not provide himself with a horse from the pampas; who has never met a tiger alone, and received him with a dagger in one hand and a poncho rolled up in the other, to be thrust into the animal's mouth while he transfixes his heart with his dagger." — p. 21.

"The gaucho does not labor: he finds his food and raiment ready to his hand. If he is a proprietor, his own flocks yield him both; if he possesses nothing himself, he finds them in the house of a patron or a relation. The necessary care of the herds is reduced to excursions and pleasure-parties; the branding, which is like the harvesting of farmers, is a festival, the arrival of which is received with transports of joy, being the occasion for the assembling of all the men for twenty leagues around, and the opportunity for displaying incredible skill with the lasso. The gaucho arrives at the spot on his best steed, riding at a slow and measured pace; he halts at a little distance, and puts his leg over his horse's neck, to enjoy the sight leisurely. If enthusiasm seizes him, he slowly dismounts, uncoils his lasso, and flings it at some bull, passing like a flash of lightning forty paces from him; he catches him by one hoof, as he intended; and quietly coils his leather cord again." — p. 23.

"Imagine an expanse of two thousand square leagues, inhabited throughout, but where the dwellings are usually four or even eight leagues apart, and two leagues at least separate the nearest neighbors. . . . Inevitable privations justify natural indolence; a dearth of all the amenities of life induces all the externals of barbarism. Society has altogether disappeared. There is but the isolated, self-concentrated feudal family. . . . I once witnessed a scene of rural life worthy of the primitive ages of the world which preceded the institution of the priesthood. In 1838, I happened to be in the Sierra de San Luis, at the house of a proprietor whose two favorite occupations were saying prayers and gambling. He had built a chapel where he used to pray through the rosary on Sunday afternoons, to supply the want of a priest, and of the public divine service of which the place had been destitute for many years. It was a Homeric picture: the sun declining to the west; the sheep returning to the fold, and rending the air with their confused bleatings; the service conducted by the master of the house, a man of sixty, with a noble countenance, in which the pure European race was evident in the white skin, blue eyes, and wide and open forehead; while the responses were made by a dozen women and some young men, whose imperfectly broken horses were fastened near the door of the chapel. After finishing the rosary, he fervently offered up

his own petitions. I never heard a voice fuller of pious feeling, nor a prayer of purer warmth, of firmer faith, of greater beauty, or better adapted to the circumstances, than that which he uttered. In this prayer he besought God to grant rain for the fields, fruitfulness for the herds and flocks, peace for the republic, and safety for all wayfarers. I readily shed tears, and wept even with sobs; for the religious sentiment had been awakened in my soul to intensity, and like an unknown sensation, for I never witnessed a more religious scene. I seemed to be living in the times of Abraham, in his presence, in that of God, and of the nature which reveals him. The voice of that sincere and pure-minded man made all my nerves vibrate, and penetrated to my inmost soul." — pp. 15–19.

Among the sketches given of the types of character bred in the grassy wildernesses of the South, we find none more curious than that of the *Rastreador*, or track-finder, — a class of men who appear to add to the sagacious instinct of the native Indian the keen, trained, and resolute intelligence of more civilized races: —

"I once happened to turn out of a by-way into a Buenos-Ayres road, and my guide, following the usual practice, cast a look at the ground. 'There was a very nice little Moorish mule in that train,' said he directly. 'D. N. Zapata's it was: she is good for the saddle, and it is very plain she was saddled this time; they went by yesterday.' The man was travelling from the Sierra de San Luis while the train had passed on its way from Buenos Ayres, and it was a year since he had seen the Moorish mule, whose track was mixed up with those of a whole train in a path two feet wide. . . . A theft has been committed during the night; no one knows any thing of it; the victims of it hasten to look for one of the robber's footprints, and on finding it they cover it with something to keep the wind from disturbing it. They then send for the *Rastreador*, who detects the track and follows it; only occasionally looking at the ground, as if his eyes saw in full relief the footsteps invisible to others. He follows the course of the streets, crosses gardens, enters a house, and, pointing to a man whom he finds there, says, coldly, 'That is he.' The crime is proved, and the criminal seldom denies the charge. In his estimation, even more than in that of the judge, the *Rastreador's* deposition is a positive demonstration: it would be ridiculous and absurd to dispute. The culprit accordingly yields to a witness whom he regards as the finger of God pointing him out. I have

had some acquaintance myself with Calibar, who has practised his profession for forty consecutive years in one province. He is now about eighty years old, and of venerable and dignified appearance, though bowed down by age. . . . The story is, that his best horse-trappings were once stolen while he was absent on a journey to Buenos Ayres. His wife covered one of the thief's footprints with a tray. Two months afterwards, Calibar returned, looked at the footprint, which by that time had become blurred, and could not have been made out by other eyes; after which he spoke no more of the circumstance. A year and a half later, Calibar might have been seen walking through a street in the outskirts of the town, with his eyes on the ground. He turned into a house, where he found his trappings, by that time blackened by use, and nearly worn out. He had come upon the trail of the thief nearly two years after the robbery." — pp. 82-84.

The path-finder, or guide (*baqueano*), the gaucho outlaw, and the minstrel (*cantor*) afford types almost as interesting and strange. It appears to be a mixed breed, an almost complete amalgamation of Spanish, American, and negro, — a race "characterized by love of idleness and incapacity of industry, except when education and the exigencies of a social position succeed in spurring it out of its customary pace." We have not to wonder, either at the indolent contempt with which they look on the refinement and culture they have no ambition to share; or at the obstinate, fierce, and formidable struggle they have kept up with the civilization which was the natural enemy of their way of life; or at the desolation of their political life by those party and local feuds, which seem to have been the doom alike of all the Spanish-American republics.

The intractable temper of the gaucho chiefs — and the need, too, of that temper to keep any predominance among the restless population — is well seen in what is said of those half-nomadic, half-trading caravans, which make the long journey between the mountains and the sea, over wide, grassy plains, that can only be traversed, like the desert, by parties armed for self-defence: —

"The head of each party is a military leader, like the chief of an Asiatic caravan. This position can be filled only by a man of iron will, and daring to the verge of rashness, that he may hold in check the

audacity and turbulence of the land-pirates who are to be directed and ruled by himself alone, for no help can be summoned in the desert. On the least symptom of insubordination, the captain raises his iron *chicote*, and delivers upon the mutineer blows which make contusions and wounds. If the resistance is prolonged, before resorting to his pistols, the help of which he generally scorns, he leaps from his horse, grasps his formidable knife, and quickly re-establishes authority by his superior skill in handling it. If any one loses his life under such discipline, the leader is not answerable for the assassination, which is regarded as an exercise of legitimate authority."—p. 9.

When one of these leaders, by dint of native ability, rises to be a political leader or military chief, in stormy times of revolution, we may easily conjecture, perhaps, what is likely to be the nature of his rule. The book before us has the particular merit of giving an inside view of the condition of things which has made that state of chronic revolution possible; and of presenting a picture, drawn at first hand, of such a chief, eminent among all the rest by a natural force of mind approaching genius in its kind, with a wayward, remorseless rule, that made him a marked type of that class of men who would be criminals or outlaws in a settled state, but become formidable tyrants in a time of lawlessness and change.

"Facundo Quiroga was a stoutly built man of low stature, whose short neck and broad shoulders supported a well-shaped head, covered with a profusion of black and closely curling hair. His somewhat oval face was half-buried in this mass of hair, and an equally thick, black, curly beard, rising to his cheek-bones, which, by their prominence, evinced a firm and tenacious will. His black and fiery eyes, shadowed by thick eyebrows, occasioned an involuntary sense of terror in those on whom they chanced to fall; for Facundo's glance was never direct, whether from habit or intention. With the design of making himself always formidable, he always kept his head bent down, to look at one from under his eyebrows, — like the Ali Pacha of Monovoisin. . . . His features were regular, and the pale olive of his complexion harmonized well with the dense shadows which surrounded it. . . . Such natures develop according to the society in which they originate; and are either noble leaders who hold the highest place in history, ever forwarding the prog-

ress of civilization, or the cruel and vicious tyrants, who become the scourges of their race and time." — pp. 76, 77.

"An illiterate man — one of Quiroga's companions in childhood and youth — sends the following curious statements, in a manuscript describing his early years: 'His public career was not preceded by the practice of theft: he never committed robbery, even in his most pressing necessities. He was not only fond of fighting, but would pay for an opportunity, or for a chance to insult the most renowned champion in any company. He had a great aversion to respectable men. He never drank. He was very reserved from his youth, and desired to inspire others with awe, as well as with fear; for which purpose he gave his confidants to understand that he had the gift of prophecy, — in short, was a soothsayer. He treated all connected with him as slaves. *He never went to confession, prayed, or heard mass.* I saw him once at mass after he became a general. He said of himself, that he believed in nothing.' The frankness with which those words are written proves their truth." — pp. 86, 87.

"Facundo is a type of primitive barbarism. He recognized no form of subjection. His rage was that of a wild beast. The locks of crisp, black hair, which fell in meshes over his brow and eyes, resembled the snakes of Medusa's head. Anger made him hoarse, and turned his glances into dragons. In a fit of passion, he kicked out the brains of a man with whom he had quarrelled at play. He tore off both the ears of a woman he had lived with and promised to marry, upon her asking him for thirty dollars for the celebration of the wedding; and laid open his son John's head with an axe, because he could not make him hold his tongue. . . . Incapable of commanding noble admiration, he delighted in exciting fear; and this pleasure was exclusive and dominant with him, to the arranging of all his actions so as to produce terror in those around him, whether it was society in general, the victim on his way to execution, or his own wife and children." — p. 88.

This man of evil passions and evil destiny had enlisted in 1810 in the army of independence; he perished by assassination in 1835, — the victim of private jealousy and revenge, not in expiation of his public crimes. His career as freebooting chief, a tyrant of the pampas and the interior towns, had left whole districts desolate and wild, a prey to beasts of the field, and lapsing to the condition of a wilderness. And, still

further, in these five-and-twenty years, the temper of a whole population had grown wild and lawless: so that, when the misery and weariness of the strife had brought the necessary re-action, there was left a wide realm of barbarism to be civilized and subdued by such energies as might be employed; and the very geographical largeness of the republic, and its wealth of natural resources, made the principal difficulty with which its civilizers had to contend. Even if the Spanish towns had been possessed of the wisdom and energy that ruled our pilgrim colonies, the wild breadth of the pampa made a more fatal obstacle than the friendly constraint of the forest, and the wholesome dread of savage tribes, on the New-England coast.

No nobler work, and none more requiring a certain heroic courage of faith, falls to the lot of common men, than to confront such barbarism with the forces of an enlightened and high civilization. It is the work to which the author of this book has felt himself called in a peculiar sense; and the plain, common-sense — we were going to say common-place — agencies on which he relies to do it, are as striking as the resolution with which he applies them. There is something almost pathetic in the constancy with which the leaders of younger states than ours look to the glory, intelligence, and strength of this republic; and through all the corruptions of our politics, and rending of our factions, and storms of our civil war, have found their hope and model here. It is especially our system of public education — so faulty, yet so capable of the best things — that Mr. Sarmiento has made his study. His correspondence with our government, and especially with Mr. Sumner, as chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations, has turned again and again upon this matter; and to him the Bureau of Education, whose laborious services are only beginning to be understood, is a department not inferior in grandeur and importance to any other. Some of the most striking passages of his own biography are found in the accounts, still unpublished, of the shrewd and determined diplomacy by which he succeeded in getting the first appropriations from his own government for a system of public

schools. One of the hopeful things, in the present unsettled and critical condition of the Argentine Republic, is the very considerable foreign population—intelligent Germans, English, and Americans—who have made a home there. Foreign blood and ideas and institutions may do something to develop the nobler capability that has been hidden under the sloth, degeneracy, and barbarism of that splendid region. And if its better possibilities are ever realized, it will be due to none more truly than to this enlightened author and devoted patriot.

ART. VII. — DAVIDSON'S INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

An Introduction to the Study of the New Testament, Critical, Exegetical, and Theological. By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1868.

THOSE who preside at the mysteries, says Plato, in the *Phædo*, have a proverb: "The wand-bearers are many, but few are inspired." Of the many wand-bearers in New-Testament criticism, it is safe to say that only a small minority can lead those who attempt to follow them, by any well-defined path, or to any fixed goal. It is indeed quite possible—and the failures of this and that school of critics seem to make it probable—that the fault is not wholly with the guides. There are whole regions of forest wherein the most skilful woodsman loses his way. The patient follower, inexperienced in threading the mazes of swamps and thickets and devious streams, finds that his "road" is only a hidden path, whose direction is marked on the trees by notches that time has well-nigh obliterated, and whose course is often crossed by perplexing by-ways, coming no one knows whence, and leading no one knows whither. He discovers, too, that many of the ancient landmarks have from time to time been removed,—here a bridge, that once spanned a brook or river (a log athwart the stream), has disappeared; while there a newly

fallen tree invites him to cross, only to lure his unwary feet into some freshly made track, which ends at last in the pathless woods.

That Dr. Davidson is, on the whole, a wiser, more experienced, and so a safer, guide than many who have preceded him in these difficult ways of New-Testament criticism, will, we think, appear to every fair-minded and unprejudiced reader of his new Introduction. A work which is warmly commended in such opposite quarters as the "Contemporary Review" and the "Westminster," may properly be called a valuable addition to the literature of Biblical criticism. To go farther than this,—to say that Dr. Davidson has cleared up all the difficulties which he has discussed, or has gained for historical science very extensive conquests from the regions of conjecture and probability,—would be to concede greater wisdom in the guide, and fewer perplexities in the way, than the facts allow.

The qualifications which Dr. Davidson brings to his task are, first, a critical judgment, generally impartial, and, up to a certain point, well trained; secondly, a wide, if not comprehensive, knowledge of the labors of others, especially of the ablest German critics of every school; and, thirdly, the experience which has come from a long period of study and authorship in Biblical criticism and hermeneutics.

"It takes *twenty* years," Faraday used to say, "to make a man in science; the previous period being one of infancy." Dr. Davidson's first "Introduction to the New Testament" appeared in 1848. The positions held in that book were, in the main, orthodox; and the arrows which were frequently shot into the camps of the rationalists and mythists were well-dipped in the *odium theologicum* of that period. Thus, Baur's hypothesis, that the fourth Gospel originated in the second century, on Hellenistic ground, was dismissed with the somewhat arrogant remark, that "those who can believe all this with Baur and his school, have renounced all claim to genuine historical criticism, by abandoning themselves to a reckless caprice, where calmness of investigation and unbiased love of truth are entirely wanting." The calmness

and thoroughness of Dr. Davidson's own investigations at this period may be inferred from his quoting, with great apparent zest, a fling at the rationalists from a volume entitled, "The New Testament, with brief Explanatory Notes. By J. and J. S. C. Abbott"!

The differences between the conclusions of the present Introduction and that of twenty years ago, are radical and sweeping. In the earlier work, the books of the New Testament were discussed in the order in which they appear in our Common Version. In the present volumes, a chronological order is followed, beginning with the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians and ending with the Second Epistle of Peter. Originally, the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, with which the new Introduction opens, was declared to have been written A.D. 53 or 54, "very soon after the first, and not before it, as Grotius *imagined*." Now, Dr. Davidson maintains that the second epistle preceded the first, was written about A.D. 52, and is therefore "the earliest of Paul's epistles extant."

A more radical change of opinion is seen in the incidental discussion of the doctrine of the resurrection in the chapter on the First Epistle to the Corinthians. In the earlier work he had written of the famous fifteenth chapter of this epistle: "In this division, the *essential connections* of the doctrine of the resurrection with the leading tenets of the gospel are pointed out." In the work before us, on the other hand, he says (vol. i. pp. 63, 64), "Paul's reasoning (in this chapter) is of the passionate, ardent kind, so conspicuous in the Epistle to the Romans, in which the heart controls the head. *Whatever be thought of its conclusiveness*, it has its value to the Christian of every age; teaching him that intensity of conviction, accompanied by supreme love to God and man, ennobles its subject." The plain implication of this last sentence is, of course, the *denial* of any "essential connections between the doctrine of the resurrection and the leading tenets of the gospel."

But the most marked difference between the critical conclusions of the earlier and the present volumes, is to be found

in the treatment of the date and authorship of the Gospels. Not only did Dr. Davidson at first defend the authenticity and genuineness of all the four Gospels, but the views of those critics who maintained the late origin and consequent unapostolicity of these books, were dismissed as being wholly unfounded and overwhelmingly refuted both by external and internal evidence. How decided a change of opinion Dr. Davidson's later studies have wrought, is seen at a single glance at his present Introduction, in which he maintains the unguineness and unauthenticity of all the Gospels, assigning Matthew to about A.D. 100, Luke to about 115, Mark to 120, and John to 150. In a brief introductory chapter on the "Mutual Relation of the Gospels with each other," he defends the position, that earlier Gospels were used in the compilation of the later ones; the later evangelists employing also, though not to any considerable extent, other written sources, and oral tradition. The Aramaic oracles, the "Logia," of Matthew, he holds to have been the earliest Gospel, — not the original, but only the foundation, of the Greek Matthew of the canon; Mark copied from Matthew and Luke, while Luke used either Matthew or a document which the first evangelist also employed.

The arguments by which, in his subsequent discussion of the separate Gospels, Dr. Davidson supports these positions, are very clearly and forcibly presented. Especially strong seems to us his defence of Griesbach's hypothesis concerning Mark; viz., that this Gospel was taken from Matthew and Luke, mostly by abridgment, but in part by combination.* Some of the very arguments which have been employed by Lachmann, Meyer, Ewald, and Holtzmann to support the theory that Mark was the primitive Gospel, — the *Ur-Evangelium*, — Dr. Davidson turns against this hypothesis.

Thus the brevity of Mark, which sometimes amounts even to obscurity, is shown to have resulted, in many cases at least, from a careless abridgment of the accounts in the

* Vol. ii. p. 90 seq. Davidson differs from Griesbach in admitting, as a third source of the canonical Mark, the *Petrine document* referred to by Papias.

other two Synoptics; and not, as has been supposed, from the necessary incompleteness of an earlier writing. Again, the "pictorial amplifications" in certain parts of the narrative, which some critics have regarded as a proof that the writer's facts were obtained at first hand from original sources, Davidson accounts for more naturally, by assigning to the mannerism, the "subjectivity," of the evangelist. They present us the details, not of the photographer, but of the finishing artist. We may trace fresh coloring; but native simplicity is wanting.

Throughout his discussion of the external evidence for the authorship of the Gospels, Dr. Davidson aims not to set aside, in any instance, the actual testimony of the Fathers; but carefully to weigh the evidence that is presented, find out its precise value, and then estimate its bearing on the question at issue, as that of *one*, often the weakest, class of the witnesses in the case. This judicial fairness of Dr. Davidson is particularly to be observed in his elaborate and exhaustive inquiry into the genuineness of the fourth Gospel. The external evidence is considered at even greater length than the internal; and every argument which has been urged by the defenders of the genuineness critically analyzed.

The decision of this important question concerning the authorship of the fourth Gospel, depends, it seems to us, quite as much upon the impartiality, as upon the learning, of the critics who handle it. The case is precisely like that of a suit at law, where numerous witnesses are to be examined, and where the verdict will be determined, not by the admission or rejection of any single piece of evidence, however important such evidence may seem to be, but by the general tenor of the testimony, *the rulings of the judge*, and the impression which, on the whole, one side or the other leaves upon the mind. Taking this view of the controversy, we have found it a most delightful and refreshing change, to turn from Tischendorf's haughty, dictatorial, and not infrequently wilful presentation of the evidence in John's case,*

* Origin of the Four Gospels. By CONSTANTINE TISCHENDORF. Translated by WILLIAM L. GAGE. Boston: American Tract Society.

to the calm, unimpassioned, and judicial examination of the witnesses by Dr. Davidson. It is the difference not only between the advocate and the judge, but between the often intemperate advocate and the always calm and sober judge.

Thus, for example, the disputed question of the authenticity of the "Epistles of Ignatius" is summarily dismissed by Tischendorf in the words, "*We claim the right* of holding to the authenticity of the seven Epistles." Dr. Davidson's ruling on this point is given in quite another tone: "The authenticity of the seven Epistles cannot be proved by another unauthentic epistle, and Eusebius is certainly untrustworthy in many respects." Again, in considering the testimony of Justin Martyr to the Johannine authorship of the fourth Gospel, Tischendorf, after declaring that his opponents are "*all the more obstinate* in the assertion that Justin had no acquaintance with John," brings forward a few words and phrases common to Justin and the Gospel, and closes the examination of this important witness by asserting (what he has not even attempted before to prove) that "*the doctrines* of John may be culled from the *words* of Justin." Davidson, on the other hand, devotes several pages to a careful proof of the positions which he has taken; viz., that the resemblances of language in Justin and the Gospel never amount to coincidences; and that numerous passages in Justin show that, had he known the fourth Gospel, he would have quoted from it unmistakably and often.

The bearing of the Paschal controversy upon the authorship of the Gospel is discussed at considerable length, and with great clearness, by Dr. Davidson, — the precise point at issue being kept constantly in view. After a patient examination of the cloud of witnesses (we had almost said the cloudy witnesses), Dr. Davidson concludes, not only that "there is an irreconcilable difference between the Synoptists and the fourth Gospel, in respect to the day on which Jesus was crucified," but also that the discrepancy between the Quartodeciman custom and the fourth Gospel must remain, the apostle John having followed the former.

As to the use of the fourth Gospel by Basilides and Valen-

tinus, Dr. Davidson puts the question to a crucial test, by showing that whenever Hippolytus introduces a Basilidian or Valentinian doctrine, he employs the vague expression, "*he says*;" which, as thus used, evidently refers, not to Basilides or Valentinus, but to any one of their disciples, to the author of a Basilidian or Valentinian writing. That the force of this argument is felt even by Tischendorf, is evident from his contemptuous inquiry, "Who is *wise enough* to discriminate between what the master said and what the disciples added?" *

But we need not follow Dr. Davidson any farther in his admirably clear and impartial discussion of this disputed question as to the authorship of the fourth Gospel. The conclusion which he reaches, that the Gospel is not genuine history, but "conscious fiction," is startling enough to the uncritical reader, but is the opinion towards which modern criticism has been slowly but surely tending. The "scientific array of arguments," which the translator of Uhlhorn's Discourses would have us acknowledge in that writer's very summary and inadequate treatment of this, as of every other, question of New-Testament criticism, will be found rather on the side of those who deny the genuineness of the Gospel of John; in the clear and discriminating essay of James Martineau,† the more elaborate discussion in the recent work by J. J. Tayler,‡ and the judicial presentation of the whole controversy in this new Introduction of Dr. Davidson. In what way this denial of the apostolical authorship of the fourth Gospel affects the critic's estimate of the value of the book itself, and his views of the "foundations of the Christian religion," may be inferred from the following passages, with which Dr. Davidson closes his discussion:—

"There is a way of looking at these conscious fictions which does great injustice to their authors, and is equally foreign to the Oriental mind. They were usual both before and after Christ's coming. The

* Origin of the Four Gospels, p. 86.

† National Review, November, 1864.

‡ An Attempt to Ascertain the Character of the Fourth Gospel.

Books of Daniel and Ecclesiastes are examples. Jewish and Christian Apocalyptic literature presents many specimens. The Clementine Homilies, the Book of Enoch, and others, are similar. The motives of the writers were good. No deliberate fraud was meditated,—at least, in our sense of the word. It was a common practice to put forth a work under the cover of a well-known name, to procure its readier acceptance. . . .

“It should also be observed, that the authors had no idea of the use that would be made of their compositions by a rigid separation of them into canonical and uncanonical,—the former to be taken as an infallible standard of faith, the latter not. Neither apostles nor evangelists wrote as conscious organs of a dictating or superintending Spirit; nor did they suppose themselves so far elevated above other spiritual men, as to claim for their writings a divine authority. They wrote in the interests of truth, *and as they thought they might best promote it.* . . .

“The fourth Gospel would certainly have greater authority if it had been written by an apostle and eye-witness. . . . Yet this great unknown, in departing from apostolic tradition, teaches us to rise above it. He has seized the spirit of Christ better than any apostle; and if, like him, we ascend through their material setting to ideas which bring us into close contact with the divine ideal of purity to mankind, we shall have a faith superior to that which rests in the visible and miraculous.”—Vol. ii. pp. 448, 449.

Passing from the Gospels to the Book of Acts, we find that Dr. Davidson adopts in the main the conclusions of Zeller, and decides that the history in this book is but partially authentic.

“Tested by Paul’s own epistles, and other portions of the New Testament, the Book of Acts fails to present valid evidence of universal credibility. . . . The object of the writer was conciliatory. He had two parties in view, Jewish and Gentile Christians, which he wished to bring nearer to one another. In the interest of that object he moulds the history.”

Here, again, we have a startling conclusion in respect to a canonical book of the New Testament, which has furnished the principal facts for the history of the planting and training of the early Christian Church. But the verdict of historical criticism, if valid, is final. The unguineness of the

Acts unsettles many long-accepted theories; but it confirms a view of the life and character of St. Paul, which is far more acceptable to the Christian student than that which is necessarily implied in the opposite theory of Paley and his school. For it exalts to greater dignity and independence of soul this eminent apostle, whose words and deeds, as narrated in the Acts, are in many particulars so unworthy the Paul of the Epistles and of authentic history. In the words of Dr. Davidson, —

“It makes St. Paul less of a Jew, less temporizing, more occupied with one great idea, — the adaptation of Christianity to all men, by its inculcation of justifying faith without the deeds of the law.”

Dr. Davidson's chapters on the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Apocalypse, are especially marked by accurate learning and critical acumen. We have been much interested in comparing the arguments and conclusions of these chapters with those of the late Dr. Noyes respecting the same books.* In some particulars, the reasonings of these two eminent critics are identical; while on other points, even where the same premises are admitted, opposite conclusions are reached.

Thus, Dr. Noyes urges the same line of argument employed by Davidson for assigning the authorship of the Hebrews to Apollos, and to a date not long before A.D. 70. Internal evidence convinces Dr. Davidson, that, while the thoughts may be admitted to be Paul's, the composition and language are another's. Dr. Noyes's opinion on this point is, that “there is no essential difference between the dogmatic views of Paul and those of the author of Hebrews. There is, however, a difference in the estimation which they put on certain points, and the manner in which they present Christianity to the mind.” With regard to the persons to whom the epistle was addressed, Davidson holds that the probability is in favor of the Jewish Christians at Alexandria; while Dr. Noyes thinks “it was most likely addressed

* Our quotations from Dr. Noyes are from notes of his lectures on some of the books of the New Testament.

to the Jewish Christians in Palestine, since apostasy from Christianity was most common there, *although found elsewhere as well.*"

In discussing the authorship of the Apocalypse, both Davidson and Dr. Noyes argue from the axiom laid down by De Wette, that the author of the fourth Gospel could not have been the author of the Revelation. Both also assign a high value to the external evidence in favor of the Johannine authorship of the Apocalypse: Davidson affirming that "the decided weight of external evidence is in favor of its apostolical authorship;" while Dr. Noyes declares that "the external testimony is as strong for the Johannine authorship of the Apocalypse, as for the Johannine authorship of the fourth Gospel." Yet the conclusion of the English critic is, that John was, that of the American scholar that he was *not*, the author of the Apocalypse. In the opinion of Dr. Noyes, the external testimony is outweighed by internal evidence which points to some Jewish Christian, not an apostle, who wrote in the reign of the Emperor Galba. As one argument in support of this view, Dr. Noyes urges that "the style of the Apocalypse indicates the educated man." Davidson, on the other hand, finds abundant signs of the unlearned apostle (see Acts iv. 13) in "the anomalies, uncorrectnesses, peculiar constructions, and awkward dispositions of words."

The conclusion of Dr. Noyes, that John was not the author of the Revelation, seems to us to be fully established by a comparison of all the evidence in the case. Davidson appears to have examined this question too much with reference to its supposed bearings on the authenticity of the fourth Gospel. His able and well-sustained argument against the apostolicity of the Gospel is not, however, weakened in the least by the unauthenticity of the Apocalypse. All the marked differences between the two books, both in thought and style, which no one has more thoroughly analyzed than Dr. Davidson, remain precisely as if the apostle, and not some unknown writer, were proved to be the author of the Revelation. They show that the two writings must have come from opposite

sources; and since the Apocalypse evidently originated at a comparatively early date and on Jewish ground, we are compelled, by the utter dissimilarity between its thoughts and its language and those of the Gospel, to assign the latter to Hellenistic soil, and to the far-subsequent date of a profounder transformation and more spiritualized conception of "primitive Christianity."

In these general and discursive remarks upon the new Introduction of Dr. Davidson, we have not attempted to subject these volumes to a critical review, but only to indicate their scope and character, and the spirit and method of their discussions. The readers of the author's Introduction to the Old Testament will find a decided improvement in the style of the present work. It is less combative and apologetical, burdened with fewer digressions and general disquisitions. Usually careful and discriminating in his judgment of facts, Dr. Davidson is not always a trustworthy guide through the regions of conjecture and probability. He sees clearly where others have pointed the way, but is deficient in that insight which can see by its own light when the straight way is lost.

His "Introduction to the New Testament" deserves a speedy republication in our own country, and a wide circulation among all who wish to know what the Christian Scriptures are, and what they are not. That constructive criticism of the New-Testament writings which our liberal theologians frequently praise, but never attempt, has been made by Dr. Davidson the object and aim of long years of study and investigation. The fruits of this study are given in the volumes before us, which are the only Introduction to the New Testament, in English, that even claims to present the results of the best modern criticism.

That Dr. Davidson's constructive work is mainly a work of *reconstruction*, so far from detracting from its value, is its chief and eminent merit. The efforts of those who try to build up again the old defences of Paley and Lardner and Norton, form the really destructive criticism which liberal and rational Christianity has now to fear. Such critics as

Kuenen and Scholten in Holland, Reuss and Nicolas in France, J. J. Tayler and Davidson in England, and our own lamented Dr. Noyes, are the true defenders of the faith, because the faithful and fearless defenders of the truth.

ART. VIII. — SERBIA.

The History of Serbia and the Servian Revolution. With a Sketch of the Insurrection in Bosnia. By LEOPOLD RANKE. Translated from the German by Mrs. ALEXANDER KERR. To which is added, *The Slave Provinces of Turkey*; chiefly from the French of CYPRIEN ROBERT. London: Henry G. Bohn, 1853. pp. xvi. and 520.

Serbia and the Servians. By the Rev. W. DENTON, M.A. London: Bell & Daldy, 1862. pp. xii. and 294.

Quarterly Review for January, 1865. Article, "Serbia."

A FEW years since, we were accustomed to regard the age in which we lived as one essentially prosaic. The startling incidents, the wild crimes, and the virtues almost as wild, that had given the interest of romance to former times, had passed away. The occupations of men were industrial, not military; their object not fame, but money; the prevalent crime not oppression nor robbery, but "tame cheating;" the most needful virtue not chivalrous valor, but simple honesty. But "the world becomes old, and again is young." Romance and chivalry are not dead. Past forms of evil return to shock the refinement of an age that was thought to have outgrown them; and the old, strong-handed virtues come to light again, as occasion calls them forth. This we learned from the sad, yet not useless, experience of our civil war; we may read the same truth in the history of many another nation, and among them in that of the "youngest member of the European family," — the principality between the boundaries of Austria and Turkey.

The parallel between our great republic and the little state of Serbia is, indeed, marked by one sad point of resemblance.

On the 14th of April, 1865, the President of the United States was struck down by the bullet of an assassin. On the 10th of June, 1868, the Prince of Servia perished by a similar fate. The distance and comparative obscurity of the scene where the latter crime was committed have prevented it from making an impression on the public mind in this country, or even in France or England, comparable to that produced by the murder of our President; but to the people of Servia the fall of Prince Michael in the park of Belgrade was not less portentous than was to us the event that turned our joy into mourning at the close of our civil war.

Lying south of Hungary, from which it is separated by the Save and the Danube, and surrounded in other directions by provinces subject to Turkey, Servia is a land of mountains and rivers, containing about twenty-one thousand square miles,—equal in extent, therefore, to the two kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, and somewhat larger than our States of New Hampshire and Vermont. In the Roman empire it constituted the upper division of the province of *Moesia*. The inhabitants—who, according to Ranke, have been of the same race from the earliest period known—are Slavonians, and speak the softest of all the Slavonic dialects. They received instruction in Christianity from the Greek Church; but retained, or soon secured, their independence in ecclesiastical matters. The decline of the Greek empire gave them also political independence; and Stephen Dushan, the most powerful of their princes, in the middle of the fourteenth century, having conquered several neighboring provinces, assumed the titles of “Emperor of the Roumelians,” and “the Macedonian Christ-loving Czar.” The standard of orthodoxy under his rule was very simple, if the anecdote be true that is told of him,—that, on the festival of the Archangel Michael, he asked his *Voi-voïdes* on which side they wished him to lead them,—towards Greece or towards Alemannia; to the Eastern or to the Western Church. “Wherever thou leadest us, most glorious czar,” they loyally replied, “we will follow thee.” Such an answer would have drawn a smile of approval from the stony-hearted Henry VIII.

But Belgrade was not destined to compete permanently with Rome and Constantinople. After the death of Stephen, the states he had subjected regained their independence. A century passed, and another able prince, George Brankovitsch, stood side by side with the great Hungarian commander, John Hunniades, in resisting the progress of the Turks. A Servian song tells the story, that Brankovitsch inquired of his ally what he would do with regard to religion, should he be raised to power in Servia. Hunniades replied that he would establish the Roman-Catholic Church. The same question was then asked of Sultan Amurath; and the more politic Turk answered, that for every mosque he founded he would build a church, and leave the people at liberty to follow which religion they pleased. The story may not be literally true, but it represents the truth. The divisions among Christians, and the profession of liberality by the Turks, more than their arms, reduced this principality, among whose mountains freedom might have been successfully defended, to a province of the Turkish empire.

Bitterly did the Servians have cause to repent the surrender of their independence. Their condition may have varied at times, but at the beginning of the present century they had long been a miserably oppressed people. Instead of churches being built for them, they were in most places forbidden to assemble for worship. The office of the secular priest was confined to the celebration of baptisms, marriages, and funerals, and announcing the festivals of the Church; the people resorted to the monks for the purpose of confession; but preaching, the great means of popular education as well as of religious improvement, hardly existed. The Christians were forbidden to enter a town on horseback; the Christian meeting a Turk must stop till he passed by; and was required to render personal service to any Turk who demanded it. The native race were forbidden to bear arms.

To these oppressions, and the innumerable evils that resulted from a government of force and injustice, was added at length the worst of evils, in the failure of all power of restraint, in the Court of Constantinople, over its own turbulent soldiery.

As in Egypt the Mamelukes, so in Serbia the Janissaries, under four chiefs known as *Dahis*, or Superiors, subjected the country to all the miseries of arbitrary power lodged in savage hands. The Servians turned for relief to their sovereign, the Sultan. They complained that they were attacked in their religion, their morality, and their honor; no husband being secure in the possession of his wife, no father of his daughter, no brother of his sister. "Art thou still our czar?" they demanded; "then come and free us from these evil-doers. Or, if thou wilt not save us, at least tell us so; that we may decide whether to flee to the mountains and forests, or to seek in the rivers a termination to our miserable existence." The result of this appeal was a threat to the wrongdoers,—the worse than useless resort of decrepit power. The Sultan told the Dahis, that, unless they changed their conduct, he would send an army against them,—not a Turkish army, but soldiers of another creed; and that unimagined evils would befall them. The Dahis asked one another to whom the Grand Seignior could allude. Would he bring Austrians or Russians—foreign infidels—into his empire? "By Allah," they exclaimed, "he means the Rayahs!" They had found the explanation of the foolish threat, and took the course that their savage hearts suggested to prevent its execution. They sent their emissaries into the villages, where the inhabitants, as usual, advanced to meet them, to supply them with food or to take charge of their horses. This gave them the opportunity for seizing whom they would. The *Kneses*, or chiefs, were slain; and not only these, but "every person of any consideration, whether it had been acquired by military prowess, eloquence, or wealth, was put to death." "Even the sacred office afforded no protection." It was in February, 1804, that this work of blood commenced. "Horror," says Ranke, "prevailed throughout the country. Men knew not who were doomed. The belief gained ground that it was intended to extirpate the entire population. Even the poorest feared for his life. In the villages, none but old men and children went forth to meet the Turks. The able-bodied fled to the mountains, into the hiding-places of the Heyducs." By that name

the banditti were designated, who, as in all badly-governed countries, swarmed in places difficult of access, made every road dangerous, and gilded their wild crimes by as wild a patriotism.

But oppression works its own ruin. Among many who preferred death in arms to death by the hangmen of the Dahis, was George Petrovitsch, better known as "Black George," that epithet being *Czerni* in Slavonian, and *Kara* in Turkish. His fame first spread to the West, under the name his own language gives him, "Czerni George;" but in recent usage, as in the books before us, he bears the Turkish epithet: like the Cid Ruy Diaz,—

". . . whose Moorish title rose,
The toil-worn homage of admiring foes."

Kara George, born a peasant, had served as a soldier and had robbed as a Heyduc; but of late his occupation had been peaceful. He was collecting his herd of swine for sale in Austria, when he saw the Turks approaching. He left his swine to take their own way, and fled into the woods with his herdsmen. The country people rose, and were joined by the Heyducs. After a few slight successes, they looked around for a leader. They thought first of a Heyduc chief; but he refused the honor, telling them that the country would have no confidence in a robber, as he was, with neither house nor field to lose. Their next choice was a Knes, or civil magistrate; but his answer showed the unwarlike character of his class. Then they turned to the reformed robber, Black George, whose past achievements attested his courage, while his more recent wealth gave him a stake in the welfare of the country. He, too, sought to decline the appointment. "I do not," he said, "understand how to govern." The Kneses replied that they would give him counsel. "But," said he, "I am passionate; and, if any one disobeys me, I shall not wait to consult, but shall be more likely to kill him on the spot." They answered that such decision was what the necessity of the time required. Thus Kara George became commander of the Servians.

We have not space to go through the account of his operations, with their varied fortune; till, from a guerilla chief, he found himself, in 1810, the ruler of Serbia, with almost absolute power, while the rescue of the country seemed secured by the protection of Russia. That power was then at war with Turkey, and assisted the Servians not only by engaging the strength of their enemy in another direction, but by sending three thousand men to co-operate with Kara George. Assisted by these, he repulsed an attack of Curschid Pasha with thirty thousand men on the east; then turned, and defeated a still stronger force advancing from Bosnia on the west.

This period of the culmination of his power is suitable for a nearer view of the deliverer of Serbia. Few more remarkable men have startled the world by their wild deeds, or advanced its progress by their great actions. The shades of his character are darker than the features could have been that won him his familiar name. There is a story that, in his earlier life, when pursued by the Turks, he killed his own father, lest the old man, who could not accompany their flight, should be tortured to death by the pursuers. Later, when ruler of Serbia, he spared not the life of his own brother, when convicted of an infamous crime. When excited to anger, he knew no restraint. He would slay the offender with his own hand; then weep, and exclaim, "May God punish him who gave cause for the quarrel!"

We transcribe a note to the translation of Ranke, partly because it introduces to us also one, the question of whose guilt or innocence at this moment attracts the attention of the world:—

"Mr. Paton, in his work entitled '*Serbia, the Youngest Member of the European Family*,' describes an interview which he had with the son of Kara George. Mr. Paton observed to the Prince,—

"Your Highness's father had a great name as a soldier: I hope that your rule will be distinguished by rapid advancement in the arts of civilization."

"This," continues Mr. Paton, 'led to a conversation relative to the late Kara George; and the Prince, rising, led me into another apartment, where the portrait of his father, the duplicate of one painted for

the Emperor Alexander, hung from the wall. He was represented in the Turkish dress, and wore his pistols in his girdle. The countenance expressed not only intelligence, but a certain refinement, which one would scarcely expect in a warrior peasant; but all his contemporaries agree in representing him to have possessed an inherent superiority and nobility of nature, which in any station would have raised him above his equals.'

"The same writer transcribes the following passage from a paper by Marshal Diebitsch, who was employed on a confidential mission from the Russian Government in Serbia during the years 1810 and 1811, the original of which is in possession of the Servian Government: —

"George Petrovitch, to whom the Turks have given the name of *Kara*, or "Black," is an important character. His countenance shows a greatness of mind, which is not to be mistaken; and when we take into consideration the times, circumstances, and the impossibility of his having received an education, we must admit that he has a mind of a masculine and commanding order. The imputation of cruelty and bloodthirstiness appears to be unjust. When the country was without the shadow of a constitution, and when he commanded an unorganized and uncultivated nation, he was compelled to be severe; he dared not vacillate, or relax his discipline: but, now that there are courts of law, and legal forms, he hands every case over to the regular tribunals. He has very little to say for himself, and is rude in his manners; but his judgments in civil affairs are promptly and soundly framed, and to great address he joins unwearied industry. As a soldier, there is but one opinion of his talents, bravery, and enduring firmness.'

"Dr. Croly says of Kara George, 'He was boldly formed, and above the general stature. But the extraordinary length of his physiognomy, his sunken eyes, and his bold forehead, bound with a single black tress of hair, gave him a look rather Asiatic than European.'"

But the fate of Kara George and of his country was interwoven with the web of mightier destinies. The Servians looked to Russia as their natural protector; and Alexander did not disown the obligation imposed by similarity of race, of language, and of faith. But Napoleon was preparing for an attack on Russia with all the power of his vast empire, his veteran soldiery, and his unequalled military skill; it was necessary to maintain peace with the Turks on the southern

frontier, while this fearful storm was threatening from the west. A treaty was concluded between Russia and Turkey, by which Alexander restored his recent conquests of Wallachia and Moldavia. With regard to Servia, it was stipulated that the people should be self-governed, but should pay an annual tribute to the Porte, and that the fortresses should be in the hands of the Turks. The language of the treaty implied that the Sultan was still sovereign of the country, and that the privileges promised to the Christians were to be conferred by his free grace. Difficulties soon arose respecting the interpretation of the treaty. Negotiations continued for some time; but the Servians clearly perceived, that if they complied with the arrangement made for them, as construed by the Turks, they could expect nothing but a return to the former anarchy and misery. Negotiations were broken off, and the Servians prepared to defend their country against a new invasion.

It came with tremendous fury. Released from all fear of Russia, the Turks turned all their strength against Servia. The heroic Heyduc Veliko was slain in defending a castle, after he had seen tower after tower fall to the ground, had melted spoons and lamps for ammunition, and even loaded his guns with pieces of money. Kladovo was abandoned to the merciless enemy, by whom "men were impaled; and children, in derision of the rite of baptism, were thrown into boiling water!"

The greatest loss of Servia at this dreadful time appears to have been in the judgment and presence of mind of Kara George. It had been his plan to forsake the more level frontier country, and defend the passes of the mountains; but he yielded this to an adviser, whose object was apparently to protect his own property. Afterwards, instead of being at either of the points which were attacked, he remained inactive; and finally, the day after the Turks had crossed the Morava in his sight, he fled across the Danube into the Austrian territory.

The flight of Kara George was followed by that of nearly all who had shared his power. Among the few leaders that remained was Milosch Obrenovitsch. He, like George, had

risen from the station of a herdsman to high command. As a friend tried to persuade him to escape, he replied, "What will my life profit me in Austria, while the enemy will sell into slavery my wife and child and my aged mother? No: whatever may be the fate of my fellow-countrymen shall be mine also!" He hastened to his home, which was in a part of the country where the Turks had not yet appeared. Here he made preparations for resistance, but no force could be kept together on the approach of the enemy. Happily, the Turks were now disposed to conciliate those who might have influence over their countrymen. Milosch was promised protection and authority, if he would submit, and aid in quieting the people. The object proposed was as important to the Servians as to the Turks, for an organized government of any kind was better than anarchy. Milosch, therefore, gave in his submission; was received with favor by the Turks, and invested with the office of Grand Knes, or Governor, of Rudnik. He used his influence to procure the submission of others; and, had the restored Turkish power been exercised with any thing approaching moderation, the country might still have remained a portion of the Ottoman empire.

But Turkish cruelty could not long restrain itself. A local rising took place, from an accidental cause. It was suppressed by Milosch, partly by persuasion and partly by vigorous measures. He now interceded for those implicated, and received a promise that their lives at least should be spared. But, shortly after the arrival of the prisoners at Belgrade, the less influential of them, to the number of a hundred and fifty, were beheaded; while thirty-seven, including an Iqumen, or superior of a convent, suffered the horrible punishment of impalement.

And now, like a wild beast that has tasted blood, the Turks gave way to the savage appetite. Robbery and murder, under every form of atrocity, were the order of the day. Milosch was at Belgrade when the head of a Servian officer was brought in. "Hast thou seen the head, Knes?" asked a Turk of him: "it will be thy turn next." He was only permitted to depart in consequence of having proposed to make

a large purchase of slaves from the pacha, to whom he now represented that he must go to dispose of cattle, in order to raise the means of payment. The pacha, eager for the money, allowed him to depart; and Milosch prepared for the inevitable insurrection.

“On Palm Sunday, 1815, Milosch himself came forward. Early in the morning, he appeared at the church of Takovo, amidst large numbers of the people who had assembled there. Even the old men, usually so cautious, now demanded a revolution; and all present swore, unanimously, to forget their internal dissensions, and to obey Milosch. In the interim, the Momkes (cavaliers) assembled in Zrnutscha. Brilliantly armed, and with the banner of a Voivode in his hand, Milosch stepped into the midst of the assembly. ‘Here am I,’ he said; ‘and now, war against the Turks is begun.’”

The people, however, though eager at first for resistance, were depressed by the memory of former losses, and dismayed by the force which the Turks at once gathered against them. Soon a portion were for submitting to their oppressors, and assisting them against Milosch himself; others had no better counsel to give than to slaughter the women and children, then retire to the mountains, and fight the Turks for the rest of their lives.

A reinforcement from another district put an end to such despairing thoughts, and soon the insurrection became general. We cannot follow in detail the achievements of Milosch and his followers. Their success would seem miraculous, but for the two great sources of strength which Divine Providence has given to persecuted races,—thorough knowledge of the country, and the courage of desperation. Milosch won much by his magnanimity, to which he afterwards owed the rescue of his life. He treated his prisoners well. The women who fell into his hands “knew not how to praise him sufficiently: ‘they had been treated,’ they said, ‘as though they had been their mothers and sisters.’ ‘A religion which commanded such conduct must,’ they affirmed, ‘be the true one.’”

After one of his engagements, the Turkish commander, whom Milosch had formerly known, was found behind a bush,

plundered of his turban and shawl. Milosch caused these to be restored to him, regaled him in his tent, made him a present of a horse, a fur coat, and five hundred piastres, and allowed him to join the army of the Vizier. Milosch afterwards went, on an assurance of safety, to the camp of the Vizier, and, with that ill-faith which the Turks repeatedly displayed, was assaulted by the Janissaries as he was about to mount his horse, when the officer he had treated so kindly interposed, and procured his safe return.

The power of Milosch, and the comparative freedom of Servia, were at length established in the country, and acknowledged by the Porte, under whose commission the authority of the chief was exercised; a pacha, however, still residing at Belgrade, and Turkish garrisons occupying that and other fortified towns. The state of things was thus established which had been contemplated in the Russian treaty. Under these circumstances it was that, in a hapless hour, Kara George once more entered the country. For some time he had been under guard in an Austrian fortress; was then permitted to reside in the Russian province of Bessarabia. Here he was visited by emissaries from an association — the *Hetæria* — which contemplated a simultaneous rising of the Christians throughout Turkey, — a purpose which soon found partial accomplishment in the Greek revolution. They invited Kara George to undertake the full liberation of Servia. Pressing letters from that province seconded the application; and Kara George, travelling in disguise to the Servian frontier, procured a boatman, by a handsome present, to take him across the Danube. He took his abode with Vuitza, a chief by whom he had been expressly invited, and thence sent to Milosch, urging him to join in the insurrection which was about to commence.

Milosch was an officer of the Sultan, and as such bound to oppose the designs of the Sultan's enemy; but he was a Servian, and therefore bound to honor the first deliverer of Servia. He had shown that he knew what magnanimity was, and understood, therefore, the baseness of betraying his former commander. In the conflict of duties, he chose the path prompted

by safety, by interest, and by the strict construction of his duty to his superiors. He informed the pacha of the intelligence which had been given him, and received in turn a demand, which he transmitted to Vuitza, for the head of Kara George. That chief was strangled in his sleep, by one of Vuitza's attendants, and his head sent to the pacha, who transmitted it to the Sultan.

Dr. Croly, whom we have already quoted, has given to this tragic deed a scene and circumstances more worthy of the death of a hero : —

“ ’Twas noon : a crimson banner play’d
Above thy rampart port, Belgrade ;
From time to time the gong’s deep swell
Rose thundering from the citadel ;
And soon the trampling charger’s din
Told of some mustering pomp within.

They lead a captive ; the pashaw
From his large eye draws back with awe.
No Moslem he : his brow is bare,
Save one wild tress of raven hair,
Like a black serpent, deeply bound
Where once sat Servia’s golden round.

A trumpet rang, — the turban’d line
Clash’d up their spears, the headsman’s sign.
Then, like the flame-burst from the forge,
Blazed thy dark visage, Czerni George.
He knew that trumpet’s Turkish wail,
His guide through many a forest vale,
When, scattering like the hunted deer,
The Moslem felt his early spear ;
He heard it when the Servian targe
Broke down the Delhi’s desperate charge,
And o’er the flight his scimitar
Was like the flashing of a star :
That day his courser to the knee
Was bathed in blood, and Servia free !
That day, before he sheathed his blade,
He stood a sovereign in Belgrade.
The field, the throne, were on that eye
Which wandered now so wild and high.”

But we must hasten on. Milosch ruled Servia until 1839, when, compelled to resign his power, he abdicated in favor of

his son Milan. This prince soon died, and was succeeded by his brother Michael. Another revolution displaced Michael, and substituted for him Alexander Kara Georgevitsch, the son of the liberator. He in turn was driven into exile, and the old chief, Milosch, reinstated; upon whose death the principality of Servia devolved a second time on Michael. It is this prince who was assassinated, on the 10th of June last, while walking in the public park of Belgrade, in company with his cousin and a daughter of the latter, with his usual attendants. They were fired upon by three men armed with revolvers. The prince and his cousin were slain, and the lady who accompanied them wounded. Suspicion has rested upon the de-throned prince, Kara Georgevitsch; and, while we write, intelligence reaches us of his arrest at Pesth, in Hungary, of his serious illness, and of the confiscation of his property in Servia.

The country is now under the joint protection of the great European powers; the infamous bombardment of Belgrade by the Turkish garrison, in 1862, having shown that the presence of such a force could no longer be tolerated by those Christian kingdoms to whose support the wretched Turkish misgovernment owes its continued existence. The late prince has been succeeded by his nephew, Milan. We await with interest further intelligence from that country, hoping that it may be proved that the son of a mighty, if a barbarian, chief has not dishonored himself by a foul murder; and that Servia, rescued from Moslem oppression and internal dissension, may pursue peacefully the course of advancement in civilization and Christianity.

ART. IX. — THEISM — CHRISTIAN OR NOT.

The Worship of Jesus in its Past and Present Aspects. By SAMUEL JOHNSON, Minister of the Free Church at Lynn. Boston: William V. Spencer.

It is a curious and somewhat sudden change in the mode of belief called Theism, that of late it zealously disowns the name "Christian," which, till very lately, it seemed equally zealous to claim. How far this is due to a simple, honest development, and how far to something re-actionary in the temper of the more liberal Christian sects, it is not perhaps worth while to discuss. The line of cleavage, that could be traced pretty plainly long ago, has widened into a distinct and visible separation. And this, probably, to the relief of many who stand off both sides the line. In its very widest and vaguest sense, Christianity still has something conservative and organic, and in the eyes of "aggressive radicalism" will seem a sectarian thing. Besides, there are devout religious reformers in India; there are intelligent and liberal thinkers among the Jews; there is a noble, earnest, and pious temper among many of a purely scientific training, or a purely philosophic faith, — and to none of them has the name Christian any thing especially sacred or august: so that one who seeks only the very largest religious fellowship will prefer to stand outside the Christian boundary, and become, frankly, a citizen of the wide world. And, on the other side, there is a very sincere piety, which has been affronted by the tone of radical discussion; there is a timorous temper that has felt an uncomfortable half-responsibility for the vagaries of bolder thought; there is a dogmatic and positive cast of mind with many, which has always predicted that rationalistic thinking would be driven into denial, and always meant it should. Minds of that sort, whichever side of the line they happen to be, like to see it drawn sharp and distinct; and the new phase of Theism will doubtless bring them comfort and relief.

But there is another class, quite different from either, to which this sudden renunciation of a spiritual birthright will give surprise, perplexity, and pain, — surprise, because they have associated the name Christian only with what is generous, pure, and free; perplexity, because it starts the question whether they are logically honest in their own profession of Christian fellowship, which means to them the dearest privilege of their lives; and pain, because it puts a visible parting and a line of antagonism among those to whom they are about equally drawn in respect and mental sympathy. On one hand, if Christianity does not include that largeness and freedom of thought, if it does not mean that pure and high ideal of the religious life, if it is true that we cannot have a Type without making it a Dogma, or a brotherhood without a creed, — what value remains to the name, or what sweetness to the fellowship, that they should continue to cherish it? On the other hand, the world of mere intellectual freedom and unrest, crude, large, vague, meets the want only of one-half their nature, — that which is soon and often weary. The household of believers has been their home, but not their cage. Loyal, as they are in spirit, to the Christian standard and name; recognizing, as they do, that inspiration which has flowed with the life of Christ into human history, — they feel it as an injury and a loss if they should be cut off from a fellowship which is theirs by birthright and by choice; and, while they challenge the right of any dogmatist to bar them out by the bolts and limits of a creed, they equally defend their right against any bolder thinker, who would compel them by his logic upon the ground outside, which he is led to occupy. If Christianity were a speculation merely, and if religious fellowship only meant identity of opinion, their choice would be quickly made. But that is the very interpretation of it they have been fighting against all along; and it is a little hard when they find their position suddenly assailed by those whose right to occupy it had seemed the very thing in controversy.

The position, distinctly taken and held among us as “liberal Christianity,” for the last five-and-twenty years, has been, that the name Christian is not merely a profession of belief, but a

privilege of inheritance or a thing of choice; and that no person, on dogmatic grounds, has a right to withhold that name from those who honestly claim it. The grounds on which they claim it may be contested: to the title itself there is no just dispute. For the name is one of allegiance to a symbol, a fellowship, or an idea, — and allegiance is in its very nature a voluntary thing; and this ground of fellowship, in simple voluntary profession, and the desire to join in doing a common work, has been very dear to those who have taken it. It has given a sweetness, freedom, and breadth to the feeling of fellowship. It has kept the sense of religion distinct from dogma. It has relieved us from the painful attitude of partisans in attempting to understand the past, and thrown a broad track of light on the interpretation of the Christian history. It has relieved the mind from torturing questions as to the purposes of Divine Providence towards humanity at large; and from that sense of dread, allied to guilt, with which some minds have watched the courses of human thought in the field of criticism and science. Instead of an inexorable condition of salvation, it has made the name Christian a happy and free privilege. It has baptized the purest ideal and the noblest hope that could be cherished for mankind, with the name, and sanctified with the memory, of one noblest Man; and so, in the inevitable drift and change that pass upon all human things, it has seemed to insure to Christianity itself an exemption from the decay that must befall all dogma, a lease of fresh, uncounted ages, and a new birth into a larger life than the former ages of faith could once imagine.

This is liberal Christianity, as we have understood and defended it, — a mode of faith absolutely without exclusion for any who seek its comfort and fellowship; a mode of faith, moreover, which has fairly vindicated its right as a legitimate development of the Christian idea, and its consistency as an order of speculative thought. As a form of belief, it was far from being satisfactory or complete; as a method to think by, and an inspiration to work by, it has amply proved its claim. It has kept at once fidelity to the past and hope for the future. If not the accepted interpretation of Christianity, it is at least

a legitimate interpretation; and one, too, which, in common literature and the common thought, is fast supplanting every other.

It is, as we say, a new and somewhat sudden phase of what we knew not long ago as "Christian Theism," that it turns round and refuses, even assails, the title which seemed so fully vindicated. Till now, it was left to the dogmatists and sectarians and ritualists to assert that Christianity was a limited and narrow thing; that it is in essential antagonism to freedom of thought or breadth of fellowship. His own position, outside the Christian lines, a man may take, as Mr. Abbot has taken, with a manly and simple fidelity to the demands of his own strict logic, and with a courageous willingness to accept whatever of loss or evil-speaking that position may incur. Or, in combinations like the "Free Religious Association," whose special aim necessarily invites the co-operation of religionists of every race or creed, there would be folly and weakness, as well as a certain insolence, in insisting on the adoption of a name even as vague and wide as "Christian," as long as one honest religious thinker can be found, to whom that name should be a bar. In declining to take this ground, the Unitarian Conference simply assumed that it had another and more limited work. Choosing to do that work within certain lines, it passed no judgment on those who stood outside those lines. Some of the best men in it would have chosen that it should attempt a larger or a different thing: but it was surely competent to elect what it would attempt; and at least, whatever of exclusiveness there was in its action, has not prevented some from working in it very heartily, who are quite as ready and as free to join on that larger platform, in that grander fellowship, which the other title implies.

In the first important publication sent forth under the auspices of that Association, the position which we have held so long securely is challenged and denied. Not many pieces of theological discussion have been more thoroughly and ably done, than this little tract of Mr. Johnson. Its bulk is no gauge either of its reach of scholarship or its keenness of exposition. As an argument, it is enough, with none to spare.

Its survey of the elements of pagan thought contemporary with the establishment of Christianity, and of the tendencies which set towards the forms of the Christian organization and belief, is compact, clear, and masterly, beyond any presentation of the same topics to which we can easily refer. How satisfactory the argument is, how far it succeeds in resolving that organization and belief into the elements set forth, may be matter of question. In particular, it seems to us to be warped by the disposition it shares with most of the current scientific criticism of history; namely, to ascribe every thing to "tendencies" and impersonal "forces," and little or nothing to powerful personal convictions as the inspiration of character and of will. A truly dramatic presentation of the same thing, even from the same speculative point of view, would make a very different story of the establishment of Christianity in the world. Still, the reason must go before, and mark out the field where imagination may follow. Assuming the writer's aim, and given his limits, the discussion is not only remarkably compact; it is also remarkably clear and full. Take the following passage, from which we are obliged to omit a large cluster of special references: —

"In all the better minds of that epoch, those of the stamp of Lucretius excepted, there was a deep conviction of primal Unity and Fatherhood, as God. It was the precious legacy of 'pagan' thought. The shining track came broadening down through every great poet, teacher, school, of Greek antiquity. . . . This was the noblest interpretation of Polytheism by these, its noblest children. They were bound to find the highest faith germinating in all lower forms and processes of spiritual life. It was not for lack of faith in the Fatherhood of God or in the Brotherhood of Man that the great stoic and eclectic philosophers of that day were not found welcoming the Christian dogma; but because, in that search for a divine centre for the soul, which was universal in their age, they were *too enlightened* to stop short in the worship of a Man.

"But this is precisely where the search did stop in the masses. It had to struggle upwards, bound by the old polytheistic love of palpable, concrete, human gods. It wanted a deity who should set aside those inexorable laws of nature, that were not yet loved or trusted as good, with the touch of a human hand; bearing men's sorrows like Isis

and Ceres, overcoming their foes like Hercules ; a god of whose earthly life traditions could be handed down, and mythologies believed. One human deity it wanted, instead of many ; one man gifted with the supernatural powers, so dear to the familiar hopes and fears. Into this *one* form of anthropomorphism it was yearning to fuse all that remained of the older forms. Out of this state of feeling grew that restless expectation of the advent of some such redeeming Person, which filled the imaginations of men, both in the East and the West."—pp. 21–24.

It is the special polemic interest of this essay, that it insists on recognizing in Christianity only the technical and limited meaning which belonged to it in that era,—only the "worship of Jesus" in a more or less strict orthodox sense. The writer denies that broad and somewhat loose signification, which has come to be almost the accepted sense of Christianity in our day: He insists on seeing in it only "a special form of religion ; a special Church built around the person of Jesus of Nazareth ; a corporation organized for his worship." In thus forsaking the liberal interpretation we have been accustomed to put upon the phrase, and giving in his adhesion to that which dogmatists and bigots have always insisted on, he easily makes good his argument. The premise contains whatever, controversially, he wishes to prove. The rest is mere illustration and historical exposition ; and, in general, it contains nothing which an intelligent reader need quarrel with. The leading thesis, that not only the dogmatic form but the very name of Christianity must pass away in favor of a wider Theism,—nay, that it stands at this day in the way, to bar the advance of a purer faith,—is simply the assumption with which the writer starts, and gains no new force from any thing that he has said.

It is, then, as a symptom of the time—as the distinct and earnest expression of what lies in many minds—that this essay has its chief interest. It seems to bring us to the threshold of a new controversy, in which the lines of old parties will find themselves strangely broken up. The name Christian has come to be too wide in its purport, too rich in its associations, to be surrendered, even by the freest thinker, on

the bare challenge of his consistency in holding it. At the same time, the sacredness and value of the name, and its ability to command respect, depend on the genuineness of the homage and the reality of the life it betokens. We cannot deny that the name carries a very different meaning to the impartial student of history, and to the man of average worldly understanding and experience, from what it bears to the humble disciple or the devout thinker, who connects it with all he has learned to revere and love. The historian knows that the bitterest wars have been those of religious hate, and that the "most Christian" monarchs of Europe have been the worst enemies of civil and religious liberty. The man of average sense and experience knows too well of the petty wars of sects; the small, sanctimonious bigotries, the degenerate and secular character, of so-called Christian institutions; knows, too, that what is insisted on as the form of Christian doctrine, is mostly that which has the respect neither of scientific men nor scholars. Strong in popular custom and in vested wealth, the Church, as an organized profession of belief, meets a great deal of undermining scepticism and secret contempt. It is impossible for any one, thinking coolly, to anticipate that it will have any thing like the same prestige and power in another generation that it has in this. The approaching dethronement of the Pope, the almost consummated "disestablishment" of the Irish Church, the chafing of revolutionary waters against the foundations of Anglicanism, the divisions and weakness that are the inevitable result of the Voluntary system amongst ourselves, — all these are warnings, that, to preserve its honor or its strength, Christianity must league itself with whatever is noble and free in thought, and large of promise for humanity, and helpful towards the true life of nations, as well as what is devout and comforting and earnest in the realm of pious emotion and fellowship.

If the endeavor of what we have called "liberal Christianity" to effect this shall prove to be in vain; if the natural defenders of liberalism, those who have been nurtured in its beliefs and strengthened in its fellowship, shall find themselves forced, by the stress of their own logic, or by the distrust and

prejudice of Christian sects, to renounce a name that has been so noble and so dear,—we may be sure of the result. An institution which claims to be and to do for mankind what the Christian Church claims to be and do, cannot afford to cut itself off from what is most courageous, strong, and free in the mental activities of the day. It will still be the effort and the aim of liberal Christianity to preserve that alliance. It will be the earnest desire and hope of its defenders not to relinquish so dear a birthright and so cherished a fellowship as are signified to them in the Christian name they vindicate; and it will augur ill for the purity, fervor, and height of religious aspiration, for the sweetness and depth of religious trust, if mankind shall be forced to choose between their birthright of freedom and their birthright of Christian faith.

ART. X.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

“SEVENTY thousand citations” of volumes and treatises in religious literature seem to indicate an Index* nearly complete, wonderful in its fulness, and far beyond the wants even of the most curious and critical theological scholar. Probably no library in this land could reckon thirty thousand works in its theological department, except by a very broad interpretation of the word “theology.” This broad interpretation, indeed, is gaining favor, and a great deal is now associated with theology which, in the last age, would have been separated from it by a wide interval. In this “Index” of Dr. Malcom, for instance, “Mnemonics” is one of the titles; and no less than twenty-two works on artificial memory—Latin, French, and English—are catalogued. The art of remembering is certainly important in running over a list of seventy thousand works; but the art of selecting, on which Dr. Malcom has given no references, is even more necessary. In our time, all branches

* Theological Index. References to the Principal Works in every Department of Religious Literature. Embracing nearly Seventy Thousand Citations. Alphabetically arranged under Two Thousand Heads. By HOWARD MALCOM, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1868. 8vo, pp. 488.

of knowledge cross each other and intertwine with each other. The channels of inquiry, in every science, run together on the broad plain of free investigation, like the channels of the Euphrates on the plain of Chaldea. The least diversion from the ancient way brings one into other provinces, — anthropology, biology, phrenology, and all the “ologies.” “Religious literature” now may reasonably mean all history, all philosophy, all science, all story of travel or adventure, or work or feeling, with which the soul of man has any thing to do. It may include subjects outside of human life. We saw, not long since, a small work on the plants of Palestine mentioned as “religious botany.” Possibly a treatise on Paul’s cloak might be placed under the head of “religious haberdashery,” — a topic which, in the growth of Ritualism, is likely to rise into first-rate importance. “Dancing” has always been a Biblical and theological subject, from the time of Miriam to the latest discussion in a Michigan Christian Convention: we are surprised that Dr. Malcom gives so short a list of works on a theme so fruitful and momentous. Surely we ought to have as much on this theme as on the kindred theme of “Backsliding,” on which he has more than twenty references.

A theological index, then, in its largest sense, would be a universal index, — an assorted catalogue of all books on all subjects, whether of heaven or earth or of the underworld, of fact or of fancy, of works written by laymen as well as ministers, and on “lay topics,” too, if we may use such a phrase. It would reject nothing as irrelevant, or insignificant, or morally unsuitable. If the lives of excellent men and women are to be classed in its pages with the good apostles, why should it not give the lives of eminent modern traitors, like Jefferson Davis, to be classed with Judas Iscariot, who receives due attention? If Solomon and Saul were “theological characters,” why should not Henry the Eighth, who was as passionate as the one and as sensual as the other, be referred to as a “religious” person, especially when it is considered that he is the father of the English Church? If petty sects — Bogomiles and Junkers and Davidists — are honored with notice, why should not parties in Parliament, Whigs and Tories, who have legislated for the Church and the Church-rates, be recorded as “religious”? On equitable principles, the men and things which have had most influence upon the progress and the fortune of religion in the world have the best claim to notice in a theological index.

But an index of this large and universal kind is clearly not to be expected. If it is impossible to make a catalogue of single libraries,

like the great library of Munich or Paris, or the British Museum, how shall a catalogue of all the libraries — English, French, German, Italian — be made, even with the aid of miracle, and by a commission like the seventy translators of the Hebrew Bible? The index itself would make a library, and would need, in turn, to be indexed and digested. Failing this, the *numerical* limit is perhaps as good as any. A certain number of titles may be resolved upon, and the decree be passed that the work shall close when that number is reached. The compiler may resolve to stop with five thousand, or ten thousand, or twenty thousand titles; or, if he be very hopeful and industrious, like Dr. Malcom, to extend it to seventy thousand; a number large enough to satisfy all reasonable desire, and a good Scriptural number too, — precisely the number of men that Solomon sent to Lebanon to bring cedar for the temple. Thus far it may go, but no farther. As many titles on as many subjects as can be conveniently treated may be admitted up to that mark; but at that mark the gates must be shut, and all other applicants must stay “out in the cold.”

We would not intimate that Dr. Malcom has prepared his “Index” on this principle; yet he might have done so without altering very much its appearance, its quality, or the balance of its parts. There are subjects with which he is familiar, on which he has given references enough for a large library; while there are others of equal or superior importance, with which he was not so well acquainted, on which the references are few, where they might have been, and ought to have been, numerous. A Baptist will have naturally an exaggerated notion of the importance of the works which illustrate his peculiar tenet, and we may excuse his *copia verborum* in the bibliography of this theme. But a dozen columns of Baptist and Anabaptist titles, with an average of more than fifty references in each column, are certainly redundant in an index which gives less than a column of titles under the head of “Charity.” We cannot, indeed, be sure that all the titles under any particular head include all the works referred to as dealing with that general subject. The Arabs have a dozen names for the sun; and the graces of the gospel take many names in their English dress. If we add to the references under Charity the references under Benevolence, Almsgiving, Love, and kindred titles, there is nothing to complain of on the score of number. It is fair to say, however, that, in his large array of works about the Baptists and their creed, Dr. Malcom is impartial. He mentions about as many who have written against the Baptists as have written in their favor. The student may get the

antidote and the bane together, and may take his choice among the authorities on either side. Whatever other defects may be found in Malcom's "Index," wilful unfairness is not to be charged against it. So far as his knowledge goes, the compiler allows both sides of every question a fair chance for a hearing. No theological hatred appears in his pages. Transcendentalism may be classed with Atheism, Neology, and Rationalism; but then Atheism is classed with the "Existence of God," and is represented by a respectable body of writers. We cannot accept Dr. Malcom's judgment in his list of references under this head. It is absurd to call Spinoza and Ferdinand Christian Baur the advocates of Atheism. The list of works under this head is made up very carelessly. And even more inaccurate is the list of works under the head of "Neology," in which Michelet, an ultra-Hegelian, and Volkmar are presented as authors on the orthodox side; while Frederic Denison Maurice is classed with the radical heretics, Paulus and Strauss and Semler.

This inaccuracy in the disposition of writers is the most serious fault we have to find with Dr. Malcom's "Index." In attempting to separate the writers *pro* and *con*, he makes very strange mistakes, and puts not a few of his authors on the wrong side. While he attempts to define Rationalism, and show how Rationalists are distinguished from Atheists and Deists, his classification of writers shows that he has not studied the subject with any thoroughness, and knows very little about it from writers at first hand. He represents Röhr, for instance, as an *opponent* of Rationalism; while Michelet, who under "Neology" was orthodox, here comes into his proper place. He mentions "Compte" (name misspelled) as writing in favor of Rationalism. He might as well call Tom Paine a Baptist because he did not believe in Pedobaptism. He reckons among rationalistic works Combe's "Vestiges of the History of Creation;" thus settling a long-disputed question of authorship, and classifying a work that had no place before. The "Essays and Reviews" are rationalistic. Donaldson's "Jasher" is rationalistic. De Wette's "Introduction" is rationalistic. So is Reinhard's "Ethics," and Gesenius's "Thesaurus," and the "Christian Gnosis" of *Bauer*, as the name is frequently printed. The jumble of authors under this head is extraordinary. Buckle's work; Lecky's work, even the superficial work of Hurst, are not mentioned. Neander's "Life of Christ" is cited; but a parenthesis tells us, that, though "written against Eichhorn, it is not much more orthodox." On the principle by which this list of authors has been

prepared, all non-orthodox authors on any point of religious science, philology, or Biblical criticism, might be cited as authorities for Rationalism.

More extraordinary still is the classification of authors under the head of Materialism. Will it be believed that James Martineau and Theodore Parker — two of the most inspired defenders of the spiritual nature of man in this age — are here set down as advocates of Materialism? The inquirer is referred not only to Comte's "Positive Philosophy," to Hartley "on Man," but to Martineau's "Rationale of Religious Inquiry," and to Parker "on Matters in Relation to Religion"! He might as well have cited the Epistle to the Romans and the Gospel of Matthew as Materialist works. On the other hand, we have a long list of works against Materialism, one-half of which are of no account whatever. We shall not accept Professor Kidd's verdict about Drew "on the Soul," — that it is "wonderful. Nothing like it was ever published." Dr. Malcom does not seem to have heard of the great work of Lélut, in France, on the "Physiology of Thought;" and makes no mention of the more recent work of Maudsley.

The catalogue of writers for and against Deism is a long one, but shows very confused ideas of what Deism is, and what it is to write against it. Paley's "*Horæ Paulinæ*" is mentioned among the anti-deistic works. Indeed, opening the volume almost anywhere, one may find writers strangely misplaced. Accurate reference would have greatly reduced the size of the volume. Next to this fault, we have to mention the countless misprints of names, which are far too numerous and too patent to be attributed to the carelessness of the proof-reader. A more annoying volume in this kind has never come under our notice. Even the most familiar names, which are in everybody's mouth, are constantly misspelled. Mill becomes *Mills*, Pascal is *Pascal*, Frazer's Magazine is *Frazier's Magazine*, Eisenmenger is *Eisenmeyer*, Hengstenberg is *Hengstenburg*, Sprenger is *Springer*, Woods is *Wood*, Tayler is *Taylor*, Basnage is *Bassnage*, Eliot is *Elliot*, Böhringer and Döllinger are printed *Bohringer* and *Dollinger*, Whately appears as *Whateley*, Bretschneider is *Bretchneider*, Hippolytus is *Hypokitus*, Baur is *Bauer*, Comte is *Compte*, Coquerel is *Coquerell*, Stier is *Steir*, — we might go on indefinitely with such instances. Sometimes the blunders are more than typographical; as where Noyes becomes *North*, and Richard Trench becomes *Francis* Trench. Now, in a work of this kind, typographical accuracy is especially important and indispensable, — all the more that the titles are so much con-

densed and altered. Misprinting here amounts to misrepresentation. It may not be so important that Greek should be printed with the accents (Malcom's Greek almost invariably omits these), or that Hebrew should have the vowel-points; but it is necessary that the names of the authors should be correctly given, and that they should not be mistaken for other authors of similar name. Where the names are very common, as those of Smith, Brown, Clark, Jones, Parker, or Williams, we need also the initials to have satisfactory direction in our inquiries. These initials Malcom's "Index" fails very often to give, and we are compelled to guess who the writers are. The great difficulty of securing typographical accuracy, in a work of this kind, is no excuse for so signal a failure.

Then we have to notice, that many titles, essential to completeness in such a work, are wanting in Malcom's "Index." The "Alexandrine School," which dictated so much of the dogma of the Church, and which has been the subject of admirable monographs, should certainly be in the list: we do not find it. The Catacombs, so fruitful in illustrations of the life and worship of the early Christians, and occupying so large a place in modern ecclesiastical researches, ought to be in the list: we look in vain for that title. The Russian Church, which Dean Stanley has so brilliantly painted, and the curious heresies of the Raskol, the Eastern companions of English Puritanism, if they are referred to in the "Index," have no sign of such reference under an appropriate head. While the mediæval monastic orders have more than their due share of heed, Passionists and Paulists are left unmentioned; though the last-named fraternity have their houses in New York, close to those of the Protestant sects, edit a magazine of wide circulation, and publish their annual volumes of sermons, which compare favorably with the best of the Baptist or Methodist issues. The apostle of Positivism is quoted for opinions which he never held or defended; but the subject of Positivism is left out from Dr. Malcom's survey, even while it is announced that a temple of that new religion is opened in a fashionable quarter of the largest American city. Zoroaster and the Parsees have in the "Index" their expositors, and the works of Count Gobineau are frequently referred to; but Babism, the rational reform going on in the Persian Church, which Count Gobineau has so well described, is wholly neglected here. Palgrave's "Arabia" has very interesting accounts of the Wahabees, the Puritans of Islam, a sect which has brought whole kingdoms under its dominion: Malcom's "Index" has no place for that subject. It tells

of the Druses and the Maronites, but not of the still more curious Ansarieh and Yesidees, which have been the subject of so many speculations and learned papers in the last years. Even the numerous "Christian Connection," which have churches all over the Northern States, newspapers, dogmatic statements, and one or more colleges, are not separately treated; but their name is assigned to the quite distinct sect of the "Disciples" or Campbellites. These are only a few of the subjects which we look for in such a work, which are conspicuous by their absence from this "Index." Other titles that we might look for, of a more abstract kind, are equally wanting.

And then the *list of authors* on many of the principal topics is inexcusably defective. There is no mention, for instance, of Ewald in the list of writers about Jewish antiquities, Jewish history, or Judaism! Graetz, too, is not included among the writers on those subjects. This is the more remarkable, as the list under these heads is long, and includes many obscure writers, and some of no value. Under the head of "Job," while Magee on the "Atonement," the "Southern Literary Messenger," and the "Eclectic Review" are referred to, no mention is made of Schultens, Rosenmüller, Ewald, Umbreit, De Wette, Knobel, the English Lee, or the American Noyes; besides numerous other writers, foreign and American, who are superior to any referred to by Dr. Malcom. Of those who have written about Palestine and Jerusalem, the most thorough and learned of all, Titus Jobler, is unnoticed here. The elaborate work of Charles de Rémusat, not only admirable as biography, but most acute and complete in its philosophical criticism, finds no place among the authorities about Abelard. Collombet is not mentioned among those who have written about Cyprian, nor Poujoulat among those who have written about Augustine. "Monasticism" has nearly seventy references, but none of them are to Montalembert. Arhennius, Josephine Bunkley, Maria Monk, and the "Knickerbocker Magazine," are the substitutes for the learned and accomplished peer of France. Among the commentators upon the books of the Pentateuch, Genesis, Exodus, and Leviticus, we look in vain for the name of Kalisch, though we find him put down as a translator and commentator on the "Whole Bible;" which he is not, and will not be, since he is a Jew. Under the head, "Life of Jesus," Renan and Schenkel do not appear, though Hutman, March, and Milner — writers of no originality or critical sagacity — are mentioned. Even Dr. Furness, a townsman of Dr. Malcom, who has made the "Life of Jesus" his life study, and has published work after work upon this theme,

does not come into the list. Bushnell does not appear among the writers on the "Atonement," or the endlessly fluent Dr. Cumming among the writers on the "Second Advent of Christ." We cannot complain that Alger is not mentioned among the writers on "Friendship," as his work on the "Friendships of Women" was so recently issued; but he should surely have been included with the writers on "Solitude." It is a year now since Lea published in Philadelphia his solid and learned work on the "Celibacy of the Clergy." Dr. Malcom does not seem to have heard of it.

And this suggests another criticism upon Malcom's "Index," — that its scholarship is not up to the mark of the present time; that in many cases no note is taken of recent works which have superseded the ancient authorities. A large number of the works which he mentions on the most important subjects are antiquated, useless, and inaccessible to those for whom the "Index" is prepared. The explanatory remarks about the authors, too, are not especially wise, and often mislead rather than help the inquirer. For instance, he says of "Blondel on the Sibyls, and the influence of their books on the Christian religion," that "this book is all that most persons need examine on this subject." Why then does he not omit the two dozen other authorities that he cites, some of them ponderous Latin tomes? All of these together do not give what recent German learning has disclosed. The references in Biblical criticism, too, are by no means up to the time. The list of edifying "Biographies" is so defective, that the subject itself might as well have been omitted. There is no mention there of Bernard or Lessing or Schleiermacher or Channing; no mention of Elizabeth of Hungary, or St. Theresa or Madame Swetchine or Mary Ware; though we hear of the lives of Martha Dunn and Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Ramsay and Mrs. Malcom. We have not noticed Dr. Hedge's work on "Reason in Religion" cited under any of the heads where it might properly belong. The treatment of Protestantism in France lacks the great name of Samuel Vincent. On "Preaching," neither Maury, Coquerel, nor the American Shedd, who have written special and valuable treatises, are cited. Alfred Maury's work on "Dreams," the result of twenty years of thought and experiment, does not get into this index; Lubbock and Wilson find no recognition here of their works on Prehistoric Man; Benjamin Constant is not among the writers about Mythologies and Religions; Alphonse Dantier's delightful work on the "Italian Monasteries" has escaped the compiler's notice; Ferdinand Delaunay's careful and critical study of Philo, Bungeney's

"St. Paul," Weber's "History of the Israelite People," Proudhon's curious notes upon the New Testament, Parsons' "Deus Homo," even the famous "Ecce Homo,"—the subject of so much curiosity, criticism, and conjecture,—have no place among the "seventy thousand citations." Stoicism can be studied, under Dr. Malcom's guidance, without reference to the newly translated maxims and utterances of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius.

Dr. Malcom says, in his preface, that he is "conscious of having made a very imperfect book." The defects which we have pointed out will show that this consciousness is not wholly mistaken. There are merits in his work, however, that in some degree compensate its defects. The arrangement of topics is good, on the whole; and there is no lack of clearness. The general spirit is good; and, except in the occasional unnecessary use of the word "infidel," there is no bigotry. The industry that has condensed, assorted, and catalogued so many titles, is most praiseworthy. And the "Index" will undoubtedly be what he intended it to be,—“for future theologians a labor-saving apparatus.” It is not so good as it ought to be, or as it might have been in the hands of such a master in the art as the compiler of the bibliography in Alger's "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life." But it is a great deal better than nothing. It supplies a want that all students feel, though it supplies that want imperfectly. A good deal might have been left out, without loss to the volume as a proper theological index; and a good deal ought to have been inserted that has been left out. We may be thankful for so much. Yet, while we admit that the book will be useful to students and authors, we cannot agree that it will be a safe guide to purchasers for public or private theological libraries, in making "the collection symmetrical, as well as comprehensive and complete." Symmetry is what the "Index" lacks; and large alterations and amendments must be made by future editors to bring it into shape, so that it shall outline the just proportions of theological science. It resembles the model "Theological Index" much as the Gothic churches which the Methodists have built so numerous in honor of their Centenary year resemble the Gothic churches of the Middle Age; much as the cathedrals of Chicago and Montreal resemble the cathedrals of Strasburg and Cologne,—vast spaces, painted windows, gorgeous altar-pieces; but not the genuine Gothic, after all. It does not quite answer the promise of the motto on the titlepage, and its cumbrous erudition by no means enables the seeker who would get the latest or best word on Biblical or theological questions, to find what he wants. We welcome this "Index" only in the hope that it

shall stimulate some more successful enterprise in the same kind, and be to this what the "Biblical Dictionary" of Smith is to the "Biblical Dictionary" of Calmet.

C. H. B.

Mr. HUNT's "Essay,"* which is the modest name for a pretty solid octavo of some four hundred pages, owes its origin to the sense of his ignorance of theology, which came upon its author after he had been four years in orders. He found many difficulties which he could not answer, and which nevertheless he believed could be answered. Accordingly, he removed to a curacy in London, and formed a plan of reading all the books which had been written against Christianity, and mastering all the systems which are said to be in opposition to it. He went to work reading at the British Museum: but he found his subject continually growing larger; he found it to be connected with departments of research that he had had no conception of; and that it would take him twenty years to complete his design. So he took the advice of a friend, and completed and published this first part of his work, — an inquiry into the character of pantheism.

This Essay is not philosophical or controversial, like Saisset's work, but chiefly historical. It is an inquiry which seeks, by an exhibition of the different forms that pantheism has taken, and the language which it has spoken in the various religious systems, philosophies, and individual thinkers of the world, to determine what pantheism is. Commencing with Brahmanism, it traces the traits and metamorphoses of pantheism through Buddhism, the Egyptian, Persian, and Greek religions, Greek and Jewish philosophy, Gnosticism, Neoplatonism, Scholasticism, Sufeyism, German mysticism, and Spinozism, to modern transcendentalism. It passes thus over a broad field. It occupies a space in English literature before vacant, and much needing to be filled. The work has been done with a good deal of hard labor; and it gathers together a large stock of very interesting material. We wish that the author had taken time enough to do it more completely and more thoroughly, so that it would not need to be done over hereafter by somebody else. The material has been left too undigested, and the accounts of many of the systems (we would especially instance those of Spinoza and Hegel) are lacking in satisfactory clearness.

To the question, "What is Pantheism," which is the object of his inquiry, he educes the answer, that, —

* An Essay on Pantheism. By the Rev. JOHN HUNT, Curate of St. Ives, Hunts. London: Longmans, Green, Reade, & Dyer, 1866.

"Substantially and primarily, it is the effort of man to know God as Being, infinite and absolute. It is ontological theism, — another, a necessary and implied, form of rational theism. The argument from teleology proves a God at work; the argument from ontology proves a God infinite. We cannot take the one without the other, whatever may be our difficulties in reconciling the conclusions to which each leads us."

We must regard God, therefore, he says, as both personal and impersonal; as both having human attributes and not having them; as acting both by general laws and by special acts.

This conclusion seems to us to be not quite accurate. Pantheism is not quite ontological theism, but the error into which the fundamental truth of ontology has run by relying on itself, and neglecting the corrections of observation and experience. The solution is not, to allow both ontology and teleology, both *a priori* and *a posteriori* reasoning, to develop their results quite independently, and then accept both opponents in all their irreconcilable contradiction. It is to employ one to correct the errors of the other, using abstract reasoning and *a priori* ideas to give enlargement to the outline which observation and experience give; using observation and experience to tell what God actually is, and what interpretation and limitation, therefore, the ideas of the Infinite and Absolute require. Thus we may obtain not a self-contradictory representation of God, to be accepted by the force of faith; but the consistent, reasonable, and apprehensible representation of Him as only personal, yet therefore not limited; the source and the immanent life of all creation, and yet transcending and distinct from all created things.

J. T. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE fifteenth Annual Report of the New-York Children's-Aid Society opens a promising chapter in New-World philanthropy. A careful census shows, that this society, with others of kindred nature, has actually checked the growth of the "dangerous class;" that street-vagrants in New-York city have diminished from thirty thousand to about fifteen thousand; commitments to prison, from 4,299 vagrants in 1861, to 2,717 in 1867; arrests of pickpockets in 1860, 480; in 1867, only 348; while population has increased five per cent per annum.

For particular spots this effectual cure of the disease can be demonstrated. The failure of the revolutionary movements of 1848 drove a crowd of Italian exiles to the Five Points, hardly any of them able to read or do any thing better than grind a hand-organ. The first

efforts to instruct their children were utterly discouraging, being viewed with suspicion as a stealthy attempt to proselyte. Now, through the persistent benevolence of this society, fifty of the number are known to receive good wages at respectable callings; one is a shoemaker in business for himself; one is a foreman in a machine-shop; two are the keepers of tasty confectionaries; several have found their way home to Italy; and the aspect of their dwellings is permanently changed from squalid misery to cleanly comfort and modest independence.

We have asked attention to this society, because there is nothing better of the kind in the world, and because it roots up the Upas-tree in city life, instead of watering it with misplaced charity. It sustains seventeen industrial schools, four reading-rooms for young men, and five lodging-houses for children; almost two thousand little folks have been sent out to Western homes during the past year; 35,000 meals and 52,000 lodgings have been provided in 1867, the boys themselves bearing more than a third of this burden by paying five cents for each bed and five for each meal, — their eighteen thousand dollars being as remarkable a contribution as the two hundred thousand which Mr. Chauncey Rose, of Indiana, has from time to time contributed. Such facts need no comment. The heart and soul of the movement is Charles L. Brace.

F. W. H.

NOTE.

It should have been observed, in the review of Mrs. Dall's "Presentation" of Bunsen's "Egypt," in our last number, that the several dates given for Zoroaster were simply copied, without attempt at reconciliation, from Bunsen's own work.

The paragraph respecting "Mashallah," in the pamphlet under notice, was taken, not from Bunsen, as we learn, but from a French review, which fact the reader of the pamphlet had no means of knowing. The dates and other assertions respecting the Aryan emigrations, &c., are, of course, chargeable to the account of Bunsen, and not of the pamphlet, which simply aims to give his results. It was not in the plan of the pamphlet to harmonize those results, or to compare them with later authorities. And it is this defect of plan to which our criticism applies, not to lack of fidelity in execution.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The Word of God opened : its Inspiration, Canon, and Interpretation considered and illustrated. By Rev. Bradford K. Peirce. pp. 223; Sabbath Chimes; or, Meditations in Verse for the Sundays of a Year. By W. Morley Punshon. pp. 223; The Bible Doctrine of Immortality. By Hiram Mattison. pp. 96. New York: Carlton & Porter.

The Prodigal Son : Four Discourses by the Rev. W. M. Punshon. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. pp. 87.

Plain Talk about the Protestantism of To-day. From the French of Mgr. Ségur. pp. 253; Imitation of Christ. pp. 304; Spiritual Consolation. pp. 256; Treatise on Prayer. pp. 256. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms. By Albert Barnes. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The New-Testament History. With an Introduction, connecting the History of the Old and New Testaments. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 780.

Problems of the Age; with Studies in St. Augustine on kindred topics. By Rev. Augustine F. Hewitt, of the Congregation of St. Paul. New York: Catholic Publication House.

Footprints of Life; or, Faith and Nature reconciled. By Philip Harvey, M.D. New York: Samuel R. Wells. pp. 140.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cape Cod, and all along Shore: Stories by Charles Nordhoff. 12mo, pp. 235. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion. Parts XXV.-XXXV. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Moonstone. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Author of "Armada," "No Name," &c. With many Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 223. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Comer's Navigation Simplified. A Manual of Instruction in Navigation, as Practised at Sea. Adapted to the wants of the Sailor. Containing all the Tables, Explanations, and Illustrations necessary for the Easy Understanding and Use of the Practical Branches of Navigation and Nautical Astronomy. With numerous Examples, worked out by the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac for several years ahead. 8vo, pp. 173. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Grandpapa's Arithmetic. A Story of Two Little Apple-Merchants. By Jean Macé. 18mo, pp. 142. New York: P. S. Wynkoop & Son.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine for July, 1868. pp. 134. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Riverside Magazine for July. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The History of a Mouthful of Bread, and its Effect on the Organization of Men and Animals. By Jean Macé. Translated from the eighth French edition. By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. 12mo, pp. 398. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Servants of the Stomach. By Jean Macé. 12mo, pp. 311. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Dead-Sea Fruit. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon. 12mo, pp. 178. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Spanish Gypsy. A Poem. By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. (A romance, cast in the form of mingled narrative, dramatic, and lyrical poetry. The story would be better told in prose; but it is as if sober prose had seemed to the writer too exhausted and *blasé* for so high a strain, and so it had to be written, perforce, in poetic measure. The artistic form also serves to disguise the violence and painfulness of some portions of the plot. Its execution is here and there extremely fine-wrought and beautiful; but we do not consider it, on the whole, a felicitous substitute for prose. The extraordinarily fine, original, and striking feature in the poem is its setting-forth of the pure "faith of fidelity" to an outcast race and a hated name, in contrast to the different faiths of dogma amid which it plays its part. The conception is splendid and bold; the interpreting of religious passion and motive wonderfully clear; the fulfilment, too hopelessly and merely tragical.)

Memoir and Letters of Jenny C. White Del Bal. By her Mother, Rhoda E. White. pp. 363; Father Cleveland the Jesuit. pp. 178. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Revised and edited by Professor H. B. Hackett, D.D., with the co-operation of Ezra Abbot, A.M. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Part XII. pp. 112. (Upwards of seventy pages of this number are taken up with the extraordinarily full historical and topographical article on Jerusalem. The titles extend from Jehonathan to Jeshurun. pp. 1233-1344.)

A Man in Earnest: Life of A. H. Conant. By Robert Collyer. Boston: Horace B. Fuller, 383, Washington Street. pp. 230. (The record of a devout and honest pioneer, a faithful preacher, a brave, loyal, and tender army chaplain, who died during his honorable service in the field; a record of few outward incidents, but full of the best instruction and example for the Christian life.)

Manual Latin Grammar. By William F. Allen, Professor of Ancient Languages and History in the University of Wisconsin, and Joseph H. Allen, Cambridge, Mass. Boston: Edwin Ginn. pp. 127. (This grammar, though small, claims to be sufficiently complete for any thing less than an extended collegiate course of study. It is especially full in illustrations of the usages of the language; and in convenience of mechanical arrangement, and beauty of typography, is far superior to any book of the class with which we are acquainted.)

A Treatise on Meteorology. With a collection of Meteorological Tables. By Elias Loomis, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 305.

Jeanie's Quiet Life. A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 128.

Poor Humanity. A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 178. Brakespeare; or, The Fortunes of a Free Lance. A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 148.

Lilliput Levee. Poems of Childhood, Child-Fancy, and Childlike Moods. New York: Wynkoop & Sherwood. 16mo, pp. 210.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine for June. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 144.

Life of O'Connell. By Charles Adams, D.D. New York: Carlton & Porter. pp. 268.

The Works of Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank, John Leech, and H. K. Brown. Pickwick Papers, Barnaby Rudge, Sketches by Boz. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 777.

Beaumarchais. An Historical Novel. By A. E. Brachvogel. Translated from the German by Thérèse J. Radford. Illustrated by Gaston Fay. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 295.

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[Vol. VI.—No 3.]

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NOVEMBER, 1868.

CONTENTS.

ART.	PAGE	ART.	PAGE
I. MAN FROM THE MEDICAL POINT OF VIEW.— <i>W. R. Alger</i> . . .	241	VI. REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE	343
II. THE SOUL.— <i>C. H. Brigham</i> . . .	287	<i>Theology.</i> Mahan's Science of Natural Theology, 343. Free Churches of England, 347. Pupils of St. John, 349.	
III. THE REIGN OF LAW, AND ITS RELATION TO RELIGIOUS TRUTH.— <i>J. H. Allen</i> . . .	301	<i>History.</i> Kingslake's Invasion of the Crimea, 350. <i>Geography and Travels.</i> Ellis's Madagascar Revisited, 353. Burritt's Walks in the Black Country, 354. Brinton's Myths of the New World, 355. Sacred City of the Hindus, 356. <i>Miscellaneous.</i> Tyndall's Lecture on Sound, 357. D'Arey Thompson's Ladder to Latin, 359. Cox's Manual of Mythology, 362.	
IV. THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE HINDUS.— <i>J. B. Fausling</i> . . .	311		
V. THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.— <i>H. W. Bellows</i>	315	NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED . . .	364

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ART. I. — MAN FROM THE MEDICAL POINT OF VIEW.

The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind. By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867. 8vo. pp. xiv., 442.

WHEN, even in the fullest light of all the knowledge now possessed, we think either on the conscious functions of the soul, or on the unconscious functions of the body, our intellectual powers are soon baffled, and we are lost in questions which no man ever has been, or ever will be, able to answer. Yet, in both directions,—the material and the spiritual,—is it not desirable to see as far as we can? To all minds the finite knowable must for ever be contained in the infinite unknowable. But different minds will penetrate to different distances, and with different degrees of distinctness and different qualities of emotion will recognize where the encircling light of intelligence ceases as it meets the all-ingulfing mystery. Every man should seek to extend the luminous ring of his knowledge as far as possible, and in pious self-surrender on its verge, with vivid awe and joy, worship God, who passes understanding. In this spirit let us cast a glance at man and his life, as seen by the physician.

Regarded from the scientific point of view, the being of man is a typical metamorphosis of the organic material of the world into the forms of human tissues, and of the animating force of the world into the conditions of human conscious-

ness. The continuous process of our physical and psychical life consists in an ascending transformation of substance and force into the structures and functions of human nature, and a descending transformation of them back into their liberated equivalents. These statements bring before us the two great provinces of physiology and psychology, and include the sum of human experience; the assimilation and decomposition of material in the organism covering what concerns the body, the excitation and subsidal of conscious states covering what concerns the mind. The totality of human experience, then, is a series of co-ordinated changes, presided over by typical forms of force. The more swift and complicated the orderly combinations of changes in an organism, and the more adhesive the traces of those changes, the higher is the rank of the organization, and the richer is the life that results. The cessation of change is the cessation of life. Death is a monotonous homogeneity, an infinite equilibrium.

The deep speculative views of the leading scientists of our day, aided by the astonishing power which the microscope has now reached, show us all nature as a congeries of energies, every object a collection of actions. It looks as if soon there would be no place left for statical conceptions, dynamical ones absorbing every thing. Rest itself is but a balance of invisible motions. Man is a system of activities, a moving equilibrium of changes, a multitude of molecular and massive motions, regulated into one great whole. Who can look on man in this light, and think that every cell and point in his body is full of such motions as the six hundred billion pulsations a second which accompany the sensation of color, and not pause, lost in religious awe?

In the last analysis we can give them, both body and mind are reducible to manifestations of force, dynamic vibrations. Undoubtedly, being, both in the material and in the mental direction, is other and more than dynamic vibrations; but every thing beyond this is an impenetrable mystery to us. Provisionally, there is no truer statement to be made of the life of man, than that it is a collective dynamic vortex, a composite system of changes, every part of which is a quivering

gyre of atoms kept to its typical idea; while all the parts blend into a unity, ruled by a fixed type, with its two phenomenal sides of body and soul, the one a physiological bulk, the other a psychological consciousness. Neither of these sides can be merged in the other. Neither of them is susceptible of any ultimate explanation; though both may be referred to another and unknown term which science calls Force, which metaphysic calls Spirit, which religion calls God. To the truly enlightened mind the vulgar prejudice against materialism is senseless; because, in reality, the one aspect of being is no less mysterious and divine than the other. The origin and significance of the organization of a crystal, with its complicated system of polar forces, offer as insoluble an enigma as those of the organization of the brain, with its teeming activities of intelligence and passion. The absolute cause or meaning of the vibrations of the nerves raises just as inscrutable a question, presents just as inexplicable a mystery, as that offered in the nature of the consciousness accompanying them. Dynamism may be regarded as a third and superior term, or synthetic notion, in which the contradictories, materialism and spiritualism, find reconciliation.

The conception of life not as a fixture; but as a process, a complex moving metamorphosis, an infinitely subtle combination of vortices or typical polarities, playing by regulated stimuli, is less superficial, grapples more earnestly with the central realities of our nature and relations, than any other image in which the earthly course of man can be expressed. As we shall see, it lays bare the very functions of our constitution in its living connection with the universe. It includes the essential materials and forces of life in their normal procedures and in their abnormal outbreaks, and asks us to study them by the formularies of exact science, and to set forth the results through the illustrative imagery of health and disease.

So vast and varied have been the sway and ravages of sickness in human history; so much attention have the keenest wits and the best hearts of every age fastened on its phenomena; with such harrowing power do its terrible relationships everywhere manifest themselves, — that human language has

no terms so expressive, so vivid, so copiously fitted to the facts of experience at large, as those given in the vocabulary of disease. Every good or ill pertaining to humanity may be depicted with new emphasis or ornament in some trope borrowed from the language of medicine. And that much of the gravest truth of history and experience can find no fitter expression than in these hygienic and pathological idioms, we shall have ample opportunity to see before closing our examination.

The earliest condition of men on earth lies beyond our knowledge, in the shadows of an inscrutable antiquity. Beguiled by those illusions which lead the mind to place an elysium in that remote time where ignorance leaves a free vacancy for fancy to fill, people commonly believe that the first human generations lived in a clime and circumstances of paradisaal harmony, securing to them the unbroken fruition of their organs and faculties. The first interruption of their perfect health, it is supposed, was through *wounds*, produced either by accidents or by strife. Gradually the encroachments of moral evil in the mind, and of physical evil in the globe, gave rise to disorders in the elements, to disorders in the relations of the elements with the plastic processes of man; and so the horrid throng of diseases sprang up, and in various ways were spread over the earth, and transmitted down the ages in accumulating inveteracy and complexity. The hypothesis is a most disputed one; rather the fabric of a dream than a structure resting on any basis of science. It may be that the primitive nations, leading lives of more wholesome simplicity than ours, were hardier and healthier. On the other hand, the unsubdued character of the earth at first, the greater exposures of men to hardship and famine, the want of science and art, the greater perturbations of the cosmic forces, may have been more fatal to human health and life than any thing known within recorded times. It is a significant fact, that the science of paleontology, exhuming the remains of animal races which perished long before the appearance of man on the earthly scene, shows in them the unquestionable proofs of all sorts of wounds, deformities, and

diseases. At any event, from the first accounts which have reached us we know that, throughout the historic period of humanity, sicknesses and sufferings, in dire shapes and on a huge scale, have stalked over the world and preyed on our kind. Wherever we look or listen in the light and atmosphere of inhabited time, the groups of the sick are seen, and the groans of the anguished are heard. The pains taken to incorporate such elaborate hygienic regulations into the organism of the Mosaic religion throw a side-light on the prevalence of disease in that part of the world, and show how much it was dreaded. No one can fail to see in Homer's description of Apollo, shooting his vengeful arrows into the camp of the Greeks before Troy, a picture of the sun's rays drawing a pestilential effluvium from a marsh adjacent to the devoted army. For more than two thousand years each successive generation of the educated class has shuddered afresh over the pages of Thucydides, at his fearful portrayal of the plague in Athens. It is altogether likely, from what we know, that the thick undergrowth of despotic countries has been unregardedly mowed down again and again by famine and pestilence, without leaving to subsequent times a sign of the devastation. Nearly every one is familiar with the great epidemics which ravaged different parts of the world in the Middle Age, and which have found so vivid a historian in Hecker.

The worst of these tremendous visitations was the Black Death. This celebrated plague, standing alone in its colossal horror, originated in China, in the earlier part of the fourteenth century. Its accompaniments were ghastly and terrific in the last degree. It overran three-quarters of the globe, and swept off a hundred millions of human beings. Twenty-five millions perished under its stroke in Europe. During its prevalence, a pestilential gale blew over the island of Cyprus, beneath which the inhabitants instantly fell dead in hundreds, as if death had opened a forge in the air and blasted them with fire. In the city of Venice, over a hundred thousand died in a few months. Fifty thousand victims in London were buried together, indiscriminately, in one enormous pit. Such universal terror went abroad, that all ties

were broken, all motives loosened. Here the most brutal debauchery ran riot. There seclusion, denial, and superstitious rites were seen. The ground rocked beneath the tread of armies of the Flagellants, scourging their backs with bloody whips, and striking cliff, wall, and sky with the chorus of their Judgment Hymns. The monks, partaking of the general fright, closed their gates and betook themselves to prayers and masses. All classes of people carried their treasures, money and precious vessels, and threw them in heaps over the walls of the monasteries as deprecatory offerings to religion. At last the virus expended itself, the miasma floated off, the fever subsided, and mankind slowly began to breathe freely again. But ages rolled away ere the effects ceased to be felt. And even now, after the lapse of five centuries, when one who has thoroughly read that page of history meets the phrase, "The Black Death," it conjures before him a spectre whose awful form bestrides the world and darkens the heaven.

The last memorable scourge of this kind was the Asiatic cholera. When this epidemic drew its trail across the middle of the present century, had not science and civilization been so much better equipped to resist and avert it, it is not improbable that the destruction would have been as great as that caused by the most fearful of the former plagues. But the practice of medicine,—beginning with purely empirical trials, or instinctive and groping treatment, on the part of the heads of families; proceeding to the religious prescriptions of the priests in the temples; then advancing to the observations and experiments of a select group of physicians in Greece, and afterwards in Rome; next progressing still farther in the more systematic studies and classifications of the Arabian leeches; and finally blooming out in the regular medical schools and methods succeeding the Middle Age,—has now reached a height of assured skill, obtained command of an amount of scientific knowledge and sanitary art, which give us a protection unknown to earlier periods. If public influenzas and contagions ride in the morbidic sirocco from zone to zone; if shapes of death, shaken from the hideous chambers of the globe, swim through the shuddering air,—in the great

mass of truth which the sciences of chemistry and physiology have conquered we now possess clews to their origin, and directions for guarding ourselves and suppressing them. But how slowly, with what faltering steps, this insight, this foresight, this fortifying power, this averting and curative skill, have been acquired, and how fearfully insufficient they still are! Aside from the immediate aims of life itself, that is, the direct gratification of the cravings of our nature, nothing has exacted an amount of attention and care comparable with that appropriated by disease, the supply of the wants, and the alleviation of the distresses, of the sick. Of all mankind, from the beginning, it is probable that hardly one in ten thousand has lived out his full days in health, and mellowly died of old age. Even now the laws of health are violated, sickness, pain, and untimely death are prevalent, to an extent almost incredible. The established truths of science, which ought to be known by every person for the wise governance of his conduct, are as yet known only to an infinitesimal fraction of the human race. This is a fact to startle one with surprise and pain. In proportion as attention is drawn to it, a sympathetic interest, it is to be hoped, will be awakened, and efforts made to apply the appropriate remedies. The progress made in this respect during the last twenty-five years is as cheering in its prophecy as it is wonderful in the retrospect.

The greatest good of man is the healthy fulfilment of the functions of his nature, harmonized with the conditions of his place and destiny. Can there, indeed, be any other good for man besides this? The study of the means and methods of securing this end, and of establishing the general fruition of it among mankind, the study of the obstacles that prevent its common realization, and of the ways of removing them, — in a word, the study of the courses, conditions, and treatment of human health and disease, bodily and mental, private and social, is the highest possible study. Here, on the thorough sifting and application of the principles of chemistry, physiology, and ethics to the relations of human life, converge our most brilliant hopes for the future. When the thought and toil so long wasted on spurious problems, or on selfish and

momentary struggles, are consecrated to the study of the wants and woes of man, the diseases and welfare of nations, we may hope to see the permanent interests of mankind receive a furtherance that will throw into shade all the achievements of the past. The chosen spirits of humanity have ever been prophetic cultivators of this study, exemplars for the rest. Richter says of Schiller, who first studied medicine, but finally gave himself to literature, that he abandoned surgery for philosophy and poetry, because he found the wounds of the spirit were so much graver and more numerous than those of the flesh! Every person favored by fortune and genius should religiously improve his gifts and opportunities to explore the great realm of human life, study the diagnosis of the troubles of nations, search the pharmacy of truths, and see if he cannot make at least some slight contribution to medicate the hurts of man, and perfect the social harmony of the world. When the death of the sage of Weimar was told, whose survey comprehended the horizon of times, peoples, and theories, how finely it was said,—

“Sunk, then, is Europe’s sagest head :
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness, clear,
And struck his finger on the place,
And said, ‘Thou ail’st here, and here.’”

The loftiest office of a true clergy is the cure of souls; of statesmen, to be physicians of the body politic, seeing that the republic receives no detriment. Those who, intrusted with place and power, neglect these aims, are impostors, charlatans of selfishness and pretence. No treachery deserves to be covered with blacker infamy than that of him, who, lifted to a commanding station, uses his emoluments, authorities, and honors for personal ostentation, reckless of the weal of his country and the enhancement of the public good. Yet what is more frequent than this? What is more easily excused? Public morality is notoriously looser than private. It ought to be held to a standard as much sterner as the scale of its

example is larger, and the influence of its depravation more deadly. If a man is condemned who poisons his single neighbor, what shall be done to him who poisons his country, with all its present and future generations? Every governmental official should hear the genius of the nation saying to him, as Shakespeare makes the Scottish king say:—

“If thou couldst, Doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.”

Perhaps the most striking exhibition of the follies of the human mind furnished in any single department of history, is to be found in the annals of the theory and treatment of disease. As we look back, by what a world of ridiculous quackeries we are confronted! How curious was the theological anatomy of the Egyptians, each portion of the body being assigned to some celestial luminary or god who had especial charge of its interests. Equally strange was the mediæval parody of this in Europe, when the Egyptian deities were deposed from their organic seats in occiput, loins, and feet, and their local offices given to Christian saints! Pepys gives us, in his diary, this specimen of an old charm to cure a burn:—

“There came two angels out of the East;
The one brought fire, the other brought frost:
Get away, fire! and come in, frost!
In the name of the Father and Son and Holy Ghost.”

And Coleridge tells us the following for cramp in the leg:—

“The Devil is tying a knot in my leg!
Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it, I beg!—
Crosses three we make to ease us,
Two for the thieves, and one for Christ Jesus.”

No end is there of deceptions, delusions, nostrums, extravagance, and absurdity: seventh sons of seventh sons, amulets, spells, panaceas, palmistry, wildernesses of pills, deserts of powders, oceans of bitters; all varieties of energy, from the heroic practice that trenched close on murder, to the infini-

tesimal doses that vanish into nothing. A sympathetic powder, instead of being applied to a wound, was applied to the weapon that inflicted the wound. For the cure of warts the patient was directed to wash his hands in a silver basin full of moonbeams. The amethyst was so named because that precious stone was considered a sure preventive of drunkenness. When the horrible epidemic known as the sweating sickness raged in England, five hundred years ago, in precautionary anticipation of it on the Continent many patients were subjected to a sweating process so severe that they died under what the historian calls "the rehearsal of hell." The senseless doctrine long prevailed, and was often fatal in its results, that the missionaries sent to Africa and other tropical regions could not be acclimated until by repeated depletions they had got rid of all the blood they brought from home. The lancet, after destroying innumerable lives in obedience to an erroneous belief, has but recently received an effectual check in its bloody course. The belief in the royal gift of healing, for the worst cases of scrofula, obtained large and obstinate reception for several centuries:—

"How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers. And 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction."

An interesting account of this, and of many other singular pieces of credulity, occult workings of expectant faith, is given in Pettigrew's "Superstitions connected with the History and Practice of Medicine and Surgery."

But if the wildest vagaries of error and folly have been exhibited in that province of human activity whose inspiring motives are the personal avoidance of pain, and the sympathizing endeavor to relieve the pains of others, the most brilliant achievements of genius, and the richest conquests of benefit, have been effected there too. In the roll of the chief

benefactors of the world, a long list of the brightest names stands in the profession of medicine. Strike out the names of Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna, Paracelsus, Harvey, Boerhaave, Hunter, Sydenham, Pinel, with those of a dozen of their worthiest peers,—and a sudden darkness would be felt over the mental landscape. Before Jenner introduced vaccination, it is estimated that four hundred thousand persons annually perished in Europe of the small-pox. That wonderful discovery potentially ended it. It is a mockery of justice, an outrage of the rights of love and the interests of humanity, that the fame allotted this humble Southampton doctor is so much less broad and resplendent than that lavished on a Wellington. However, these are wrongs that are gradually getting righted; and the prospect is full of promise when we trace the luminous, ever-broadening progress of guardian knowledge and healing skill from the travelling quacks, vendors of magic potions, who for a thousand years overran Asia and Europe, infesting court and camp and city; from such monstrous speculations as Borelli's theory, that digestion was effected by mechanical trituration carried on with a force of a hundred tons,—to the amazing subtlety, patience, reach of observation, inductive tact and wisdom of a Cooper and a Louis; to the animal chemistry of such men as Liebig, and the psychological researches and experiments of such men as Friedreich, Hartmann, Esquirol, Conolly, Bain, Maudsley, and, above all, Herbert Spencer. The sulphuric ether of Jackson has put an end for ever to the worst extremities of human pain. It is a blessing whose discoverer, had he lived in ancient times, would certainly have been worshipped as a god, and is now sure to be laurelled with immortal honors, if any man is. What myriads of baulked tentatives have been made, what intervals of error and harm have been passed, in traversing, with empiric groping, the spaces of thought and experiment from the patriarchal practice of the first ages of the East; the incantations of the Esculapian priests of Greece; the ludicrous manipulations and ventures of the wandering practitioners of mediæval Christendom; the awful bleeding, purging, and nauseous drugging of the three hundred years

preceding Hahnemann; and the innumerable crudities in theory and practice which have bubbled up and subsided during the current century,—up to the present state of the prognostic healing art, as represented in works like Forbes's "Nature in Disease," Bigelow's "Expositions of Rational Medicine," and Holmes's "Currents and Counter-currents." Familiar with that swarming correlation of truths which constitutes the unified organism of the modern sciences; knowing the normal structure of the tissues of the human frame, the normal processes and rates of the functions of body and mind; furnished with the proportions of the ingredients of the pure elements; knowing the exact measurement of the nutritive and other qualities of every species of food or drink; aware of the various bearings of the principal conditions of health and sickness; masters of the scientific classification of the different disorders flesh and spirit are heir to, with the histories of innumerable cases of each of them,—the wisest modern physicians, to an ever-greater extent, fall back upon nature, conscientiously watching her course, assisting her intentions, cautious and tender of interference, trusting rather to sedulous nursing, moral soothings and encouragements, pure air, regulated exercise, and fit nourishment, than to any heroic remedies of drugs or violent mediation. Before this result was attained, and for its attainment, what Herculean labors were performed! What a chaotic immensity of experience was mapped and co-ordinated! For example, Rokitsky is said to have overseen the dissection of thirty thousand corpses in the preparation of that masterpiece, his great work on Pathological Anatomy,—translated and republished in English by the Sydenham Society. Dr. Bigelow, with reference to treatment, arranges all diseases in four classes: those which may be cured by drugs; those which may be cured by regimen; those which are self-limited, running their unavoidable course, and ceasing; those which are incurable, terminating only with death. Such a division expresses a thought the most rational, a spirit the most advanced. This spirit, now widely awakened,—the spirit of sober wisdom watching the destined course of each disease, ready with an eager

calmness to help, to check, to test, at every justifiable opportunity, — betokens the happiest future results. Especially are great discoveries to be expected, as, indeed, many have already been made, in that dusky border realm between physiology and psychology, the mystic region of the physico-psychical relations where consciousness lives and our whole mental life is led. Guardian directions against morbid assaults, as well as restorative directions afterwards, are here to be gathered for a harvest of defence and salvation. No books extant are richer in instruction of absolutely the first and last importance to man than such books as Carpenter's "Human Physiology," Feuchtersleben's "Medical Psychology," the "Psychological Medicine" of Drs. Tuke and Bucknill, the "Mental Pathology and Therapeutics" of Griesinger, and the series of the "Journal of Psychological Medicine."

That complex metamorphosis which we call our life is the conversion of matter into the typical tissues of the body, and the correspondent conversion of force into the self-recognizing acts of the spirit. Our existence lies in the vision of the most advanced analyst as a continuous integration and differentiation of organic tissues and conscious states; a swift shedding off of the effete surfaces of tissue in dead differences from that in latent and living readiness, and a swift series of vanishing pulsations of force shed off from the nervous batteries into unconsciousness. In other words, the sum of our life consists, first, in the waste of tissue in the performance of the vital functions, with the assimilation of new matter in its place; secondly, in the discharge of mental power in the performance of the mental functions, with the accumulation of fresh power in its place. The grand desideratum for us evidently is the accurate and felicitous fulfilment of this metamorphosing operation, this balanced waste and repair, this sustained equilibration of functions. For, unhappily, in consequence of defect and excess, error and sin, many marring interferences disturb and jangle the due working of the process. In so profound a degree, and on so broad a scale, has this been the case, that life itself is not

unfrequently called a disease. What a melancholy music of remorse and truth is in the pathetic words of Macbeth : —

“ Duncan is in his grave.
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ! ”

Plato had long before said, “ The passions are the fevers of the mind.” And there is wonderful variety of suggestiveness in what Timon says to the expostulating senators, with reference to his expected death : —

“ Why, I was writing of my epitaph :
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things.”

The inclusive interest of human life is the question of health and disease, the right and happy fulfilment of the great ends of our earthly being, or their wrong and wretched frustration. Health, if we follow the etymological hint of the word, is wholeness, the integrity of man in structure and function. It implies ease, order, wellness, content ; as, correlatively, any deviation from it instantly predicates disease, disorder, illness, pain. The forces of the human organism are meant to work in certain regular methods to certain desirable ends. Working in those ways, to those ends, that is, working harmoniously after their own types, the process exemplified is health, and the accompaniment is happiness. Working in any other ways, to any other ends, the process exemplified is disease, and the accompaniment is misery. Health, then, is the harmonious operation of that assimilating and fulfilling metamorphosis, that integrating and differentiating metamorphosis, of which our life consists. Disease is that metamorphosis made discordant by some deviation from the normal process. In other phrase, disease is a manifestation of some typical force of the organization under abnormal conditions. It is clear from these definitions that health is one, but that diseases are many. The realization of the will of God as expressed in our physical constitution, is bodily health or well-being. The realization of the will of God as expressed in our moral con-

stitution, is spiritual health or well-being. These two are so delicately interwoven by a live network of millions of fibres, that sin in the mind often makes sickness in the body, and often sickness in the body makes sin in the mind.

"For health with health agrees,
And the wise soul expels disease."

In ancient times, it was frequently thought the union and relations of body and mind were faint and unimportant, the latter being loosely dipped or separately imprisoned in the former, capable of maintaining a most incongruous rank, or even of easily slipping out, as in dreams or swoons, and returning again. A fiend, an idiot, a sage, an angel, might be doomed to inhabit the form of a weasel, a hawk, or an antelope. But step by step the progressive researches of science, especially of microscopic anatomy, supplementing the study of living phenomena, have shown a closer connection and interdependence of soul and body. Such is now seen to be their intimacy of operation, that the entire human organism is regarded as a unit, and the rank of every bodily structure is known to determine with complete fatality the rank of the psychical life incarnated within it. Life is not a masked ball of dramatic metamorphoses, where all grades of spirits go about masquerading, disguised behind all grades of material vizards; but it is an honest play, where each performer is homogeneous throughout in organic dress and volitional character.

So thorough is the sympathetic interwovenness of organ and spirit, that they seem to be perfectly parallel, — the opposite sides of one process. There is a physico-spiritual region where, both in health and disease, the bodily life mirrors itself in the mental life, and the mental life mirrors itself in the bodily life. Illustrations of this are furnished in those instances where the restoration of the normal condition of material organs has given rationality to an insane mind, and in those counter-instances where mental perturbation has perverted or paralyzed the nervous system. Cases have repeatedly been known where violent rage has added so deadly a secretion to

the saliva of the irritated person, that death has ensued from his bite; also where extreme terror in a nursing mother has so poisoned her blood, and the milk secreted from it, that the babe at her breast has immediately died in convulsions. It seems that feeling and perception on the physical side, and intellection and volition on the psychical side, come together, in transition states, on the neutral and plastic ground of imagination, and, intertwining their radical fibres there, form the conscious tree of our life on whose brilliant stems the functions of health bloom in electric efflorescences, but on whose lugubrious branches, when fed from a pathologic soil, diseases grow.

To understand the metamorphosis of life in its relations both of health and of disease, we must examine the subject in five distinct aspects or provinces.

First, the typical forces which produce and rule the human organism manifest themselves in certain cravings, mute appealings for their destined nourishment, spontaneous desires for the material fitted to undergo their elaborating processes of transformation. When these typical forces constituting the initial germ of the future organism, and so largely holding its character and destiny, are normal in quality and quantity, the earliest and most important condition of health is furnished. Often, unfortunately, this is not the case. Nature, in a finite and contingent sphere, cannot be perfect and infallible in all her products. Some plants are blights, excrescences, monstrosities, hybrids, from the defective or perverted or adulterated forces in the germ. It must be so with men too. In such cases, disease is fate. The principle of hereditary transmission is particularly brought to light here; the law whereby abnormal peculiarities, influences of depravation, perversely directed forces, are continued over from an unhealthy parentage to the germs that build their progeny. The preventives and correctives of this source of organic disease in the race are to be found, primarily, in the practical observance of the moral duties drawn from the laws of hereditariness; those with tainted blood or cerebral abnormality laying their privilege of offspring as a willing sacrifice on the

altar of the general good; and, secondarily, in the restraining and directing power of the best education.

The next consideration touches the outward supplies corresponding to the inward demands of the developing man. The germ-forces which make man, manifest themselves through organs fitted to appropriate the material they need, and eager to seize it. These materials must be furnished from the environment, or the initial organism will starve and perish. The metamorphosis of externally given nutriment, in accordance with the interior type of force, goes on from the first ray and throb of vitality in the primordial gemmule, until death reclaims the exhausted organism. That the products of the metamorphosis may be healthy, the medium must present to the craving germ the normal nourishment. If the materials supplied be of bad quality, of false kind, or in wrong proportions, disturbance naturally ensues in the process, and disease is the result. If the laving and circulating element from which the embryo draws its support be loaded with taint of scrofula, or other depravation, the lurking evil is naturally imbibed, and, however latent it be, may at any time fatally break out. Although the plastic force of the germ, stamped by the influences under which it was impregnated, determines the subsequent development of the organism, the process and the results all along the way are vastly modified by the normal or abnormal materials supplied for conversion into its adipose, nerve, and brain. The best lungs cannot transform carbonic acid gas into wholesome breath or fuel. Breathed on by miasma, washed in a cancerous tide, the most vigorous tissues will droop and corrode. If the food and drink furnished to the hungry and thirsty stomach possess no nutrient properties, the digestive powers labor in vain: if it be in any way unfit, it will carry its deleterious influences through the metamorphoses it undergoes. The bones rise like a marble forest from the blood-fields of the heart; and if any of the materials required be wanting in the sanguineous soil, as sometimes happens, that forest becomes brittle. The second essential condition of health, in whose frequent and manifold violation disease chiefly originates, is, then, that the

human organism, protected in its environment from poisonous influences, be supplied, in answer to its instinctive cravings, with pure air and fit food, the materials adapted for metamorphosis into its own various substance.

Disease once established in an organism — either in consequence of an inherited abnormality in the forces of the plastic germ, or in consequence of an abnormality in the supply of nutritive materials from the environment — tends in many ways, by the complexity of crossing and mixing influences and processes involved, to multiply, to spread, to perpetuate itself. For, in the third place, a great deal of disease has its birth in the false, incomplete, or excessive assimilation of the nutritive matter supplied to the organism from without, an abnormal performance of the work of metamorphosis on the materials submitted to the transforming organs. For instance, the hypochondriac absorbs poison from every thing he perceives. Any improper substance intruding into the blood dangerously tasks the absorbing vessels, or injuriously deranges the excretory apparatus, or, perhaps, fatally deteriorates the tissues repaired from its plasma. Any proper ingredient unduly accumulated in the blood may either break down the appropriate organ to which it gives such an augmented supply, or produce in it an extraordinary size and force. "This principle," Dr. Carpenter says, "is one most fertile in pathological applications; for there can be little doubt that the development of many morbid growths is due to the presence of morbid matters in the blood, which determine the formation of tissues that use them as their pabulum." Various diseased growths of a malignant character are known to be composed of cells incompletely assimilated into the attempted tissues, and in this arrested transformation preserving their reproductive power. These heterologous masses of tissue or fungous structures, specimens of disordered nutrition or abnormal metamorphosis, are frequently the most frightful and agonizing phenomena afforded in the whole range of disease. One of the most glaring instances of imperfect metamorphosis, resulting from defective germinal force and inadequate supply of stimulant nutrition, is exhibited in cretinism. It is endemic

in the damp shaded valleys and defiles of great mountain ranges all over the Eastern Continent, from the Pyrenees to the Wall of China; from the Alps to Madagascar. The cretin looks like a gigantic polypus, his huge, shapeless head drooping on his flabby breast; a squat, bloated figure, with stupid look, bleary eyes, leaden-hued countenance, dirty skin covered with tetters, lolling tongue, livid lips, asthmatic breath, moving with painful slowness, hearing not, speaking not, occasionally uttering a hoarse cry. Without the light of the sun, the force of ambition, and the diversity of society, common life would be represented in the slaving metamorphosis arrested at the hideous animality and the torpid dream of the cretin.

Another principal condition of health is the adequate exercise of all our organs and faculties, each in its rank and proportion. Healthy life is the harmonious normal fruition of the functions of our being. It consists in that continuous metamorphosis of substance and force which is kept up by a balancing process of waste and renovation. Sloth leads to surfeit of matter and inanition of spirit. In luxury and idleness the body is often pampered for the anguish of gout and the shock of apoplexy, while the mind is starved and made the victim of irritation and atony. Tertullian excellently remarks in his address to the martyrs, that it is not good to gorge the flesh and starve the soul: *Carnem enim saginari et spiritum esurire, non prodest*. Deficient performance of function produces adipose at the expense of muscle and nerve; excessive exertion produces a state of morbid exhaustion tending to paralysis. But the rightly adjusted action and repose of every fibre and faculty, on its appropriate objects, keep all in fresh tone and fruition, surrendering none to palsy, urging none to inflammation. An immense amount of disease and suffering springs directly from the deficiency of vigorous, properly adjusted and alternated exercise of body and of mind. Waste goes on from the organic processes in our idleness; but wholesome repair with increment is stimulated only in response to dynamic exertion on our part. Every one knows that increased muscular strength can be obtained exclusively by the due performance of muscular function. The

fibres grow by use. This is equally true, however much overlooked, of the organs more directly associated with thought, affection, and will. The loftiest thinking, loving, resolving, in appropriate degree, produce the finest cerebral nutrition, the highest mental health and energy. The chief evil, indeed, under which our race suffers is that it so largely refrains from the voluntary performance of the noblest functions of human nature, leading a negligent and mutilated existence. How many, absorbed in degrading passions, or in delusive dreams, neglect to think the truths of science and the principles of philosophy, to cherish the sentiments of disinterested love and virtue, to form the high resolves of wisdom, usefulness, and piety, and thus to purify, expand, and enrich their nature to its utmost capacity !

There are persons to whom life is a general lethargy, needing to be shocked by some spirit battery and thrilled from its stupid sloth into hilarious effort and satisfaction. To a still larger number, experience is a partial lethargy ; for, while they are alive with the intensest vitalities of life to every thing connected with pleasure and pride, they are dead with the dullest torpors of death to every thing concerning duty and aspiration. They need to apply to the dormant parts of their souls those appetizing stimulants of glory and faith, those pure tonics of noble visions and aims, which can stir indifference into glee, and transform a vulgar content into a divine ambition. Sufficient earnestness of interest to secure a complete, harmonious, recurrent exercise of all his powers is the richest endowment or achievement of man. We are organs of seven octaves ; but many of us never sound through more than one. The fruition of sensations, thoughts, emotions, and volitions in correspondence with the phenomena of nature, the truths of creation, the symbols of literature, the claims of humanity, and the will of God,—in this consist the true greatness and bliss of our being. By the healthy performance of every function to transform his various physical and psychological relations into the succession of conscious states composing this fruition, is the true metamorphosis of life. And for this the hearty exercise of the entire organism is indispensable.

Another feature, equally essential, in that wonderful process of changes which composes the life of man, remains to be noticed; namely, the removal from the organism of the effete or useless atoms, the particles incapable of further service. If the typical forces implanted in the initial germ of an organism be purely normal, and then the supply of nutriment given to its cravings from the environment be purely normal too, no disease can arise. But the existence of any mal-direction or disturbance of the balance in these will lead to further complication of evil in various ways by abnormal results in the processes of assimilation. Disease will arise from some discord between the functional ends of the being and the structural products resulting from the metamorphoses of the food. Now, one of the most common ways in which the trouble manifests itself is the failure of the living parts to rid themselves of the dead ones. It is a universal law of organized being, that all performance of function is accompanied by waste of vital substance. Every act, whether organic, muscular, nervous, or mental, is an expenditure of power. The cells giving up the force they held die from its loss, are disintegrated from the tissues to which they belonged. In their death and disintegration they undergo retrograde metamorphosis into the inorganic compounds from which they were originally assimilated. The amount of decomposed tissue is exactly measured by the amount of action,—each motion costing its proportionate waste. The differentiated matter thus rejected from the living tissues, and degraded to inorganic levels, must be expelled to make room for fresh plastic material. It must also be removed because it is poisonous. If retained, it will infect all around with the contagion of its own decomposition and death. The principal mass of it, accordingly, is poured into the blood, which carries the dark load along the venous circulation. The carbonic acid is removed by the lungs. Numerous secreting glands take up from the scavenger current each its appointed substance, and dispose of it. “In the vastness of nature the excretory impurities of life,” as Wilkinson eloquently says, “die by extreme dilution. Our *sordes* perishes harmlessly in the great sea and

the fleckless ether." But dead disintegrations, shut up in the body by any disorder or suspension of the appropriate vessels, will either make a violent eruption in disease, or prove the destruction of the whole system. If oxygen be withheld from aerating and taking the carbonic acid from the poisoned blood constantly returned into the lungs, we sicken and expire. If uncleanness or sluggishness be allowed to clog the excreting pores of the skin, which through their seven million mouths daily exhale two or three pounds of dead stuff, the painful consequences appear in many forms, and are not unfrequently fatal. For sustained health, good ventilation and ablution and exercise are indispensable, that the organs deputed to carry off the effete products of the economy may effectually fulfil their duty.

When the cardinal conditions now described are observed without excess, defect, or perversion, — normal typical forces in the embryonic vesicle, normal supplies of nutriment from the medium, normal performance of the processes of assimilation, normal removal of the products of waste, — disease is excluded by the terms, and there is complete health. The metamorphosis of life is then exemplified in its perfection.

The five principles above affirmed of the physical life of man, also apply by profound analogies to the entire sphere of his moral experience; and the lessons they inculcate are among the most comprehensive and momentous that can be taught.

In the first place, subject only to modifying influences, the mental character of the parentage stamps and transmits itself in the progeny. The soul of the child, as well as its body, bears the peculiarities of those of the parents. It is a universal law that "the cohesion of psychical states is proportionate to the frequency with which they have followed one another in experience." It is also a universal law that "habitual psychical successions entail some hereditary tendency to such successions." These laws, combined with the law of sympathy, afford the only rational explanation of what is expressed by family character, national character, race character. The potential spiritual states representing the experiences received

during the historic evolution of life are successively bequeathed to posterity. These have slowly accumulated, and now amount to "that high intelligence which lies latent in the brain of the infant, which the infant may exercise and strengthen, and, with minute additions, again bequeathe to future generations." A ray of light is thus thrown on that mysterious subject, the transmission of intellectual and moral qualities. Genius, idiocy, or any one of ten thousand subtle peculiarities, is inherited from the parental personality in the dynamic impulses of the initial organic germ. This is a true law, although the complication of forces and circumstances in its working is so elusive and enormous that every individual case must baffle our attempts at a detailed interpretation. The extent and pervasiveness of the law of hereditary transmission, the number of factors that enter into it, the startling phenomena and implications it brings to light, the momentous, almost revolutionizing, lessons it yields for practical application in the field of education, are not yet appreciated by one person out of millions. The most imposing and instructive array of facts thus far gathered is to be found in Darwin's "Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication;" for whatever holds of plants and animals is also true of man, with much besides that is special to him. The profoundest synthesis and interpretation of these facts which have yet been reached are contained in Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology," and "Principles of Biology," in connection with Darwin's tentative theory of "Pangenesis."

Originality of character is to experience the world and to react on it in a peculiar way. Man, as Feuchtersleben has hinted, being the most multiplex and sensitive re-agent in nature, that extract of his properties, his idiosyncrasy, must bring to light many original and perplexing phenomena. "Habit is the memory of the will," said Herbart. But it reaches not merely through one's own previous life; it reaches through the lives of his ancestry as well. The interior proclivities of his consciousness, the special characteristics of his spirit-force as an individual, were coined and uttered in expression of those directly engaged in his procreation.

Besides this, our generic instincts as men are the transmitted organic memory of our race so deeply imbedded and inwrought in our nervous system as to act automatically. Thus the prime agency in the being and destiny of a man, the primordial deposit of his soul, so to speak, is the inherited type of nerve-force he brings to the work of consciousness; the peculiarities of the assimilating power he brings to that metamorphosis of mental pabulum into mind, in which the distinctive character of his spiritual life is found.

The second factor, as indispensable as the first to the product, and subordinate to it alone in importance, is the supplies of nutriment submitted for assimilation, and the discharging stimuli applied to us. For the life of the mind is not merely a force, or a sum of forces. It is also a process, a collection of actions; and that process must be fed by an appropriate supply, those actions must be supported by distributive stimuli. The dynamic entity exists in a material nest, and is sustained through co-ordinated material conditions. The originality of every character or mental life results from some peculiarity in the correlation of the inherited typical force with the nutriment and stimulus furnished for it to work upon. Some elements of the initial force, some portions of the nourishment or stimulation, may be quite identical in many cases; but the total resultant of their co-ordination can scarcely be so, because of the infinitude of permutative particulars concerned in the combination. Precisely the same materials submitted to two different souls will be metamorphosed into unlike experiences. Very unlike materials submitted to two different souls may be metamorphosed into the same experiences. Every consciousness has its peculiar psychological signature or die wherewith it coins the ore of experience, and stamps its own image and superscription on each state. The chief fact in the continuance of our spiritual life is its dependence on its environment. It is an incessant action and re-action of the self and the not-self. The universe rushes into our consciousness through the openings made in us by the senses: our consciousness rushes into the universe through the openings made in it by the intellectual faculties.

Thus, in perpetual metamorphosis, rise and fall the fluent and refluxing tides of natural truth and human will whose circulation is our life. This ever-transforming interchange of sensations and volitions, intermediated by ideas, is the diastole and systole of the soul. It is the centripetal and centrifugal movements whose swaying balance along the afferent and efferent roadsteads of sentient and motor nerves so largely composes our life. The closeness and friendliness of our reliance on nature for sustenance receives a striking illustration in the contrasted phenomena of pleasure and pain. In our moments of bounding strength and health, exuberance of joy, sudden laughter, we expel our breath with sharp, violent emissions, as if to impart to the world our superfluity of energy. But in grief, in extreme terror, we gasp, drawing convulsive inhalations, as if clutching out with a sobbing cry for help from the world, for oxygen to keep up the expiring fire of the soul. Whatever seems to promise to heighten or prolong life gives gratification, and we instinctively reach after it, and cling to it; while whatever seems to lessen or threaten life is disagreeable, and we instinctively shrink from and repulse it. Pleasure and pain are the right and left sides of the rudder given for the steering of life.

The material instrumentality by which mental nourishment and stimulus, so to speak, are transformed into mind, is the nerve system of the body, in connection with that mass of fibrous and vesicular matter which forms the spinal cord and the convolutions of the cerebral hemispheres. The power in connection with whose expenditure the states of consciousness succeed each other, is furnished by the functional waste of vital tissues in which are stored the equivalents of the force contained in the food assimilated by the material organism. The nutritive process accumulates this power in the ganglionic centres, the nervous batteries, whose centre is the brain. In the discharge of these batteries,—either by an objective cause, or by spontaneity from accumulated fulness,—diffusive waves of consciousness, ideal, emotional, volitional, are sent streaming and pulsating in the sensitive organization. Then the feelings buried below rise and make ostentatious

signs on the surface; the agitations within the sanctuary of the soul fluctuate outwards, and break in expressive revelation on the peripheral shores of the body.

Such being the organic apparatus and power given for the production and support of the life of the mind, what and whence — if such a metaphor may be used — are the psychical materials whose integration into conscious states constitutes mental life? Of course, the only exposition to which science is competent, is confined to the material aspects of the case, since the objective mensurable phenomena proper to science are necessarily limited to the physical side of things. The explanation here undertaken is merely a device to assist the reader to a scientific understanding of what is scientifically intelligible, — without any pretence either of clearing up the absolute mystery of mind as approached from the spiritual side, or of ignoring the absolute immateriality of every state and act of consciousness. As long as we do not submerge *psychics* in physics, but recognizes them as parallel processes of phenomena, the one set in matter, the other in spirit, the cultivators of the psychological approaches to the study of mind should have no prejudice against the cultivators of the physiological approaches to it. Both methods should be united without prejudice; for there is strictly no phenomenon in one, without its parallel in the other. Should we say, that, if examined with a mental microscope of adequate power, the blood of a man of rich glowing genius would be found loaded with the seeds of the sun, the blood of a vicious slaving idiot, swarming with tadpoles, there would be a truth in the trope. Not forgetting these qualifications, let us now proceed.

With the exception of the organized tendencies or potential habitudes of the brain and ganglia received by inheritance, the raw materials of mentality are acquired from the surrounding universe, through the avenues of the senses, and are fundamentally composed of the four relations of difference, agreement, co-existence, and succession. These, discriminatingly perceived, as brought together in their endless complexity of co-ordinations, seem to cover all the materials

of mental experience. They are reproduced in consciousness in the forms of sensation, thought, and volition; which are flashed into existence by some stimulus brought to bear upon the latent nerve-force accumulated in the ganglionic centres. The real material, then, actually metamorphosed into mind, seems to be, so far as it can be expressed in words, the nerve-force generated from the waste of nerve-tissues, and stored up in the brain and its tributaries. In the production of every mental state, some portion of the nerve-force is struck by a stimulus; and liberated in discharges of consciousness which, when healthy, are psychical equivalents of realities and phenomena in the universe. The quality, intensity, persistency, and other relations of that product or mental action depend on the character of the internal force and the external stimulus in whose meeting it is born. Accordingly, the psychical metamorphosis which follows the collision of the stimulus and the force may be harmonious or discordant, healthy or diseased, accordingly as the factors and their union are normal or abnormal.

The mental life of man is twofold,—real and ideal; or, as the metaphysicians say, presentative and re-presentative. It is real when the assimilation of conscious states is determined by stimuli received directly from external objects; ideal when those determining stimuli are derived from the mind itself, being an interior revival of foregone states, or a construction of new ones independently of the outward world. The real is a direct mental mastication; the ideal is mental rumination, or a spiritual chewing of the cud. The external stimulus is sensational; the internal is intellectual. The latter is the cumulative result of the former, modified by the proclivities of hereditary transmission. The reports of all sorts of natural phenomena, the qualities of objects, the forces and relations of things, are carried over the conducting nerves of the organs of sense to the gray matter of the brain, where, in some inexplicable manner, they deposit the equivalents, or paint the pictures, of themselves. The brain is the terminal hall of natural tidings, where the telegraphic porters pile up their messages; or the focus of representative images, where

all kinds of objective realities photograph themselves. The sensational images thus conveyed, however, are not mind: they are but the stimulus which determines and gives form to the production of mind, or that metamorphosis of latent force into active consciousness which is the essence of psychical life. There is no mind associated with the sensational images depicted on the nerves of the eyeball when the brain is dead and the soul has gone. The images of objects shown in a mirror are not seen by the mirror, and do not see themselves. So the representations of facts and relations in the brain are not known by the brain, and do not know themselves; but they are the condition of the metamorphosis into self-consciousness of their immaterial equivalents in nerve-force. A conscious state whose sustaining stimulus is furnished by external realities—sensation—is distinguished from one whose support is derived from internal reproduction of departed states,—intellection,—by the pronounced vigor, clearness, and pertinacity of the former, in contrast to the comparative feebleness, dimness, and evanescence of the latter: also by the fact that the former is modified by collateral movements, while the latter remains unaffected by such movements. It is a fact of universal experience, that the degree of force, the intensity of emotion, awakened in us by the direct perception of an actual object is normally much greater than that awakened by the mere intellection of an object. It is equally a fact of universal experience, that while sensational images, the effects of outward objects, shift with our bodily motions, enlarge and diminish as we approach or recede, are shut out as we turn away, and restored as we return; ideal images, the effects of reflective resuscitation, remain the same whatever our bodily postures, but vary and succeed of themselves when we are motionless. Deprived of these two tests, we should be unable to discriminate between perception and meditation, the objects and influences of nature, and the pictures or reviviscences of the imagination. An imagination would be indistinguishable from a real action. Accordingly, as we all know by experience, when sensations are wholly withdrawn, the outer senses being laid asleep, as

in a deep dream, we have no means of distinguishing ideas from them; and we are forced to suppose all that happens or appears, to be objectively real. The same thing also occurs, we are unable to distinguish subjective from objective experiences, whenever the ganglia spontaneously discharge their nervous loads with as much vigor as if they were touched off by sensations. This is the key to the whole world of hallucinations.

But, as we are constituted, the two elements, sensational or actual, and intellectual or ideal, are constantly alternating and blending in the succession of our conscious states. By their duly proportioned mixture they constitute a healthy life. One in whom the former much preponderates, is described as having an objective character and experience: he in whom the latter rules, is called subjective. In the former case, the ideas which strike the psychical matter into the forms of consciousness are the direct phenomena and relations of the environing universe; in the latter case, the reproduced correspondences or mental reverberations of those phenomena and relations. The metamorphosis of life, as the instinct of mankind expressed in literature has accurately divined, is more likely to be discordant and diseased in the later instance than in the earlier; because in the subjective realm each element of experience is exposed to atrophy, hypertrophy, inflammation, degeneration, from the defective, exaggerated, or perverted influence of the rest; the heterogeneous multitude of elements and acts being so vast and mobile that the steady preservation of their normal balance can hardly be expected in the present condition of mankind. When the contents of sensation and intellection, the fresh importations and the revived reminiscences poured into consciousness, are expressions of truth and harmony, equivalents of the order of nature and the will of God, the resulting life is healthy; but when they are jangled, disarranged, falsely colored, mere equivalents of fiction and violence, the life produced is morbid, charged with the forces of disease and madness.

The soul not only draws its supplies directly from the objects and events of nature; it also lives largely on the indi-

rect supplies furnished from those objects and events through the assimilated representations of them in the experiences of other souls. To express the thought a little differently: the mind feeds not only on the signs of the forces of nature, but also on the signs of the states of other minds. The stimulative symbols of the relations and phenomena of natural objects, conveyed in sensations, first nourish the mind; uniting with its dynamic substratum, are metamorphosed into its conscious states. And, secondly, the stimulative symbols of those conscious states as expressed through the human form in motions, colors, and sounds, produce the same results again. That is to say, the phenomena of nature brought into relation with a man produce psychical states in him, and the revealing indications of psychical states in a man produce corresponding psychical states in other men. Literature is the permanent embodiment of the signs of psychical states at the second remove. The first signs are natural variations of the features, muscular motions, and vocal inflections. Written language is a system of conventional signs afterwards devised. The literature of the world is the great storehouse of the signs of the past experience of our race. Language is the painted carriage in which the experience of mankind travels down the ages. Some persons, like Wordsworth, live mostly on the fresh phenomena of nature; they take their mental food at first hand. Some, like Balzac, live mostly on the experiences of society; they take their mental food at second hand, either sympathetically, as it is expressed by their companions, or reflectively, as it is garnered in books.

These two sources of nutritive supply are to the soul what a vegetable and an animal diet are to the body. Social action and literary art are, to most persons, more concentrated and stimulative in their effects. They present to the assimilative powers of the soul psychical food, not in its elemental condition, but as already metamorphosed in other organisms. Undoubtedly, in some proportion to the complex elaboration the food of experience has previously undergone, is the danger that it has suffered perversion from the normal wholesomeness of truth. More diseases are pro-

cured or provoked by the highly stimulative complexity of meats than by the simple fruits of the earth. A soul fed on the revulsive passion of the verse of Byron, the syren voluptuousness of the strain of Moore, and the overcharged plotting of the patriotism of Mazzini, will be less likely to attain a healthy experience than one fed directly on the ambition of the social sphere, the loveliness of passing maidens, and the impersonated idea of his country. The principal reason why psychical disturbances and diseases are so much more rife among the moderns than they were among the ancients, why calmness, balance, and content are so much more rarely known with us, may be, that we live so much more than they did on the preserved experiences of other souls, and so much less on immediate natural phenomena. Unlike us, they cheerfully received things as they were, not holding them under a morbid speculative analysis, and reflecting over them a pale and sickly cast of thought.

" And since they Nature's fearful wound
Sought not to probe and bare,
Therefore their spirits never swooned,
Watching the misery there."

We should not use books or the meditations of other people as preferential substitutes for nature. They may usefully be accompaniments, keys, supplements, but not excluding substitutes for the original realities. The reverse is often actually the case. The quiddities of the Schoolmen occupied the best brains of Europe for many generations. The dreams of Buddha have tinctured the daily lives of nearly one-half the population of the globe for two thousand years. When a splendidly endowed or inspired man realizes a mental state which is beyond the unaided reach of ordinary men, and organizes the true and noble experience in an institution, or deposits the permanent sign of it in literature, where the common multitude may appropriate and reproduce it, — it is the highest service an individual can confer on the race. Such are the beatitudes of Christ; such are the great discoveries in science; such are the ecstatic emotions of the most

exalted poetic or saintly genius. But when a man of diseased soul, a dupe or an impostor, sets forth his abnormal experience — concocted of delusion, falsehood, selfishness, and fanaticism — for applause and imitation, and succeeds in making others believe that it is something corresponding with obligatory realities, he inflicts one of the greatest of evils on mankind. Such was the infectious example of the founder of the Inquisition; such also was that of the author of Mormonism. The widest and most obstinate chronic follies and miseries of sects and of nations are illustrations of this principle. Truth is the proper food, reasoning the digestion, sentiment the blood, and desire the breath, of the soul. Imagination is its salient and winged purveyor. Roaming unimpeded through the phenomena of heaven and earth, through the treasures of experience, that purveyor is either a god or a scavenger, accordingly as its affinities are for truth and purity, or for error and filth. The assimilation of unwholesome mental food, — whether presented by nature or by men, — such as an experience of prolonged monotony, or an excessive shock of fright, an encounter of treacherous envy or maddening insolence, naturally tends to produce a diseased mind. Diseased mental conditions or habits, on the other hand, — such as *ennui*, terror, hatred, — convert wholesome pabulum into morbid and sickening products. It is impossible for a soul fed on inflammatory errors, rotten doctrines, black alarms, to maintain the tone and poise of sober strength. The imagination, when too vehemently stirred, sends its self-created and extravagant objects into the informing organs themselves, and drives out the proper reports of the senses. Sometimes, an over-profuse charge being gathered in the nervous batteries, or some tremendous stimulus being suddenly applied, the forces of the brain are flung into the organs of expression and of action in shocks that wrench the very faculties from their sockets. If this be continued, as occasionally is seen, the personality itself at last is shattered by the convulsions, and the fragments of broken identity are wildly tossed on the tide. In dreams, in hypochondria, in delirium, nothing is more frequent than the metamorphosis of the given material into diseased prod-

ucts, into fictitious states, into thoughts, emotions, and volitions having no corresponding equivalents in the environment. The records of pathology afford a thousand illustrations in the various classes of phantasms and illusions. In these cases the excited fancy depicts its own conceptions with such intensity, that the mind has no power to distinguish their glaring images from external realities. The cerebral or inverse activity of the senses equals or supersedes their natural direct activity, so that subjective experiences rank indistinguishably with objective ones. The vestiges of old impressions emerge from the brain so vividly as to equal or surpass sensations. Truths of experience are then thrown into disproportion and made falsehoods. A suspicion and a dislike, which, in a healthy condition, would be simply the nutriment and stimulus for watchfulness and avoidance, in this abnormal condition are converted into fixed conviction and revengeful resolve. A ruling passion, any morbid or excessive mental tendency, strives to appropriate to itself the food meant for the whole mind, perverts the stimulants distributed for other states to the starting of its own strong and avid currents. If unchecked, this may continue till the entire consciousness is swallowed in the maelstrom of monomania. So a cancer, stealing from surrounding parts the nutriment intended for wholesome and noble organs, pampers its own infiltrated growth till the whole organism sinks under its monstrous power. So an ulcer, eating away the plastic property of neighboring cells, spreads till death supervenes. A striking antithesis in the cases above compared, is, that, in physical relations, disease usually fastens on the weakest organ; in mental, it selects the strongest. A prophylactic and curative direction of the greatest importance, therefore, is, that the nutritive currents, in their application to our predominant passions, should be restrained and guided by wise volition. The inflamed, all-absorbing habit should be cooled, checked, put under a reducing regimen. This applies especially to the greedy, egotistic propensities which so often run riot, transforming every thing into an occasion of their own fruition, and making their subjects look constantly through the colored

spectacles of vanity, or the stained window of pride, on a world arrayed for them in the green hue of credulity and the red glare of pomp.

Lunatic asylums are filled with imaginary seers, kings, popes, Christs; showing how powerful excessive self-regard is in effecting that abnormal metamorphosis of psychical materials which constitutes the life of insanity. In studying the collective experience unveiled in one of these retreats, as at Salpêtrière, where a thousand women are overseen together, each case exhibiting its peculiarities, one cannot fail often to be struck by the thought, that a madhouse is the world in miniature. On the other hand, could we as clearly trace the secret workings of desire and aversion, the wildly extravagant successions of complex passion and imagery, the gigantic revelry of egotistic illusions, the amazing castle-building of fancy, ever in operation under the demure outside of the average actors in society,—how deeply might we not feel that the world is a madhouse in colossal! “Madness is individuality carried to the utmost extreme;” arbitrary egotism, either insulating itself from great common rules, or else wilfully overriding them. The life of the maniac is a prodigious romance of himself carried on by the morbid fury of his blood and the fatal conflagration of his brain. Life in governed habits of order, according to truth and nature, is sanity in its castle. Irregularity and whimsicalness are ominous breaches inviting assault and sack. The observance of the *forms* of healthy activity by a patient powerfully woos the return of the reality. The submissive enactment of the mere ritual of sobriety and order is an invocation which often wins the presence and blessing of the god of health.

So far as the conscious life of mankind, assimilating fictitious or merely subjective states, fails to integrate in experience the mental correspondences of the truths of nature, it is an insanity, and requires prescription of psychological medicine. A lunatic patient, being asked if he did not find his residence lonely, replied, with a fine method in his aberration, as he pointed to the town, “I am more comfortable here, in the little madhouse, than there, in the great one!” There is

a pharmacy of sedatives, alteratives, excitants, nutritives, for the countless sicknesses of the soul, as there are balms in Gilead, healing herbs in the field, and friendly metals in the mine, for the ills of the body. What depth is in the melancholy wisdom of the question,—

“Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse a stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?”

And how profoundly pertinent the reply made by the Shakesperean doctor:—

“Therein the patient
Must minister to himself!”

The gateway over the entrance to the famous Alexandrian library bore the inscription, “Medicine for the mind.” And certainly many books deserve to be so characterized. Many a mind has found books charged with sanative influences. Their contents have proved a spell to release the spirit from the brood and harassment of its cares, to allay its heat, lessen the throbbing speed of its emotions, cheer its depression, counteract its delusions, distil blessed anodynes into its hurts, and feed its exhausted energy with restoratives. But malpractice occurs, erroneous and pernicious recipes are frequently dispensed, here, too. Literature consists of the symbols of the experiences of its authors, signs of their mental states. These signs are calculated to reproduce in the reader the experiences they denote, the mental successions symbolically perpetuated in them by their authors. If the original experiences were false or morbid, their revival, so far as influential at all, must be pernicious to the reader. The bane is sometimes neutralized by an antidote, but frequently it is not. What a world of evil is here touched! For if some perused and remembered sentences lie in the brain like bars of hellebore and nard, cleansing and sweetening, others sink into the unfortunate consciousness like drops

of chloride of kakodyle or a concentration of calomel, stenching and salivating the whole mental system. By a wise appropriation of medicaments from the public dispensary of literature, thousands of attacks may be warded off, thousands of happy cures effected. Many incurable ills, too, may receive assuaging alleviations. There is an eloquent charm in the words of Cicero when he says, that in his bitter grief he spent his time in the culture of letters, not indeed as looking for a permanent removal of his woe, but a brief forgetfulness of it. "*Non ut ab his medicinam perpetuam, sed ut exiguam doloris oblivionem petam.*" A clear, firm purpose, intelligently guiding the attention, may almost always relieve, and generally heal a perilous depression or excitement or aberration of mind, by resolutely withdrawing the currents from any given process, or by turning them more intensely upon it.

Very often the cause of mental disease is an abnormal adhesiveness of certain states, an involuntary pertinacious retention of the effete products of the spirit. Dreams, superstitions, imaginary conceptions, differentiated and offcast acts, old emotions, the clogged-up perspirations of sentiment, — the excrementitious stuff of the mind, — which should be regularly deported by the active excretories of thought and feeling, are sometimes unduly detained in consciousness, producing anxiety, fastening attention, and resulting in the most deadly disturbances of mental equilibrium and health. In the subjects of excessive melancholy, how often old joys, to be known now no more, and which should therefore be cheerfully dismissed, with sickly persistence float back over the memory in strains of elysian sadness to break the heart! What is a monomaniac but the victim of a fixed idea? There is a desquamation or exfoliation, a throwing-off of the lifeless parts of the mind as well as of the body, that the dead part may carry out and bury its dead; a spiritual as well as a physical transpiration, exhaling on its invisible currents, through the pores of the soul, all the poisonous intrusions or retrogressive metamorphoses of consciousness. If these excreting processes, whether insensible or otherwise, be checked, the morbid products accumulating in the sensories will either

drag the overloaded organism in consolidated gloom down to death, or explode in wild paroxysms of abnormality. "A nerve is a river of bodily thoughts:" if dammed up, it must force a headway. When bound by the astringent of selfish, unbelieving desires and cares, coated with the scales of neglect and sloth, the mind must be treated with the laxative of liberal views, its cuticle washed with the detergent of disinterested faiths and sympathies, its sluggish organs roused by earnest exercise, that its process of removals and successions may go freely on, old wastes departing as fast as new supplies advance. Groaning and crying are often precious reliefs.

It has been a favorite theory with some, that those horrible seizures called *fits* are caused by the cumulative retention, in the nervous ganglia and the brain, of forces which should have been quietly discharged little by little. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the stoppage of psychical matter, so to name it, often deranges the functions and convulses the organs of the soul. Here, in psychological medicine, as everywhere else, the old maxim holds, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Still many a mental disturbance may be quelled, many a moral sickness healed, by timely prescriptions judiciously administered. Go to the poor sufferer, deserted and destitute, dying of despair: carry him stores of relief in your hands, love and pity in your eye and voice; and see how the sunburst of joyful surprise breaks on his brow only just tinged with the vanishing skirts of dread. In millions of cases, no recipes of vegetable or mineral drugs can compare in value and power with such pharmaceuticals as a grain of patience, a pennyweight of magnanimity, a drop of forgiveness, a draught of pure resolve, a hearty inhalation of friendship and faith. These, and all such as these, are —

"Antidotes
Of medicated music, answering for
Mankind's forlornest uses."

An effectual remedy for a fit of laziness is to fix the mind on some monotonous recurrence; the burden of *ennui*, the feeling of self unrelieved by sensation, will soon compel it to seek

the ready cure that waits in action. To dispose of a fit of rage safely, let one go out into the open woods, and vent his heated soul to the trees and clouds. For a fit of despondence and complaint, it is best to look around and see how the world is filled with misfortunes and sufferings worse than yours: filled, too, with glorious opportunities and labors asking your energies. Assailed by a fit of pride, stand before a grave, and reflect how soon your flesh will lie down there, with corruption and the worm for its bedfellows, while your soul ascends to inherit the awful halls of eternity.

The three different departments of psychical action — sensation, intellection, and volition — are properly ruled by three different schemes, or adjusted to three different standards; first, pleasure and pain; second, truth and error; third, right and wrong. The last scheme is the one with which ethics is principally concerned. In all these provinces, every function of our organism in its normal fulfilment corresponds precisely in nature and degree with the external phenomena brought into relation with our faculties. A slight danger creates a slight anxiety; an imminent and stupendous peril creates a keen and massive alarm. All is truly proportioned, orderly, harmonious. But, in disease, the symmetry is broken, discord interferes, confusion reigns, all kinds of morbid values are set upon things, exaggerated or depreciatory estimates are made of events, fictitious interpretations are given to phenomena. A stump, with a few pieces of phosphoric rottenwood in it, becomes a fire-breathing dragon. An innocent smile or joke is construed as the indication of a dark plot. To the torpid idiot, an army of a million men marshalled in gorgeous array is no more than so many blades of wheat waving in the wind. To the intensified maniac, the rustle of a straw may be as the shock of a cannon. In such instances the materials submitted to the soul are assimilated into products not corresponding with the claims of the case. The theoretic test of sanity is this: Do the mental re-actions of the person in question correspond in kind and degree with what the average re-actions of the human race would be in similar circumstances? A more accurate test would be this: Do his re-

actions correspond in kind and degree precisely with the demands of the exigency considered with reference to the perfecting and preserving of his life? These theoretic tests, however, can have but little if any practical value, both because there is no exact general standard available, and because the re-actions of every person must be estimated in the light of the normal temperament and habits of his type as an individual. The sanity of one man would be the insanity of another.

All moral excellences or virtues are the healthy workings of our faculties in their moral relations, the relations of greater and lesser degrees of good, higher and lower motives. They are the equilibria of our acts with our circumstances, when those circumstances are viewed as a whole. They are the conversion of the objective materials of life into their true subjective equivalents. Action exactly in accordance with the emergency, in the most comprehensive survey of the emergency, is right action. More, or less, or other, is wrong. Volitional emotion is always right when it is commensurable, the inward relation suitably adjusted to the outward relation, a due regard being paid at the same time to all the relationships of the person in the proper scale of their ranks. In other words, every wicked passion or sinful act, all vice, all crime, is but the excessive or deficient or perverted activity of propensities rightful in themselves and implanted in us for good and needful ends. The instinct of self-regard is absolutely necessary to our preservation; inflamed, it leads, in one direction, to inordinate conceit and arrogance; in another, to theft, a reckless preying on the interests of the public. The enjoyment of pleasure is a divine privilege awarded us, the sweet pabulum of existence; exaggerated, it causes the countless evils of dissipation. Anger is a wall of sacred fire around us to keep off assaults and injuries; cherished too much, or fed with envenomed fuel, it rages abroad and consumes the helpless and the innocent, or, falling inward, devours its kindler and subject. Fear is a useful corrective of rashness, a wholesome restraint from foolhardiness; infused into a timid breast and poor blood, it curdles into cowardice.

The emotion of power, the basis of a large part of the pleasure human nature experiences, is capable of perversion into "the black catalogue of arrogance, insolence, cruelty, oppression, scorn, abuse, antipathy, contempt, and wrath." In health, the faculties maintain their balance and their normal re-actions in robust persistence, when submitted to the various relations and phenomena of existence. Then the laws of God are obeyed; the truth is thought, the neighbor is loved, justice is done, the interests of the whole are subserved. But, in disease, incalculable fluctuations set in, the internal is mal-adjusted to the external, discharges of emotion and volition are made wholly out of proportion to the demand, the individual conceives himself a law superior to every thing else, and all kinds of outrages are the natural result. Brothels, gambling-saloons, and bar-rooms are the abscesses, ulcers, and tubercles of a city. Crimes and vices are the malignant growths fostered by moral disease, caused by inward forces out of harmony with the just relations of man, and therefore re-acting discordantly upon those relations. They are the poisons in the botany and mineralogy of the psychological world; and a complete survey of the criminal calendar of society would furnish a toxicological chart of morals. It is strange how often these deadly products grow side by side with the loveliest virtues, the same material assimilated there into horror and agony, here into beauty and joy; and how often banes and antidotes are furnished together by the same apparent conditions! So the pond-lily draws its perfect beauty and fragrance from the same mud out of which the cow-lily sucks its ugly and disgusting life. And so when the rain, dripping on a man from the leaves of the manchineel tree, covers his flesh with blisters and ulcers accompanied by excruciating pain, almost invariably the trumpet-tree, whose sap is a sure relief, is found rearing its handsome purple blossoms close at hand. All through the good and ill of life a marvellous law of compensation rules. The dreams of the starving are filled with delicious repasts; those of the surfeited are depressing and frightful.

A deep error, as pernicious as it is wide-spread, is the look-

ing for separated retributions of wrong-doing; failing to see that the real Nemesis is *in* every species of wrong-doing itself, absolutely inseparable from it. Is not a loathsome and afflictive disease its own sufficient punishment? To the deepest insight does it not clearly appear that punishment, in the ordinary sense of the term, is an irrelevant thought? Who would think of scourging a leper for having the leprosy? The penalty of degradation is in being degraded. The proper sorrow of any kind of blindness is in the being blind. To be in error is the true and infallible penalty of a mistake. Is it not a most horrible retribution when the brain and heart of a man, meant to generate kindness, wisdom, and beneficence to bless his race and to adorn his abode, like the fang of an anaconda secrete a deadly ill of hate to slay his victims, or, like the stomach of a cuttle-fish, discharge a filthy fluid of lies to blind his pursuers? Every evil, like the conscience of Hamlet's mother, pricks and stings itself. It is true, a disease or a vice brings on other ills and pains, to add their repulsiveness and suffering to what itself carries; but its own essence is its condign and sufficing doom. Justice is not broken, God not dethroned, because a gambler, a pirate, a debauchee, a corrupter, are not beaten with stripes, imprisoned, or hung. Are they not gambler, pirate, debauchee, and corrupter? That is their sentence as much as it is their crime. Is it not enough to suffer the confluent small-pox and to bear its pitted scarification, without being separately punished for it in addition?

“Conscience stained

Is like a fretting ulcer that corrodes

The part it hath infected, and, though cured,

It leaves a scar. So, heal a wounded conscience,

Repentance stays as the vestigium

Or mark impressed by which the past disease

Is found to have been.”

When hatred rules the impulses of a man, he knows no contented joys, but, circulating a devil's elixir for blood, is harassed with restless torture. It were as well to think the delirious subject of an agonizing fever needs to be plied with excitants, as to think this man requires the blows of an exter-

nal lash to punish his vindictive temper. One whose heart and life overflow with the burning bitterness of envy, no more needs, for the ends of justice, to be pursued with vengeful inflictions, than he does when jaundice, the yellow fiend tinged with its own gall, suffuses his skin and eyes, and shrouds the universe with mournful disgust. Everywhere it is true, that sin finally brings retribution on itself, as the workmen in the quicksilver mines at Almaden at last get salivated, and totter about, the loosened and frightful wrecks of what they were. Evil, automatically organized in a character, or deliberately chosen, is chronically subject to uneasiness and alarm. The sinner may ever say, —

“To my sick soul, as sin’s true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss.”

But always the most dreadful and sufficient compensation of ignorance, vice, and crime is their own nature, as the true punishment of sickness is to be sick. A dissipated, unhappy old glutton and lecher suffering from dropsy, is lixiviated; his misery is a saturating lye, produced by the filtering of the water of organic degeneration through the ashes of habitual sin. Walking the street you meet a man who carries a thousand barrels of beer concentrated in the tinge and pallor of his bloated cheeks; and then straightway you meet another, who has the culture of sixty centuries stored in the soft intelligence of his unfathomable eyes. Would you ask for these men an additional and foreign retribution? Does not every character, every life, contain in itself ample punishment and reward, independent of outward returns? Yes; and generally the vile and hateful soul has the outward returns also. The whole metamorphosis of its life, of essential faculty and feeding circumstances, is in keeping.

“The mind that broods o’er guilty woes
Is like the scorpion girt by fire;
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till, inly searched by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows:
The sting she nourished for her foes,

Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang and cures all pain,
She darts into her desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire ;
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven ;
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it, flame ; within it, death."

The philosophy of history rests on psychology, the science of mental re-actions, the behavior of the human faculties in their various relations. Many a puzzling and mysterious narrative of the past becomes clear when we read it with the light of physiological and psychical science, the laws of health and disease, in our minds. Then we see how the darkness of ignorance nourishes fear and superstition as oxygen feeds flame. Then we see how the experience of any period or nation depends on its medium, the climate and food of its soul. Trees which are giants on the fat and sunny plain, are dwarfs on the sterile and frosty mountain ; so the illusions and irritations which only transiently hover in most minds, in a certain psychical soil and air will take root and grow perpetual. Thousands of strange occurrences are the inevitable phenomena of hallucinated souls whose morbid operations furnish fictitious materials in abundance. For there is nothing in the wildest vagaries of imaginative literature more romantic than in the facts of life ; nothing indeed which is not derived thence. Caspar Frisch, a young German whose trial and execution are famous, having resolved to murder a Jew for the sake of some trinkets he had, while waiting an opportunity heard an owl screech in the woods at night, whereupon he cried, "Hoot as much as you please, I will do it in spite of your hooting"! Physiological and mental science, anatomical, pathological, and hygienic, throws more light in all directions on history, life, and society, than any other knowledge. It is equally injurious and astonishing, that the study of it, especially in its deeper bearings, is so much neglected. The diffusion and application of a practical knowledge of this science is the genuine means for the material redemption of

mankind. It alone can furnish the direct methods and agencies for the perfecting of the world; the true reforming and healing forces destined to displace the morbid processes, the visionary theories, hitherto in vogue, and which have proved thus far alternately so destructive and so futile. When a universal interest, full of intelligence and faith, can be awakened in these things; when expectant attention, feeling that the desired processes of cure are known, can be concentrated on them,—the horrid scourges and sicknesses of mankind will rapidly ameliorate and cease. Attention and faith are the true tractors which, when they are employed with general earnestness, will allay and expel the local afflictions of our race.

The science of the living frame and of the living mind of man, with all their relations both in health and disease, ought, above every thing else, to be taught to every human being, and the practical inferences from it enforced alike in the conduct of the private individual and in the rule of the great organism of society. The nervous agitations, the hasty empirical practices, the various mistakes and abuses, which may accompany a general unprofessional study of such themes, are hardly to be deprecated at all when we consider the wholesale violations of law, neglects of safeguards, and innumerable other evils, resulting from ignorance. The medical student, when first entering his apprenticeship, is surrounded by such a fearful mass of abnormal relations and morbid matters, that his mind is often infected for a time, and he imagines himself the victim of the various diseases that successively fasten his attention. But this evil, usually trivial, soon remedies itself, and is not worthy of notice in comparison with the evils he learns to avert, to ameliorate, to cure. Many a wretched sufferer from bad or excessive food and deficient exercise, who for years has groaned under a weary train of fretfulnesses and disgusts by day and infernal incubi by night, might have avoided all this wretchedness by a proper knowledge of dietetics based on the science of animal chemistry: might even now by means of such a knowledge exorcise the day-fiend of indigestion and lay him to rest, “unsaddle the

nightmare and turn her out to grass." So will it be with mankind at large when at last they strive thoroughly to understand the metamorphosis of life by earnestly taking up the study of physiology and psychology, comparative and human, statical and dynamical, personal and public. Then alone will they know how to prepare the best conditions for their life, how to modify those conditions in accordance with their true wants, varying as these do with the exposures necessitated by their environment of nature and their circumstances of history. Then, as lead-poison is drawn through the pores by a sulphurous bath, they will learn to extract the deleterious matters clogging the veins and glands of the body politic, and give its wholesome circulations unimpeded way. By their scientific skill, preventive care and love, they will secure public drainage, light, and ventilation, set up hospitals, prepare sanitary cordons, scatter abroad disinfectants wherever noxious effluvia are, and establish a subtle quarantine wherein every harmless seeming lock of wool, which may be freighted with the plague, shall be subjected to a deterrent and antiseptic drench before touching that uninfected cuticle of humanity, all over whose outer walls the phalanxes of health shall be ranged with their gleaming shields of beauty. Through the combined efforts of national governments, which shall cease from hostile rivalries, they will labor to purge the dwellings and rectify the habits of the ignorant poor, to wash and winnow the atmosphere, uplift and filtrate oozy swamps, drive streams of fresh water and pure air through stagnant fens and mephitic vapors, and burn up the seeds of pestilence over the whole globe, from the poisoning sloughs of the tropics to the aching chilblains of the poles. By auscultations of the finest sensitiveness they will seek to discern every mechanical distortion, every functional disturbance, of the public heart and lungs, every congenital defect or acquired excess in the vital organs of society, and to treat them with re-adjusting manipulations and nutriment.

Especially they will apply appropriate tests to discover the adulterations which falsify the popular food and air with such

havocking effect on the health of communities. Poisonous milk from scrofulous cows, pestilential meat, is no worse for the body than poisonous literature from brains surcharged with the virus of moral disease is for the soul. The psychical food on which the minds of the masses of men live is saturated with vulgarity, untruth, morbid stimulus. The works of many writers are wholly innutritious. The writings of saintly authors, like Kempis and Tauler, are manna; of aphoristic authors, like Bacon, spiritual pemmican. "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." The New Zealander imagines he acquires the valor of the foe whose heart he eats. In this gross emblem a profound truth is caricatured; for the soul assimilating examples of courage grows courageous. It would be an incalculable good for the public if no reading could reach them without passing the inspection of a Psychological Sanitary Board who would suppress every thing not true and useful. What quantities of impure sentiment, absurd fiction, raw and prurient thought, would disappear with the destruction of that inflaming and carious literature, that sensational and sanguinary literature, which uneducated fancies devour with such carnivorous eagerness!

The changing year of creation — and its mental reflection in literature — is the real tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, and yielding its fruit every month, whose leaves shall be for the healing of the diseases of the nations. Let the human mind feed only on the divine phenomena of nature, and on the thoughts and sentiments of sound writers, and, "thus deeply drinking in the soul of things," almost perforce it would be healthy. Abnormalities, crimes, miseries, would die out; and the valetudinarian world of humanity would rouse itself to its proper energy of harmonized function, its destined exuberance of joy and content. As yet the organic heritage of history in the individual is weighted with the malign biases of egoism, and the atmospheric environment of society at large is loaded with the venom of selfishness. But when, in some far-off happy age of the future, these virulent

surcharges shall have been extracted, and a fit preponderance secured to the disinterested motives inherent in the sympathetic solidarity of mankind, men will become angelic, earth will blend with heaven, and the miseries of private life be lost in public bliss.

ART. II. — THE SOUL.

Les Problèmes de l'Ame. Par AUGUST LAUGEL. Paris: 1868. 16mo. pp. 164.

L'Ame, Démonstration de sa Réalité, déduite de l'Étude des Effets du Chloroforme et du Curare sur l'Économie Animale. Par M. RAMON DE LA SAGRA, Membre Correspondant de l'Institut, de l'Académie royale des Sciences, Lettres et Beaux Arts de Belgique, de l'Institut des Pays Bas, &c. Paris: Germer Baillière. 1868. 16mo. pp. 221.

THE last issue in that remarkable series of philosophical treatises, "Much in Little,"—a great deal of thought in very compact volumes, which M. Germer Baillière has brought into his "Library,"—is the demonstration of the "Reality of the Soul," by M. Ramon de la Sagra, whose name is Castilian, while his style is pure Parisian. From the effects of anæsthetic agents, ether and chloroform, and of the South American poison, *curare*, which paralyzes the motor nerves, M. de la Sagra finds conclusive evidence that the soul is not dependent upon the nerves for its existence, but has a life of its own, fed from other sources, and using other instruments. He proves by abundant instances that the loss of sensibility to pain, the loss of consciousness of outward impressions, is not attended with spiritual lethargy; that it is accompanied by spiritual experience, and impressions as strong and as sure as any which come through the nerves and the senses; that the inner faculty is active when the outer is paralyzed; and that the appearance of pain in the contortions of the muscles and the features really misrepresents the soul, which is taking genuine pleasure in its agonized sleep. When by ether or

chloroform the soul is cut off from the outer world, it does not wait until that world is restored, to exercise its functions, but employs itself upon the matter which memory and association have stored up. The etherized state is not a state of torpor, or suspended spiritual life, but rather of beatification, when the soul is all the happier, all the freer and more joyous, from being emancipated from the tyranny of its nervous bonds. M. de la Sagra imagines that this fact demonstrates the separate substance of soul and body.

His argument will hardly be satisfactory to the materialists, who will answer, that the brain may have action, even when the nerves are paralyzed, and that until it can be shown that the brain is inactive, no proof exists that the soul is immaterial. The argument only goes half-way; indeed, M. de la Sagra does not pretend that it is conclusive and perfect. His work is preliminary to a larger discussion in a forthcoming work, in which he promises to show that *the soul is the only real thing in the life of man*, and that the thesis of its dependence upon any physical action or change is wholly erroneous.

M. Laugel is disposed to allow more to the influence of brain and nerves in the production of thought; and it is not very clear how far he holds to a possible existence of an individual soul as separate from the body and its organs. His work will disappoint those who look for any decided testimony for or against the theories of Vogt and Büchner. Yet it is interesting and suggestive. As a plea for the ideal, for intellectual freedom, for the rights of science against tradition, it is especially eloquent and cheering. "A psychology which denies the rights of science is absurd; but not less absurd would be the science which would count as null the witness that man has in himself of his consciousness, of his individuality, of his liberty. There is an intolerant and uncritical materialism, which, in its destructive rage, despises even the most elementary rules of its own method."

"The true science is neither bigoted nor sectarian, and flaunts no idle banners. It is not sceptical, though it knows how to doubt. It would lie to itself in calling itself materialist, not being able to say exactly what matter is; or spiritu-

alist, not knowing what spirit is. It is science; that is, the search for the truth, wherever and whatever this is, mild or cruel, humbling or glorious. It knows nothing of matter but its *modalities*. It divides bodies into molecules, molecules into atoms; between the atoms it finds ether, impalpable, intangible, imponderable. The course of its analysis brings the colossi of the sky to something which is not nothingness, but which cannot be touched nor weighed nor felt. Its dynamics explains the eternal change of the world, but cannot penetrate the last essence of things, nor explain the form as eternal as the force. When it speaks the word matter, it knows well that behind this word there is something unknown, as profound, as obscure, as that in which the favorite words of philosophy hide themselves."

Admitting the close bond which holds the soul to its physical organs, M. Laugel is far from chaining the soul to that part of matter which the senses are able to appreciate. Both he and M. de la Sagra find that spirit must have organs for its service; yet they would not limit these organs to that organism which is fixed by human physiology. The tone of their books is a hopeful sign of a re-action on strict scientific grounds against the materialism which is just now so alarming to the religious mind. If the re-action is to be of any weight, it must be on scientific grounds. Science will not be hindered in this nineteenth century from its researches by any ecclesiastical warnings or anathemas, but will be all the more bold in its assertions as it is rebuked from the pulpit. It must be refuted on its own ground, and by its own man, if it is to be stopped in its materialism.

But our notice of these French works is only to introduce some plainer and more practical observations on this union of the spiritual with the physical life of men.

A peculiarity of Christianity, as distinct from the Jewish and the Gentile religions of the Western World, is its distinct recognition of a spiritual nature in man. The Mosaic Law did not give him any separate spiritual life, but provided only for his physical relations, his physical wants, his carnal life. The word "soul," indeed, is one of the most common words

of the Old Testament, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of the prophecies; we meet it continually in the Hebrew narrative and proverb and song. But this Hebrew soul is always identical with the earthly life of the man. It is the breath of his daily existence. It is his single being. It is *the man himself*, eating, drinking, laboring; sleeping. The soul wakes when the body wakes; the soul sleeps when the body sleeps; the soul dies when the body dies. This is the teaching of Judaism, of all but a small and late sect among that people, a sect which never had much influence.

The Christian apostles, on the contrary, insisted upon a separate nature, better than the carnal nature, with the right to master this. There was a spirit to despise the body and to keep it in subjection. They had a theory of the spiritual life, which could dispense with fleshly lusts. They represented a possible state in which other means of spiritual communion should be given than these avenues of sense. They imagined such a thing as a spiritual life, quite separate from all sensual appetites, desires, and passions. *Soul* is more an Old-Testament word; but *spirit* and *spiritual* are emphatically New-Testament words. Jesus struck the key-note of the apostolic teaching, when he told the Samaritan woman that the true worship of God is spiritual; that he is himself spirit: and hinted that the human likeness to him was in the inner life. The Jews made worship ritual and external: Jesus made it spiritual. And this tone of the gospel, of the good news, was kept in all the word of the apostles. Undoubtedly very much of the strong contrast in which flesh and spirit were presented in the writings of Paul and Peter, came from their conviction that the time of the full kingdom was close at hand, and that the end of the world was near. With the imminent abolition of all carnal relations, it were wiser to forsake fleshly lusts at once. The end of all things was so close, that the faithful, who were to inherit the spiritual kingdom, ought to show in their chaste lives that it was already begun. The first age passed, and the kingdom did not come; the world survived, with all its love of pleasure, glitter, and sin. And then the Church, taking this deferred hope, lifted it into

a millennial promise, and said that the world would come to an end by and by, — after a thousand years, — and in the mean time that disembodied souls would find something to do, either expiating sins in purgatorial pain, or rejoicing in the abodes of Paradise. The Church managed to keep up the spiritual pretension, by the contrast of the tone of its preaching to its own carnal show. Even now, to a philosophic mind, it seems very strange to hear a discourse on the *spiritual life*, from the pulpit of a great Catholic church. On every side are the signs of an external temper, of a religious life that is all outward. You see it in the clustered columns, the groined arches, the tessellated pavement. You see it in the pictures and statues, the inscriptions and votive offerings. You see it in the altar, with its candles and crucifix and flowers and embroidered cloths. You see it in the jewelled shrines, and in the vestment of the priests. You hear it in the music of the choir, viols, organs, and horns, with the voices and cadences of the theatre. Nay, it presses upon you in the husky tones of the preacher, fresh, possibly, from his indulgence, and in his rubicund face, bright with the blood of the vine. How strange and unreal, in all this sensual show, expressly provided, the exhortation to seek the spiritual life, and to renounce those fleshly lusts which war against the soul! Yet that is the common theme of Catholic preaching. The duty of self-denial, of fasting, of penance, of self-inflicted torments, of renouncing the world, that is most urged where the love of the world and its pomp and parade seem most conspicuous. The richer and more imposing the religious show, the more earnest and frequent are appeals to mortify the flesh. Perhaps one may say, that it is more necessary here, since in poor churches they have not much to give up, have not much flesh to mortify. But it does not seem to accomplish the end. The show continues; the world is more tyrannous than ever. The mendicant orders of monks have the most gorgeous and extravagantly sensual churches. Meantime there has come a re-action against this long separation of flesh and spirit. Not only secular men, but church men and women too, are beginning to say, and say very openly and very loudly, that this separation

and opposition of flesh and spirit are neither reasonable nor right; that this attempt to divorce spiritual from physical life, while men are in the world, is wholly mistaken and chimerical; that God has made them helpers and brothers, if nothing more. We have muscular Christianity now, which says that riding, rowing, ball-playing, skating, are as much religious duties as going to prayer-meetings or reading pious books; and that souls are saved quite as much by free life in the open air as in the close atmosphere of unventilated basements. Preachers teach from the pulpit that the first duty of every man is, take care of what he has now, and what he is sure of, his bodily life; and they strike hands with the physicians, that their trades are kindred. Once men were taught that it was a Christian duty to kill themselves in their temporal life, in order to inherit eternal life; to deny all natural instincts, that they might be sure of spiritual joy. Now that theory is everywhere failing, and it is becoming rather a mortal sin to neglect the mortal body. A prominent lecturer says, that the sin against the Holy Ghost has been discovered, after two thousand years of anxious inquiry, to be dyspepsia; and though his word sounds paradoxical, and almost irreverent, the hearts of the hearers say "Amen" to it. It is so delightful to have the Church let us into a world in which we can live as if we had a right there, as if we belonged there, as if we were residents, and not merely strangers and pilgrims, — owners, and not intruders. On the old theory there was always a contradiction, a confusion in the mind of the thoughtful believer. I must give up all these things, all the beauty of this world, all these wants, instincts, and appetites, — must renounce these lusts: why, then, did God place me among them? Why did he send me here? Why did he fasten me by so many ties to this body of life, only to tell me that it is a body of death, and that I must get rid of it as soon as I can? How much more agreeable to find that this world is man's world while he lives in it, as much as it is the world of nature and the lower animals, and that it is God's world too; that our bodies belong to us for good, as much as the feet of a horse, or the voice of a lark, or the boughs of a tree, all belong to them for good!

This muscular Christianity, which is now so popular, may be made too much of; but it is most useful and timely as the re-action from the false and unnatural asceticism of the former and ancient teaching, both of the Roman and Protestant Churches. It is timely as the sign of breaking down of that middle wall between the secular and the religious life, the secular class and the religious class, which has done so much to hinder religion from its true place in the world. In the Catholic dialect, "religious" men and women mean monks and nuns, people who go apart, to waste their lives in fruitless prayers and agonies. In the dialect of the new Christianity, a religious man is not only one who leads in the Church, but one who lays telegraphic cables, builds railroads across continents, writes books that everybody wants to read, or leads armies to victory in a righteous cause; General Grant is more religious than Father Ignatius; Mrs. Stowe more religious than Sister Agatha. Religion is that which unites men where they are, recognizes their present state, and helps to bring peace, comfort, joy, and strength to this earthly region of activity and duty.

But let us look at some facts of our being which justify this new Christian teaching; which is in all the churches, thrusting the old aside; which is the only teaching in harmony with the spirit of the age. First, we take the fact that in the consciousness of every man and woman, body and spirit are joined in a *single individuality*, in a single personality. You can think of them as two things, but you cannot separate them, even in imagination. They always go as one, though they are dual. An old poet calls the soul the "shadow of the frame." And as the shadow always goes with the form, and cannot be parted, so the soul here always has to go with the body. You may see them two, but you cannot see them apart. The cross is not a cross when its two beams are separated. And all earthly life of men means union of body and soul, so close, so subtle, so intimate, that no rupture of parts, no magnetic force, can separate them. Men sometimes say when they go off on a journey that they have left their *hearts behind them*. But this is metaphor, and it does not mean that they have left

their souls behind. Their souls go where their steps go, their personality is with their presence, the will keeps close to the bodily frame. You cannot tell, indeed, in what part of the body the soul is specially lodged, whether it is in the hand so cunning; or the foot so nimble; or as an old philosopher gravely maintained, and as epicures believe, in the pit of the stomach; or, as affection sees it, in the eyes of the loved ones; or, as science conjectures, somewhere in the coils and cells of the hidden brain. You cannot tell in what part of the body it is; but you feel it there, occupying the frame, so much at home that it cannot be driven out. The only thing that can dissolve this unity, can make two of one, can show this body a skin to be cast, a chrysalis to be forsaken and left, is the event of death. The most spiritual life is fastened to this frame of flesh.

Then, again, the soul finds its *expression and manifestation* through the body and its organs. It communicates itself through the features, motions, tone of voice, habits, attitudes of the outward frame. You judge of a man's character by his looks and his movements much more than by what he says of himself. You want to look in his face, to watch the play of his countenance, to see how he walks, how he talks, before you are sure of the soul that is in him. This impression of the outward frame is the deepest, the most abiding, and the truest impression of the man's personality; much more trustworthy than the impression of the titles which he has taken, or his standing in the Church. Lavater, in his physiognomy, only arranges into system the average and common judgments of men about character. There is not a feature of the face, not a gesture of the limbs, not a tone of the voice, that does not have to the ordinary eye or ear some spiritual meaning,—a very distinct spiritual meaning to the practised eye and ear. Swedenborg's system of correspondence between flesh and spirit, arbitrary, almost fantastic, as it seems at first, is very sound, practical philosophy,—the best that we can find for daily use. Every traveller knows that it is safe to select guides, every housekeeper knows that it is safe to choose servants, not from those who bring many

recommendations, but from those who have good faces. You never expect truthfulness from a man who cannot look you in the eye. You never expect mercy from a harsh and hard voice. You know that one who moves with a lounging, careless, lazy gait cannot be trusted to act promptly or persistently. This expression of the outward frame is the rule by which three-fourths of the world are guided in their daily intercourse,—the rule which the quick instinct of woman especially holds, and will not let go. This is why we collect photographs of faces, hang portraits on the wall, set busts upon the pedestal; not because they merely copy outlines, shades, and costumes, but because they copy *soul*. If they do not copy *soul*, we are not satisfied; and we want, too, the *best expression*. It is the spirit that you see in a portrait that gives it its value, its personality, its life. There is nothing very attractive in the rugged lines of such faces as those of Oliver Cromwell and old John Brown; but somehow they let you into the secret of the natures of these men, and prophesy of the English Commonwealth and the American Rebellion,—of the immense moral force and the amazing spiritual issues in those stern lines of visage.

But we have to notice, again, that the *health of soul depends largely upon health of body*. We may see often beautiful temper, patience, resignation, many Christian virtues, most brightly illustrated in the sick-room, how resolute faith can conquer pain, and bring heavenly peace close to mortal suffering. But these are exceptional cases, and these are not signs of absolute spiritual health. Resignation, with all its seeming beauty, is only a sickly and languid virtue, and would not be worth much,—would, indeed, be a nuisance,—if it were the normal and general state of soul. It would be a miserable community in which all the people were resigned to every kind of pain, and submissive in all calamities. You would never have any reform there, any progress there, any vital energy: an Islamite community that, not a Christian. The trite line of Juvenal, “a sound mind in a sound body,” is the rule of all wise training still. You must have physical health to have spiritual health. You must have a sound brain

to think well; you must have a sound heart to feel well. You must have sound limbs to run well in the spirit, to run the Christian race as much as to run any other race. A toothache, a neuralgia, a dyspepsia, are terrible foes to the Christian character, as much so as that refractory beast which hindered the deacon from "enjoying his religion," in the anecdote that has lately gone through the journals. The morbid frame makes the morbid mind. Jaundice in the veins and skin gives jaundice in the currents of thought and feeling. A bilious digestion makes usually an atrabilious temper, prepares the soul for disheartening creeds, and arouses wretched fancies. The notion of total depravity and of eternal woe runs literally in the blood of many who believe in it, comes from their physical disorder. Bad health wears all the time upon the soul, and deranges all its functions. This is true in nine cases out of ten of all who are sick. If they accomplish good work, they accomplish it against odds, and are wretched themselves while they are making others happy. Paul tells us how much he suffered in his missionary journeys from that miserable thorn in his flesh, and what buffetings of Satan it brought upon him. And any of us who have a thorn in the flesh, whether a weak eye, or a weak ear, or a weak arm, or a weak lung, will be sure to find the mate to that weakness in some weak spot in mind or soul. The inner soundness will follow the outer soundness.

One thing more of this relation between body and spirit we have to notice; that the *work of the soul*, in this earthly life at least, is *all done through bodily condition and instruments*. There is no such thing to any man in the flesh as work altogether spiritual. Of course, this is true in what we do for those around us. Your spirit can act on my spirit only through the medium of physical organs, — eye, voice, and hand. Our souls flow together only in these channels of sense. Our spirits touch only through this bodily contact. But this is just as true for the inner life of each single soul, for the work which it does within itself. Sensible experience rules the motion of the spirit. If you think, the substance of your thought is in sensible figures, words, images of persons,

places, and the outward world. The closest reverie is full of these. The mystic's self-communion has to express itself in metaphors of things physical. St. Theresa, in her dreams and raptures, uses the language of a voluptuary. Wesley, on his knees, brings the pictures of the street and the church and the home into his supplications for his soul. Memory is a spiritual act, and we hope to take memory with us when we go out of the world; without that, immortality vanishes, and the life to come will be a new creation. But what is memory but the summoning and use of sensible experiences? What can we remember except things, events, works, in which this body of ours, these senses of ours, have borne part; things which we have seen or read with our eyes, have heard with our ears, have spoken, or have wrought? Memory is fastened to the physical life; the soul's history, as it is reviewed, is always marked by epochs in time, which is a physical condition. We do not remember a man's character, but only the acts by which we judged his character. We do not remember a mother's love, but only the times and seasons and ways in which that love was proved. This interior and most spiritual process, after all, which shall endure when the soul drops its mortal vesture, can only take the materials which the outward life has provided for its use. It is only a panorama of physical life that memory sets in motion.

And this is equally true of the anticipations of the soul, of what it looks forward to in the heavenly state. Somehow, we have to carry forward this world into our thought of the future world. We know that it will be different from this world; that there will be no eating and drinking; no giving in marriage; no death; that many conditions of this life will cease for the spirit. But we cannot, even in our closest thought, emancipate that life from all conditions of the earthly life. We see there the forms of earth, the faces of our loved ones, men and women there, not less than the angels of God, and men and women as the angels of God. We name those whom we shall meet in heaven, and call them, — James and John, Martha and Mary, — names which are sounds upon the tongue, accents in the ear. Saints have earthly names in

their spiritual abodes, and Deity has his name. The Jews call him Jehovah, and the Christians call him Jesus. The Infinite Spirit has his human name. No soul can escape this necessity in its own private conception of heaven. The imagination, in all its soaring, must take with it pictures of the physical experiences of the world that it tries to leave; the bright things, the beautiful things, of earth, it will take to the heavenly seats. The treasures which we seek to lay up in heaven will be substantially the treasures which we are laying up upon the earth. In its spiritual love, the soul cannot get away from its mortal love. The best things which it sees below are the best things which it sees above. In Raphael's picture, the Virgin, caught up to glory, sees the cloud all full of those cherub faces that hang in such distinct beauty of flesh and blood at her feet below; and this is what every soul will see in its rapturous musing on the heavenly world. A miser, loving his bags of money better than all other things, will imagine himself taking these with him, and finding coffers and a strong box in his chamber.

These which we have mentioned are acknowledged facts, which it is impossible to deny, of the connection of senses with soul; that the two make but one human personality; that the soul finds its outward expression and recognition in the physical frame; that the health of soul depends upon health of body; and that even its interior action must use physical conditions, must use what the senses give. The practical inferences from these facts are too large to be discussed in this article. It is enough to say that these facts vindicate the new style of Christian teaching that all sects accept. It is impossible now for the churches to restore that strange hallucination that the chief duty of a man while he is in the world is to renounce the world, to have nothing to do with it, to abuse it, to slander it, to see in it a habitation of devils, a whole creation of imps and fiends. That may stay in the confession of some liturgies, in the system of some sects; but not in the feeling of those who rule in these sects, and who read these liturgies. The young maiden may say in the humility of her soul as she kneels before the priest, and re-

peats his words, that she renounces henceforth and for ever "the world, the flesh, and the devil." She feels it then: perhaps the priest feels it, if he have not become an utter formalist. But it is not true for either of them. She will go back to her home, and, when the excitement has passed, will trim her garments in the latest style, will adorn her person, with careful skill, with the rings and bracelets, the mantles and mufflers, the wimples and crisping pins, the odors of sweet smell which the Hebrew prophet so sternly censures, and will make her appearance in this array in the very house of God where she has renounced the world and its vanities; while the priest who administered the vow will take his comfortable dinner with genuine zest, and find these savors of the flesh very soothing and pleasant; and the very church, too, in which this test is passed, will be ordered according to the most approved pattern, with cushioned seats, carpeted floors, colored windows, rich carved woods, gilt prayer-books, tassels on the desk, an organ pouring out its trills and melodies. Even this may not seem good enough, and a larger, richer, more sensuous "House of Prayer" may be called for. Think of the humble confessors, in silks and satins, in the last style of the fashion, renouncing the world and the flesh before a priest clothed in the finest of linen, in a building that has cost one, two, or three hundred thousand dollars, with a choir to say Amen whose training has been finished by all the cunning of the vocal art!

No! the chief duty of man in this world is not to renounce the world, and so impugn the wisdom of the great Father who has placed him here, but to use the world, to make the best of it, to use the flesh rightly and make the best of that. Even the very creeds that undervalue the things of sense tell that salvation is gained in the use of physical means, that we save the soul in handling the body, and making it serve the soul. It is a significant circumstance, as showing how impossible it is to carry out this idea of separation of physical and spiritual life here, that King James's translators render the same Greek word *psyche* sometimes "soul" and sometimes "life." It is now the spiritual life and now the earthly

life. We have, what the Hebrew had not, the grand doctrine of spiritual immortality. We look forward to a heavenly country, beyond this bank and shoal of time. But it is well that we are coming to learn that those who are stranded on this bank and shoal may make it show the heavenly country by bringing it to bud and blossom. It is good for us to take the Hebrew feeling that the Canaan where we dwell is our land of promise, and that we are set therein to make this the garden of God. Greater it is for Christians to make heaven where they are than to get to heaven by and by. So they follow the Master who brought God close home to men in their earthly estate. What do we cite to-day as proofs of the Christian feeling of the land? The lists of church-members, the number of revivals, the millions of tracts, in which the dogmas that men have ceased to believe are intruded; or the physical benefits which have been fixed and multiplied,—homes for the friendless, for the orphans of soldiers, asylums of every kind, Boards of Health, the reports of Sanitary Commissions? Everybody feels that the History of the Sanitary Commission, or even of the Electric Telegraph, is a more Christian book than a treatise on Election, or a fantastic dream of the size and place of Heaven. The Incarnation now is the part of ancient doctrine that the world holds most precious; and the Incarnation means God dwelling in human flesh, working with human arms, speaking with human voice,—God in the world of men. This doctrine shall at last reconcile the warfare of sects, shall enable men to realize the kingdom of Christ, and to understand those mystic words of the Scripture that now seem so slow to show their meaning.

ART. III.—THE REIGN OF LAW, AND ITS RELATION
TO RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

AT a late meeting of the British Association, held in Norwich, the President, Dr. Hooker, delivered an opening address, which, as reported, opens before the English mind quite a new phase in the conflict between Science and Faith. Hitherto, Science, as represented by that august body, has been, in the main, neutral in the theological debate. It has sedulously kept the proprieties of custom and rank. It has been respectful, nay, complimentary, to the classes who are supposed to represent the opinion of the public on religious things. In the patient work, and in the infinite details, which make the province of science as popularly understood, very many clergymen have given intelligent, skilful, and efficient aid. Some of them were among the earliest to break the barriers of old prejudice which limited the act of creation within bounds that seem grotesquely little now; and to welcome the vast æons of geology, as well as the enormous spaces of astronomy, into the sphere of religious contemplation. In fact, the metaphysical training which theology gives, and its constant dealing with the limitless in time and space, made those results of science rather welcome, as a sort of physical realization of what had looked like empty rhetoric or empty dreams. The patient experimenting of the chemist, the tender vigilance of the naturalist, were congenial to the habit of mind of many in that profession; and names more than respectable in the annals of science have been registered from its lists. On the whole, its opportunities of cultivated leisure were well improved; and, in the great preliminary toils of science, the gathering and accurate classifying of innumerable facts, the clergy has had its recognized and honored place. At the meeting in Norwich, about eighty representatives of that profession, Anglican or dissenter, were present, and contributed their full share to the opinions and the interest of the occasion.

The marked thing in the address to which we have referred was its distinct, almost scornful, assertion of the impotence of theology to meet and solve any of the questions respecting nature, life, and destiny, which science claims as belonging to its dominion; and along with it the assertion, equally distinct, that the tendency of the scientific mind is clearly to accept that theory of development which has been reckoned the irreconcilable enemy of religion. The surprise of the audience lay in the clear, hard, positive way in which the clergymen assembled had to hear their claims as interpreters of creation and existence refuted and denied, and life presented as an insoluble enigma amid an unfathomable ocean of ignorance; at the same time that the origin of species by regular growth, from the lowest forms of life up, with no break and no creative miracle, was set forth as the all but universal opinion among those best competent to judge. And the origin of species, in the view of a naturalist, always includes the origin of man.

The scientific mind, then, of the present day drifts steadily towards a denial and an upturning of the very foundations of fact on which the religious theory of life is supposed to rest. There is no such thing, in the outward world, as the creation of man; no such thing as a special divine parentage; no such thing as a special destiny, which separates him from the other races inhabiting the earth: such is the assertion which the religious thinker has to meet. The province of religion, in the eye of the naturalist, is no longer to interpret the mystery of creation and birth and death; no longer to ascertain the relations and boundaries which separate the natural from the spiritual sphere of being; at best, it can command respect by regulating the moral life of men, and interpreting the relations and obligations of human existence, *within* the sphere of natural things. It must waive its pretensions as an interpreter outside that range, to assure its own tolerance within it. The loftier walk of speculation — the office of interpreter of mysteries and dark things, which has made it heretofore queen among sciences, and arbiter of human destinies — it must be content to resign; then, speaking not in the name of

Infinite Wisdom, and pretending not to know any thing of the counsels of the Almighty, it may find its humbler service and its truer respect in the useful, narrow walk of men's daily duty and work.

It is not that there is any thing new in this challenge: it is the firm, hard tone in which it is spoken, face to face with those whose implied pretensions it rebukes; it is the fixed conviction, as of destiny, that science and faith have met at last, and recognize one another, in a way where there is no compromise and no retreat. Each must choose its path, and hold it independent of the other. If, now, science should go on, as it threatens, to reduce every fact of the universe, and every phenomenon of life or history, within the range of a strict necessity, theology, it would seem, is helpless to protest; at least, its protest can consist only in calling the necessity divine. It cannot recover its lost position, as authentic interpreter of the fact. It must accept the terms and boundaries which science has defined, and treat with it as an independent power. If it is to subsist at all, it must lay its foundations on ground *somewhere* outside those boundaries. The whole field of the interpretation of nature, with its hidden meanings and connections, it must abandon; and whatever positive results it reaches, in its own field, must be got by adopting the methods, and submitting to the proofs, which its victorious rival shall establish. This seems to be the tacit understanding, of which the meeting we have referred to, with its opening address and the discussions that followed, was the striking exhibition. It signifies that the new era, so long preparing, has fully opened, and gives to it the sanction of prestige and respectability. It betokens that the intellectual revolution, which, more than three centuries ago, first stirred men's thoughts in revolt against the despotism of Dogma, has gone so far as to establish, almost unchallenged, the counter-despotism of Fact. To the educated mind of England now, as it has long been to the average Continental mind, the advance of science is quite independent of any restraints enforced upon it by ancient prejudices or by pious beliefs. And what is true of the English mind is true of ours.

Two results seem to follow from accepting this position: one as to the intellectual grounds, the other as to the practical workings, of religious faith, as affected by that habit of thought which science has made common and familiar. We propose to say a very few words of each.

As to the first, it is likely that less difference will come about in man's religious belief than seems to be generally supposed or feared. Moral conviction or religious faith is never a mere conclusion of the reason: it is a resultant from the life. It implies not merely the assent of the mind, but the consent of the emotional and moral nature. The reason may guide, control, attack, defend, suggest, but never inspire or create, the faith. We believe, at best, not by dictation, but by sufferance, of the understanding. Our faith, for better or worse, stands outside of our philosophical processes, — above them, or (as we fear it often is) below them. If we were to stake it on them, it would most likely perish entirely. The creed of a given moment, or a given epoch, — of a nation, a community, or a solitary mind, — is the resultant of innumerable forces, among which philosophic demonstration enters only as a single one. This position, which Mr. Lecky has made so clear respecting the particular beliefs of modern Europe, is quite as important as respects that group of moral, spiritual, or "eternal" truths, which make the object of the faith of humanity at large in every period. That faith stands — and, so far as we can see, must always stand — in the attitude of *protest against the deductions of any philosophy which attempts a scientific exposition of the universe*. It may be hostile to them; it will, at any rate, be independent of them. The reconciliation of Reason and Faith is the perpetual problem, it is the ideal aim, it is the constantly vanishing Utopia, of most systems of philosophy. There is not the slightest reason for supposing that it will ever be solved to the human mind, any more than the problem of squaring the circle, or perpetual motion. The goal may be indefinitely approached, — at least to the extent of removing particular obstacles, of ignorance, bigotry, and error; to the extent, practically, of letting the two dwell together peaceably, in a vigorous intel-

lect, balanced by an equally vigorous moral or affectional nature. But their theoretical harmony — much more, their logical identification — seems, from what evidence we get, to be quite hopeless. Mr. Herbert Spencer invites us to contemplate the reconciliation of them in the common ground of the "Unknowable," which lies back of both. But that is, at best, like the sleep of the electricities in a state of equilibrium, — a neutral state, which means the negation of them both as positive forces. In their nature, they are polar opposites. Reason and Faith are one, just where neither of them can be said to exist. One step advance out of Mr. Spencer's "Unknowable" is for the first a step in the direction of Fixed Fate, by the way of science or metaphysics, and the study of natural law; it is for the other a step in the direction of Free Will, by the way of worship, aspiration, and recognition of the moral law. The two paths are polar opposites; and it ought to be no surprise to us to find ourselves as far from proving their identity, or their essential harmony, as all the systems of metaphysics, from Zoroaster down. What we call faith is sustained not by any process of reason, but by protest of the soul; not in virtue of, but in spite of, the theoretical systems which have been devised, whether to fortify it, to refute it, or to give it shape.

Take, for instance, the faith which every healthy mind has in a personal will, or moral liberty. The result of any consistent reasoning process, from whatever point it starts, and whatever direction it takes, seems to be, not only to deny the fact, but to demonstrate its logical impossibility. Religious, or else material, fatalism — the one or the other — seems to be the inevitable goal of all argument upon the subject. If we assume one First Cause, endowed with wisdom, foresight, and almighty power, and attempt to reason from his attributes to the actual constitution of things, it is but a simple, almost an identical, proposition, to assert that nothing can come to pass without his foreknowledge that it will be, and his appointment that it shall be. If we assume one First Cause, whose only attribute that concerns us is an omnipotent Force, capable of being manifested in every conceivable variety of

phenomena, then the scientific argument, or the logical demonstration, is even plainer; since, in the former case, we may reasonably be perplexed awhile by the attributes of personality, choice, and will. Accordingly, Mr. Spencer gets impatient at the reluctance of mankind in general to accept so plain an issue; and thinks he has hit upon a form of argument which will make the whole controversy obsolete, as much as that touching the sun's motion round the earth. Comte, more discreetly, rules the question out of the court of science, remanding it to the limbo of metaphysics. Mr. Mill, following his psychological method, assures us that he finds no self-determining power at the bottom of his thought, or back of his acts. Sir William Hamilton asserts free will, but legitimates it only by a series of "antinomies;" that is, balanced paradoxes, or alternatives "impossible to conceive," between which we have to take our choice; an argument which Mr. Mill refutes in very satisfactory detail, till he is refuted in turn by Mr. Mansel; whose last word is, that we know nothing whatever about it. The answer of the metaphysicians proper—that is, those who make the laws of thought the criterion of the universe of fact—is summed up in some such phrase, old as Xenophanes, as that the All, the Absolute, the Infinite, is the only real agent in the universe. On all sides, moral liberty—the individual, personal, responsible will—finds itself refuted and denied; its advocates unable to maintain a decent position before any intellectual court. But all this logical play of the intellect is pure phantasmagory. It touches no man's consciousness of the fact. It leaves the faith of humanity in moral liberty unimpaired and vigorous. Every logical process may disprove it; but every vital act asserts it. No man's reason can vindicate, or so much as explain, the freedom of the will; no man's heart and soul will honestly admit its bondage. As fast as science denies, life affirms. Not a system of philosophy can be formed, but, in its logical consequence, will exclude (unless it assumes without proof) what every man, in his moral judgments, must imperatively take for granted. Not an act, for good or evil; not an epithet of praise or blame; not a human character or

deed appealing to our judgment; not a crisis, a single step, in real life, requiring instant decision, or one we remember with approval or remorse,—but assumes, implies, evokes, an order of conviction, an element of belief, which no logic of ours can justify, and which is maintained purely as the soul's obstinate protest against the understanding. And it is a curious illustration of the divorce between philosophy and fact, as to a point at the very centre of our moral constitution, that Coleridge, in whom the element of will seemed to be as nearly extinct as it can be and let a man live, is, perhaps, the most consistent and positive of all reasoners in asserting the prerogative he abdicates; while Mr. Mill, whose clear, hard logic would seem to have refuted its existence, when he writes of what is nearest his own mind and heart, puts the name "Liberty" in the very title.

But while the scientific habit of mind will not so greatly disturb, as many fear, the fact of religious faith, it will, no doubt, very greatly affect the quality of it. The essential thing in science is, that it asserts a *physical* order of the universe, comprehending all its phenomena. The essential thing in religious faith is, that it asserts a *moral* order of the universe,—which science can never recognize, or concern itself about,—in like manner comprehending all its phenomena, though from another point of view. It is this primitive act of faith, this outright assertion of the religious mind, this frank and uncompromising protest against the supposed deductions of natural science, as modified by the mental attitude into which the advance of science is bringing us, that makes the chief point of interest to us now,—the secondary effect, we mean, after the first jar is over, and the mind has recovered its normal tone, in presence of the new interpretation of nature and life offered us.

In the first place, there is a definite sense of relief and gratitude, as the vague empire of caprice or chance is seen to yield before the steady advance of positive knowledge. The great epoch of the mental emancipation of the race—its deliverance from ghostly terrors and slavish superstitions—dates from the scientific exploration of the heavens, when the

comet and eclipse lost their religious horror, and human fortunes no longer obeyed the aspect of the stars. A change nearly as great, almost within our own memory, has lifted off the weight of a vague dread, in the matter of our bodily and mental health. We have become wonted to the view which regards the whole domain of our life, bodily and mental, as controlled by certain and fixed conditions; and our religious habit of thought has easily adjusted itself to those conditions. A capricious and arbitrary or malignant will no longer scourges us in a pestilence; or visits us, for inscrutable purposes of its own, with each separate throb of pain; or abandons us, in the delirium of a fever, to be the sport of evil spirits that may drag us, through dark horror and madness, down to hell. But we read of the physiology of brain and nerve. We study the conditions and laws of our bodily constitution. We meet the invisible Power of our life, as it were, face to face, and learn from him the way and reason of his working. Even what is inscrutably dark in mental malady, or undisguisedly horrible, as some forms of contagion, or terrifying on a vast scale, like the enormous disaster of last summer's earthquake, does not, in general, disturb our calm and even sense of every thing as under law. The time passes by. The impression of the moment fades. It is a quiet acquiescence with which we acknowledge the dominion of the Divine necessity,—a mood, far, it may be, below the hard-won religious trust in a Being who has come personally near us to show the merciful severity of his sovereign will; yet as much above that hard resignation of fatalism, which is only the strength of the soul's despair. This calm philosophy of necessity is no more disturbed at human pain or crime or sorrow,—aside from weakness of nerve to endure, or strength of sympathy to feel,—than that a man's life cannot outlast the century, or that we cannot turn one hair white or black. It simply feels that nothing comes by chance, or by mere arbitrary will; that nothing is capricious or unstable in the system of things we live in. And this necessity, when once seen to be inevitable and fixed, stands to the religious mind as the appointment of a Power whose will is everlasting right.

"The law is holy, and the commandment holy and just and good." We do not see how; but that is the temper with which faith takes the facts as they are, and glorifies them.

And meanwhile, our growing knowledge constantly enlarges to our mind the domain of necessity; that is, of fixed and unchanging fact. Here is a relief at once from the misery of an impotent struggle against what we know must be,—a relief growing out of that very habit of mind which regards events as under law. The idea of necessity itself, received and habitual in a religious mind, becomes a religious idea. It is so, even when it embraces all the suffering, depravity, and everlasting perdition of mankind, as the doom of a dark predestination; even so it can thank God, and take courage at ever so little ray of light and hope across that horrible gulf of all but limitless despair. How much more, in the clear, calm elucidations of a science which steadily puts away that gloom! Life does not lose its enveloping mystery, or creation its wonder and awe. But, as the horizon of knowledge widens, the circle of faith expands. Vague awe becomes intelligent trust. We confide in the divine care and watchfulness, not from any favoritism we hope to win or merit, not from the thought that ours is an exception to the common destiny of the race; but precisely because the law we trust is strict, uniform, unchanging, impartial, over all. And, practically speaking, we cannot doubt that when this once becomes the habit of the mind, it is as resolute, as serene, as effectual a faith, as that exercised by saints in every period of the world.

And so, in our popular habit of scientific thought, when once rightly directed and trained, we have a limit to that weary scepticism, that waste of soul, which comes from its first shallow criticisms and soundings. The habit of setting up our own thought as the standard of judging all likelihoods and possibilities,—found in so much of the sentimental optimism that takes the place of manly, religious thought,—is the one mental habit most pointedly rebuked in every sound scientific process. The thinking man learns humility. None are so presumptuous to judge as those least burdened with materials for judgment. The learner of the universe humbly

accepts the fact. This mental humility is what brings him nearest the attitude of the devout believer. For faith simply accepts, as acts or attributes of God, what science defines as laws and methods of the universe. It takes them, and puts its own seal and significance upon them,—that is all; with no vain strife to alter or define the course they are seen to follow. Nature provides the rich material, which the soul transmutes into its divine philosophy of life. What science fixes as everlasting fact, faith accepts as religious truth. As soon as we are clear of the blind absurdity of utter Atheism, as soon as we recognize that there is an intelligent reason and a moral order of the universe, we have the material of a religious philosophy of life, or of the divine government, as much beyond the conception of a former age, as knowledge is wider, and larger interests are at stake,—a less child-like, perhaps, but surely a more man-like, faith.

We hardly ever suspect all that is meant, when we say the religious thought should be in harmony with the advanced knowledge and mental habit of the time. We never know how far that secret distrust of spiritual realities extends, which seems to be the peculiar temper of a scientific age. There is a little poem, published last month in a widely circulated journal, which gives striking expression to this temper, in the image of a blank, impassable, dead wall, against which the paths of all human thought and existence bring up; a wall which utterly limits the horizon of our knowledge. All the voices we seem to hear from beyond that wall are but echoes of our own; all the prospects we see beyond it are but landscapes which the fancy paints on its impenetrable surface. The wise man, calmly pitiful, shows that these are but echoes and painted pictures; but the passionate heart of the multitude will listen still to the empty voices, and restore the pictured images,—less impatient of any living horror than of the dead stillness and void. So the human heart protests, and always will, against the blank negations to which pure natural science must always lead, as to any thing beyond its sphere. But it is not merely the passionate hope or terror of the ignorant multitude: it is the voice of universal humanity,

which speaks in the loftiest intelligence, and inspires the noblest life, in every age. And it is, to our thought, a truer image of the relation between the seen and unseen, to say that, where day and night meet, there is a belt of twilight; where earth and sky meet, the dim horizon bounds our sight. The stars above shine clear, the earth below is firm; it is the connection between the two that baffles us. And while our life belongs at once to the natural and spiritual spheres, to earth and heaven, we may see clearly enough, perhaps, what either is in itself; but we pass from one to the other only, as it were, by that mysterious ladder of the night vision, whereon are angels of God ascending and descending continually between us and him.

ART. IV.—THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE HINDUS.

THE seeds of all truth and of all virtue, says Frederick Schlegel, are implanted by nature in man,—the image of God. He has often indistinct surmises of things which are not till long afterwards to be perfectly revealed. The first fathers of Christianity found in the life of Socrates and the doctrines of Plato so much that harmonized with their own system, that they scrupled not to say these philosophers were both, in some measure, Christians. In many instances of the Hindu literature, which we from a Christian stand-point of morality feel inclined to denounce as immoral, we find, after a closer scrutiny, figurative and emblematical representations of the various powers of nature. The powers of nature have been *anthropomorphized*. This natural religion, which, with the progress of time, in grosser minds grew into idolatry, can be traced in a diagonal line from the sun-lit shores of the Ganges and Indus up to the snow-clad fields of Iceland.

The older doctrine of India is that which prescribes the worship of *Brahman*,* and his prophet and spirit, creative

* *Brahma* means, originally, force, will, wish, and the propulsive power of creation.

thought and lawgiver, *Menu*. The code of Menu, translated for the first time into English by Sir William Jones, is, of all these Indian works which have been faithfully rendered into the European languages, one of the most ancient, the most authentic, and the most entire. This book of laws is one of those which, after the fashion of remote antiquity, embraces the whole of human life, and contains not only a system of morals and representation of manners, but also a poetical account of God and spirits, and a history of the creation of the world and man. This Indian law book is composed in a measure and distich of the most primitive simplicity. The whole life, represented in those books, hinges upon the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. This dogma spreads over the Hindu life a spirit of resignation, and yet, without Christ, only a melancholy hope for the future state of existence. While the joyous Greek concentrates all the hopes and enjoyments of life upon the present, the Hindu represents the earthly life as an introduction to a life to come, and views every thing as preparatory to that life. Whatever is good in the present life is, according to the Hindu faith, only a foretaste of futurity; whatever evils we encounter are the consequences and the punishment of sins committed in some former state of being. The nearest bonds of love and nature derive from those doctrines a new force. Father and son are, in their innermost being, so intimately connected, that even death has no power to dissolve the union of their destinies. Marriage becomes a more sacred tie, when we suppose that its endurance is not limited to a single life. It is this spirit which breathes over all the fables and poetry and institutions of the Hindus, and which constitutes the true characteristic of their opinions.*

The first things which strike us in the Indian poetry are that tender feeling of solitude, the love of animals, and the all-animated world of plants, so engagingly represented in the dramatic poem, "*Sakontala*," or "*The Fatal Ring*," of Kali-

* We cite this passage from Frederick Schlegel's "*Vorlesungen über die Geschichte der Literatur*." For further information, see the same author, "*Über die Sprache und Weisheit der Indier*," and Herder, vol. xxix., p. 26, *seq.*

das, who flourished in the court of Vikramaditya, seventy-five years before Christ. This dramatic poem, or epic drama as it has been styled by Herder, contains a charming picture of female truth and constancy, as well as of the beauty and loveliness of infantine nature. It was first translated into English by Sir W. Jones; a few years later, in 1791, appeared a German translation by G. Forster. Sir W. Jones calls it the most pleasing and authentic picture of old Hindu manners, and one of the greatest curiosities that the literature of Asia has yet brought to light. Goethe, when he became acquainted with it, wrote in the enthusiasm of his admiration the following lines:—

Willst du die Blüthe des frühen, die Früchte des späteren Jahres,
 Willst du was reizt und entzückt, willst du was sättigt und nährt,
 Willst du den Himmel, die Erde mit Einem Namen begreifen —
 Nenn' ich Sacontala dich, und so ist Alles gesagt.

The delicate feeling, common to all poetical souls, to make even inanimate nature participate in our joys and sorrows, is most tenderly expressed in the following words:—

“Hear, all ye trees of this hallowed forest; ye trees, in which the sylvan goddesses have their abode; hear and proclaim, that Sakontala is going to the palaces of her wedded lord; she who drank not, though thirsty, before you were watered; she who cropped not, through affection for you, one of your fresh leaves, though she would have been pleased with such an ornament for her locks; she whose chief delight was in the season when your branches are spangled with flowers.”

Or could any Christian father speak more loving and more pious words to his parting daughter than those of Canna, the foster-father of Sakontala?—

“Thy tears, my child, ill-suit the occasion. We shall all meet again. Be firm; see the direct road before thee, and follow it. When the big tear lurks beneath thy beautiful eyelashes, let thy resolution check its first efforts to disengage itself. In thy passage over this earth, where the paths are now high, now low, and the true path seldom distinguished, the traces of thy feet must needs be unequal; but virtue will press thee right onward.”

Neither can we observe, as remarked by Schlegel, without wonder and admiration, that depth of moral feeling with which

the poet styles conscience "the solitary seer in the heart, from whose eye nothing is hid;" and which leads him to represent sin as something so incapable of concealment, that every transgression is not only known to conscience and all the gods, but felt with a sympathetic shudder by those elements themselves which we call inanimate,—by the sun, the moon, the fire, the air, the heaven, the earth, the flood, and the deep,—as a crying outrage against nature, and derangement of the universe. It would add one of the most brilliant gems to our poetic literature, if any competent person would undertake the republication of the *Sakontala*, which, in its graceful and dignified simplicity, is the best of Sir W. Jones's translations from the Sanscrit. Herder remarks rightly, with reference to the poetic literature of the Hindus, that they make us better acquainted with the spirit and character of the people than any other writings; and he confesses to have gathered from the *Sakontala* more true and living ideas about the intellectual and moral habits of the Hindus than from all their "*Upnekats*" and "*Bagavadams*."

Before proceeding to the *Vedas*, we would mention the "*Hitopadesa*"* of Vishnuserman, the first fountain from which all books of fables are derived. The simple and clear narrative is interspersed with profound maxims and many beautiful fragments of the more ancient poems. The *Rig-Veda* (*Veda* of hymns), dating about two thousand years before Christ, contains theogonical myths of a more metaphysical cast than those of the Greeks. The account which is given in the Indian mythology of the invention of poetry and the Indian rhythm is entirely in harmony with the spirit of poetry, full of inward love, tenderness, and pathos. "The sage Balmiki," to whom one of the great heroic poems (*Ramayán*) is ascribed, saw, as it is said, two lovers living happily together in a beautiful wood, when of a sudden the youth was murdered by a treacherous assault. In the midst of his sorrow at this spectacle, and his compassion for the lamentations of the

* *Hitopadesa* is compounded of *hita*, prosperous, dear, or beloved; and *pa-desá*, advice.

deserted maiden, he broke out into words which were rhythmical; and so were elegy and the laws of versification discovered."

Let us proceed to the Vedas, the "Bible of the Hindu faith," which is still "a book with seven seals." The wish expressed by Otfried Müller, in 1825, in his "Prolegomena to a Scientific Mythology,"—"Oh that we had an intelligible translation of the Vedas!"—is still unfulfilled; and though of late years nearly all Sanscrit scholars have devoted their energies to the elucidation of Vedic literature, many years are still required before Otfried Müller's desire can be realized. Now, Sanscrit literature without the Veda is like Greek literature without Homer, like Mohammedan literature without the Koran, like Jewish literature without the Old Testament; and we shall easily understand how, if we do not know the most ancient form of Hindu religion and mythology, it is premature to attempt any comparison between the gods of India and the gods of any other country,* but at least unscholarly to denounce them (as has been lately done) as so "offensively obscene, that they can never be rendered into the language of any Christian nation."

We copy now some passages from the "Extracts from the Vedas," translated by Sir William Jones.

THE GAYATRI, OR HOLIEST VERSE OF THE VEDAS.

"Let us adore the supremacy of that divine Sun,† the godhead who illuminates all, who re-creates all, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return, whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress towards his holy seat.

.....
 "What the sun and light are to this visible world, such are the *supreme good* and *truth* to the intellectual and invisible universe; and, as our corporeal eyes have a distinct perception of objects enlightened by the sun, thus our souls acquire certain knowledge, by meditating on the light of truth, which emanates from the Being of beings: that is

* See Mr. Müller's Lectures on the Science of Language, 2d series, p. 428.

† Opposed to the visible luminary.

the light by which alone our minds can be directed in the path to beatitude.

"Without hand or foot, he runs rapidly and grasps firmly; without eyes he sees, without ears he hears *all*; he knows whatever can be known, but there is none who knows him: him the wise call the great, supreme, pervading Spirit."

Of this text, and a few others, Radhacant has given a paraphrase:—

"Perfect truth; perfect happiness; without equal; immortal; absolute unity; whom neither speech can describe nor mind comprehend; all-pervading; all-transcending; delighted with his own boundless intelligence; not limited by space or time; without feet, moving swiftly; without hands, grasping all worlds; without eyes, all-surveying; without ears, all-hearing; without an intelligent guide, understanding all; without cause, the first of all causes; all-ruling; all-powerful; the creator, preserver, transformer of all things,—such is the Great One: this the Vedas declare."

The following extract from the Yajur-Veda defies, in regard of the pure and sublime ideas of the Infinite, any religious system:—

"1. By one supreme Ruler is the universe pervaded; even every world in the whole circle of nature. Enjoy pure delight, O man! by abandoning all thought of this perishable world; and covet not the wealth of any creature existing.

"2. He who, in this life, continually performs his religious duties, may desire to live a hundred years; but even to the end of that period thou shouldst have no other occupation here below.

"3. To those regions where evil spirits dwell, and which utter darkness involves, will such men surely go after death as destroy the purity of their own souls.

"4. There is one supreme Spirit, which nothing can shake, more swift than the thought of man. That primeval mover, even divine intelligences cannot reach; that Spirit, though unmoved, infinitely transcends others, how rapid soever their course.

"5. That supreme Spirit moves at pleasure, but in itself is immovable; it is distant from us, yet very near us; it pervades this whole system of worlds, yet is infinitely beyond it.

"6. The man who considers all beings as existing even in the

supreme Spirit, and the supreme Spirit as pervading all beings, *henceforth views no creature with contempt.*

"7. In him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind with the supreme Spirit, what room can there be for delusion of mind, or what room for sorrow when he reflects on the identity of spirit?

"8. The pure, enlightened soul assumes a luminous form, with no gross body; unblemished, untainted by sin; itself being a ray from the infinite Spirit, which knows the past and the future, which pervades all, which existed with no cause but itself, which created all things as they are, in ages very remote.

"9. They who are ignorantly devoted to the mere ceremonies of religion are fallen into thick darkness; but they surely have a thicker gloom around them who are solely attached to speculative science.

"10. Unveil, O Thou who givest sustenance to the world, that face of the true sun, which is now hidden by a vase of golden light, so that we may see the truth, and know our whole duty!

"11. O Thou who givest sustenance to the world, thou sole mover of all, thou who restrainest sinners, who pervadest yon great luminary, who appearest as the Son of the Creator, hide thy dazzling beams and expand thy spiritual brightness, that I may view thy most auspicious, most glorious, real form.

"12. That all-pervading Spirit, that Spirit which gives light to the visible sun, even the same *in kind am I, though infinitely distant in degree.* Let my soul return to the immortal Spirit of God, and then let my body, which ends in ashes, return to dust!

"13. *O Spirit, who pervadest fire, lead us in a straight path to the riches of beatitude! Thou, O God! possessest all the treasures of knowledge: remove each foul taint from our souls. We continually approach thee with the highest praise and the most fervid adoration.*"

Those sacred books, the Vedas, as far as we know them by translations, contain only the germs of Brahmanism, not yet developed: no hierarchy, no system of castes, no vestige of transmigration, — doctrines which, partly by foreign influence, were developed in the progress of time; so that their mythology resembles that of the Egyptians and Greeks, even contains many moral and philosophical ideas which, though disfigured sometimes by absurd fables, are akin to Christian doctrines. It is not our purpose to show how much and in which way that reciprocal influence bore upon the different

religious systems. Besides, every scholar knows how much the Ionic and Italic school of philosophy, and even Plato, are indebted to the wisdom of the Hindus.

We are, however, not blind towards the inferiority of the Hindu system, if compared with Christianity, and towards its later gross idolatry and unchristian usages, partly owing to the demoralizing influence of their Mohammedan masters; for instance, the immolation of widows, which practice has been said to have originated in the "operation of jealousy, and regular plan for the degradation of the female sex." But neither in the Sanscrit, nor in any language of the Indo-Germanic branch, do we find any word which is expressive of the inferiority of females. Every student of language knows what powerful testimony this fact bears for the morality of the Indo-Germanic, in opposition to the Semitic, family. The present degradation of the Hindus does not prove any thing against the morality of their sacred books; but only excites our sympathy and compassion for them, who, as children of the Indo-Germanic, we better say Indo-European, family, are of our kin. To the students of comparative philology and ethnology, the Sanscrit and its sacred books are especially dear, and they would hail the complete publication and translation of those sacred treasures. If we had to choose between the Talmud and the Vedas, we would prefer the latter. And we cannot close this article more properly than by the following words of an eminent American scholar: —

"The Vedas are, by not less than a thousand years, the earliest documents for the history of Indo-European language, — for the history, moreover, of Indo-European conditions and institutions. The civil constitution, the religious rites, the mythologic fancies, the manners and customs, which they depict, have a peculiarly original and primitive aspect; seeming to exhibit a far nearer likeness to what once belonged to the whole Indo-European family than is anywhere else to be attained. The Vedas appear rather like an Indo-European than an Indian record; they are the property rather of the whole family than of a single branch." *

* W. D. Whitney, on the Principles of Linguistic Science, p. 227.

ART. V.—THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

THE National Conference, started not four years ago, amidst doubts and fears, is now clearly an established fact. The Convention which, in May, 1865, organized it in New York was large and weighty beyond all expectation, and proved that the projectors of the movement had not miscalculated the wants or wishes of the Unitarian body. One hundred and ninety-seven churches were represented in that Convention by a body of ministers and lay delegates whose very appearance was victory, so impressive was the spectacle of such a mass of full heads and strong faces. Every man took courage as he looked at the cloud of witnesses for our faith that had suddenly arisen about him; and, before a word had been said, the real work of the Convention had been done, in the consciousness of power and the purpose of co-operation instantly developed in that representative assembly.

What to organize upon was, of course, the inevitable first question of a collection of delegates from churches that for a half-century and more had been contending for absolute congregational independence, and had kept jealous watch over the right of private judgment. There were old men there, who had themselves been expelled from Orthodox churches for holding opinions more truly Christian than the creed of their persecutors. The chief obstacle to any large representation at the Convention had been universally recognized to be the inbred suspicion and dislike of our churches and our people towards any thing tending to limit their freedom of private opinion, or endanger congregational independence. Either, then, the fear of peril from this source had yielded to the stronger passion for co-operation and sympathy in Christian work and missionary labors, or else congregational liberty and the rights of private judgment had become practi-

cally too generally conceded, not only in our own body, but in most of the Christian sects about us, to be any longer a subject of anxiety. Both of these influences had overcome the reluctance of our churches to trust themselves in a convention which professedly aimed at a better and stronger organization. Most of them had discovered that there are other things besides the enjoyment of liberty of thinking, for which Christian churches exist, and that those churches which do little but assert and protect their independence, are as bare and weak in Christian graces and charities, as Daniel Boone must have been in the comforts and advantages of civilization, when the settlement of a neighbor within a dozen miles of him so alarmed his instincts of unwatched and uncircumscribed liberty, that he moved fifty miles deeper into the primeval wilderness to make sure of his absolute freedom.

And it was high time for this conviction to come to a practical head. Congregationalism has its dangers as well as its advantages; private judgment its perils and weaknesses as well as its abounding blessings. The Unitarians had carried both out so completely and with such zeal, that pretty much all the other interests and legitimate objects of Church institutions had been neglected or oversloughed. A jealous exercise of the right of private judgment had necessarily created a critical and questioning habit, which unconsciously weakens that sympathetic communion, that sweet common consciousness, which is the vehicle of the great traditional life of the Church, until the unwritten yet most precious part of the gospel faith and spirit had vanished out of their experience. Their Christian blood had, in two generations, grown thin upon a diet of speculation and criticism; and spiritual atrophy and consumption were threatening their very existence. Sitting like watch-makers with microscopes over their eyes, employed in studying the minuter distinctions in religious things, their leaders and scholars had lost the habit of looking broadly out upon the moral landscape, and taking in the wide relations of gospel truth and Christian life, until we had nearly lost the sense of God in history, Christ in the Church, and the Church in the world. So faithless in themselves had

many of the moral leaders of the Unitarian cause become, that those who did not desert to Orthodoxy, sunk, in many cases, into denominational apathy and disgust; a few disowning the very name Unitarian, others wearing it under protest; some of the ablest and most inspiring preachers rarely or never showing their faces in our denominational assemblies; while the very wisest and most prudent owed no small part of their repute for judgment, candor, and sense, to the courage and coolness with which they prophesied the extinction of our denominational being, in less than two lives.

If it had been only the ministers who faltered and doubted, the case would not have been so alarming; but the laity had become equally sceptical and indifferent. That "front rank of human nature" which a worthy and now departed minister of our faith addressed at the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association in the Federal-street Church, five and twenty years ago, was a very choice percentage of a very select class of people! The few laymen practically interested in the prosperity and diffusion of our faith were known from one end to the other of the body, and their names could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Any thing like the present interest of the laity in our denominational affairs was wholly unheard of, and would have been regarded as almost incompatible with the decorous dulness and sleepy dignity thought to be expressive of an unfanatical, thoroughly respectable, unsuperstitious, and highly literary Christian body.

There had been much individual protest against this state of things for many years. None should forget the zealous and eloquent efforts which the colleague of Dr. Channing made to arouse the Unitarian denomination to its duty; his powerful and stirring controversial lectures, the wonder and admiration of the writer's early manhood, as the fiery stream of logic and devout passion rolled in an unbroken torrent from his lips; nor the earnest work of the two Whitmans, Bernard and Jason, nor Henry Ware's and Edward Hall's persistent endeavors to inspire our body with the courage of their own opinions, keeping them, meanwhile, baptized in Christian faith,

and anointed with the oil of sanctity, and fortified with the warrant of sacred Scripture.* The true Apostolic succession, the real continuity of the Christian faith and Church life, was never wholly interrupted in our branch of the vine. The stalk was worn alarmingly thin, and sometimes held almost by a single fibre; but the sap passed, and the limb, shrunken and withered, did not die, and was capable of being recovered. Had the branch really broken from the tree, no human grafting could ever have set it in again. It would have fallen to the ground, and rotted to dust.

It is needless to speak of the causes which resulted in the joint effort of a few of the more rash and hopeful members of the Unitarian body to bring about a reform in the life of the denomination by boldly disregarding all its sickly antecedents, its petty policies, and its suicidal moderation; appealing to the latent heroism, the slumbering faith, and undeveloped generosity in its shrunken bosom; summoning it, not by slow degrees, but at one bold leap, to grand endeavors; taking for granted a readiness which everybody else denied; despising misgivings which had all experience in their favor; setting aside prescriptions as old as our existence, and calling for a union, an organization, and a co-operation, co-extensive with our congregations; a union not of the Unitarian people, but the Unitarian churches, which it had been the whole previous theory of our denomination to avoid, denounce, or declare impossible.

The New-York Convention assembled; and we must all recall the wonder and gratification with which men who could never have imagined themselves falling in with any such measure, met other men equally hostile or indifferent; and equally surprised and delighted to find themselves there and in such company. As with all movements born of causes deeper and greater than private intelligence or individual will, born of God in the womb of time, there was some mysterious and incalculable force driving our churches into the New-York Convention! They went there largely against their own will; many only to see how impossible it was to unite; some to watch and defeat a dangerous undertaking;

a few to oppose its insidious intentions; a smaller body to have a theological discussion; and most of all from a compulsion or an attraction which they could neither justify, explain, nor resist. We must all recall the freshet of simultaneous concession with which, at the very last moment, the bulk of our churches burst their frigid bonds, and poured their delegates into the Convention, till it overflowed the largest expectations and the boldest hopes of its most enthusiastic promoters.

It is not necessary to speak here of the practical work inaugurated in that Convention. It was admirable and extended. But its chief work was the creation of the National Conference of Unitarian Churches. That was the real object of the Convention, and its greatest triumph. The discussion which ended in the adoption of the now famous and historic preamble, will pass into ecclesiastical records as the critical hour when the Unitarian denomination, torn and divided by intestine doubts and opposing tendencies, pronounced itself formally and unmistakably a branch of the Christian Church, built on Jesus Christ, the chief and immovable corner-stone. That such a manifesto was absolutely necessary must by this time have clearly proved itself to most persons who claim the Christian name. At the moment, hundreds, and some of them our wisest men, deemed the position of the Unitarian body so well defined as a Christian one, that they treated the formal assertion of our belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, much as they would have done a declaration of our continued faith in the multiplication-table. The wittiest of judges at the festival in the Academy of Music which concluded the Convention, ridiculed the earnestness with which the importance of this manifesto of faith in Christ had been insisted upon by some of his New-York brethren, as a piece of conceit which nobody living within twenty miles of Boston could have been left to think urgent, or otherwise than a work of fussy supererogation. On the other hand, a handful of sincere and earnest theists, who accepted the spirit of Christianity, but not the personal authority of Jesus Christ, and who had not made up their minds that the Christian Church had any permanent

place in the world, or Christ any special mediatorial function, perhaps, honestly doubtful of their right to claim or use the Christian name, or afraid of professing more than they did, or, perhaps, should at some later moment really, believe, — tried their utmost to induce the Convention to generalize their declaration of faith in a Person, the Head of the Church, and the fountain of their religion, into a declaration of faith in certain fundamental principles of universal reason and religion.

Now, this was exactly what the good Providence over the Convention would not suffer to happen. The temptation to yield this was enormous. The temper and spirit of the Convention could easily have been shaped to that conclusion, by a little concession on the conservative side. For is it not the perpetual effort of the nobler class of minds and hearts to rise above what is personal, to what is impersonal; above the individual, to what is universal; above what is historical, to what is eternal? And what possible exception can a good Christian take to a man who possesses and exhibits the spirit of Christ, and brings forth the fruits of faith and righteousness, even though he deny his belief in the divine authority of Jesus Christ? Is he not a Christian if he bears Christ's image, even though he questions the name of the image itself? Does he make it any the less Christ's image, by calling it the Christian spirit, or the spirit of God? Is his faith not Christian because he objects to calling it so?

Now, the answer to this line of interrogations, although perfectly decisive to those who understand it, is far from being self-evident, or even easily appreciated. There are so many nice discriminations that must be made to bring the real point at issue clearly before the disputants, that in our judgment there has not yet been one thoroughly intelligent vote of the Conference upon the real question. Our discussions have usually raised only a great deal of dust, and prevented the two parties to the main issue from seeing exactly the point in dispute; and our votes have never yet really indicated what the sober thought of the body is. We have been providentially led to keep our record right; we have

decided the questions that came up, prudently and Christian wise; but it has been due to the mercy and the blessing of an overruling Providence, rather than to any clear purpose in the delegates, clerical or lay. They have just escaped again and again voting themselves constructively out of the Christian Church, calling the Christian world to see them disown the Rock out of which they were hewn! Thank God, they have been saved; but so as by the skin of their teeth.

Let us, then, see if it be possible to bring the real point at issue clearly and unmistakably before our readers. We must begin by saying what it is *not*. It is *not* whether the ministers and laymen in our denomination having characteristically theistic tendencies, more or less clearly defined to us and to themselves, are practical Christians or not. Nobody denies that many of them are such, in spite of their belief, or want of belief; and nobody could deny that many professing Christians, truly attached to the name and faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, are *not* Christians in any practical sense. In short, the issue in our body or our Convention has never been one touching the Christian character, or the Christian spirit, though commonly enough mistaken for that. We have never had anybody up before the Convention on the grounds of character, and we probably never shall have.

Nor has there ever been a question before the Convention on the point, which were the better evidence of Christian character, faith or works; or which the more important, the Christian character, or the Christian profession. No man not afraid of words could hesitate to declare an upright, pure, disinterested, and humane atheist a good man; a man dear to God, and precious to Jesus Christ, and a man who, spite of his theoretical blindness in regard to the existence of God, would receive his mercy and acceptance. Much more must Christ accept and honor and love those who do his real work, even though not done in his name. And there has never been any thing said or done in the Convention that denied this. But there is nothing in any of these concessions that touches the real question before the Conference in the preamble.

Is the Christian Church the main instrument to be depended on for the moral and spiritual culture and salvation of humanity? The question is not, Is it the *only* one? or whether other instruments are not very important. But is it the *main* instrument; and is it the instrument which the Unitarian denomination comes together in council, to strengthen and maintain? If this be conceded,—and although it would be disputed probably by the gentlemen who have formed the Free Religious Association, it would, we are convinced, be sustained by the vote of nine-tenths of the Unitarian body, could it be distinctly, and separately brought before them,—then the question arises, on what does this instrument, the Christian Church, rest? what has made it what it is; and what keeps it what it is? There is an honest difference on this point, but a difference which forbids any compromise on the part of those who adopt the positive side. They say, the Christian Church owed its birth, its power, its peculiarity, to the personal influence, the personal character, the personal sacrifice, the personal resurrection, of Jesus Christ. Christianity is not a system of ideas or opinions, but an *influence* which, put in motion by the miraculous or supernatural or simply incalculable personality of Jesus Christ, has deposited the external Church as its historic condition, and communicated by its divine tradition and through the unbroken fellowship and communion of personal discipleship, that Christian faith and spirit which is the life of human souls in their highest and holiest inward experience and outward conformity. They feel that the personality of Jesus Christ gives the only value to Christianity which it possesses over any abstract system of moral philosophy or devout speculation; converts what would else be a theory into an institution, and makes all the difference between a *warm*, living influence, objective in its origin and existence, and opening its arms to receive and nurse the spiritual infancy of succeeding generations, and a cold, barren abstraction, which must be realized subjectively by voluntary and persistent individual effort, and which possesses only that power given to it by the mind and heart and will of its studious receiver. Weaken the con-

nection between Christ and Christianity, and you diminish proportionately its power over the affections and the will, although you may possibly increase its acceptableness to one order of intellects; an order by no means the highest, even when Mill and Spencer and Bain are counted as its exemplars. Pure intellect, like pure oxygen, is not a vitalizing element. The greatest minds are not the most purely intellectual ones, but the minds in which reason, affection, sympathy, and imagination blend in the largest quantities in the truest proportions. Shakespeare's or Milton's instinct in regard to the place Christ had in his religion would be worth vastly more than Comte's or Mill's logical inferences. And the common sense of eighteen centuries, during every one of which this question has not been without its able disputants, has rightfully a weight in its wide wisdom of instinctive belief in the inseparable relation of Jesus Christ to his own religion, which it would take a thousand minds like Herbert Spencer's or Huxley's or Tyndall's to outbalance.

It is from feeling this in overwhelming power, that a few of the so-called conservatives in the Unitarian body have deemed it their duty to maintain, as of supreme importance, the proclamation of the preamble, or the Lordship of Jesus Christ. In their judgment the possibility of an external Christian Church depends upon this recognition; and the health and life of that Church, upon its practical realization. Christ is, with them, the real Head of the Church; and the Church is the chief vehicle of positive, definite and public spiritual blessings. They believe that when the Unitarian body dissolves its connection with the historical Church, it will break its relations with Jesus Christ; and when it sunders that tie, it will be carried by the winds and waves of general speculation, first on to the ledge of secularism, and then on to the lee-shore of atheism. Can it be wondered at that with such fears, enlightened by painful study of human history and human nature, and strengthened by every day's observation of the tendencies of the "free," that is, the Christless, religious thought of truly devout and noble minds, there should be an awful earnestness of purpose, a concentrated

and determined resolution on the part of those Unitarians who see clearly what is involved in this controversy, to sacrifice, if need be, every thing else held dear in our body; nay, to sacrifice the body itself, if that becomes necessary, to a public allegiance to that Saviour who is, in their convictions, the sole practical hope of the world's organized faith and piety? What are the interests of the Unitarian denomination, dear and sacred as they are, compared with the interests of that common Christian faith represented by the Church universal? Those victims of State sovereignty, who laid their traitorous bones beneath the wheels of the avenging chariot of our national loyalty, might teach the little sects of liberal Christianity what is in store for them, when they shall so far extend the title of their independence as to challenge the right of the Church universal to superior allegiance.

The real question before the Unitarian Conference, at its three sessions, has been this: Are we inside or outside the Christian Church? Have we broken with Jesus Christ, as our Mediator and Saviour, or not? Conceal it, evade it, slip round it, or fill the air with the golden dust of sparkling charities and glittering generalities as we may, this is the real question; the question which is conscious of itself in the minds and hearts of the few who are in the habit of carefully defining their thoughts and feelings to themselves, and is dimly and unconsciously working in the minds and hearts of all the rest.

There is one immense difficulty in getting this question before the Unitarian mind of this country. The influence of Puritanism and of Congregationalism, when re-inforced by transcendental philosophy, develops such a monstrous individualism that the historic sense, or the institutional sense,—too strong and oppressive for personal or intellectual liberty in many old countries,—is reduced to a typhoidal weakness which threatens, if moral tonics are not rapidly applied, entire destruction of social and religious organic tissues. The nation nearly died a lustre ago, because the sense of nationality had slumbered and sunk under our State-right, county-right, town-right, private-right notions, until the feel-

ing of any thing awful and imperative in the State had wholly disappeared from our popular literature and current thinking. We had to write out that terrible truth of the State's sanctity in the bloody ink of a half-million emptied lives, before the American people, blind with excess of light, could see that once world-acknowledged fact. The Church is now undergoing, in the eyes of the American people, the same crucifixion to which the State was lately exposed. Other parts of the country are merely hammering the nails; but it has been left to the unconscious, undesigning hand of dear New England to thrust in the spear. Any sense of the sacred reality and function of the Christian Church, languid even in the Episcopal body in England and America, and driven for protection to the tawdry arms of Ritualism, is at this present moment most feebly developed in the common mind of the American people, and may be said to be as near dead in New England, as any thing can be which is predestined to immortality. But although fore-gleams of a returning sense of what the Christian Church is, shoot here and there through thoughtful minds, it is almost like talking a foreign language to speak of it even to New-England scholars, who usually think you are babbling about something which wears a straight-collared coat, or perhaps a purple vest, and lights its way with wax-candles, or turns its back in worship on the congregation. This is much like the ludicrous notion of the State, held even by conservatives before the war, who reverently thought it the exclusive property of the President and Cabinet, and very dependent on the wax in the Secretary of State's office at Washington. That it lived in the blood and traditions of the people; that it was the underlying necessity of their social order; that it was not only an idea, but a feeling and a force which the more drawn on would the more develop its terrible resources; that it was a mighty reality, a living power, and not a dead thought or respectable abstraction,—this we learned only after four years' bloody fighting, if, indeed, it has been fully taught us yet. And so the Church, Christ's personality, living in the spiritual blood and traditions of humanity, and organiz-

ing itself by an inward necessity to which the practical instincts and affections of the race cannot long continue stubborn or unpliant; poor as, for reasons easily statable, it is, in the distinct appreciation of our age and country, — is irresistible in its claims to final attention; is a mighty self-vindicating force, sharing with the State the chief right to human loyalty, and destined to shape the American future with its benignant impulses and guidance.

But how hard to make any modern mind, specially any merely Unitarian mind, stupidly lost to the meaning of symbols, and deaf to the voice of institutional realities, understand that, in speaking of the Christian Church, you do not mean the Catholic or the Episcopal or the Presbyterian or the Unitarian communions, but are thinking of that force and life which, originating in Christ, has flowed into all visible churches, and been itself most visible beneath and through their absurd or extravagant costumes, — the body of Christ draped in all sorts of provisional mantles! Is it said that forces take care of themselves, and that such a Church can be safely left to vindicate its own rights and influence? Yes; and how with the State? Cannot that, too, be safely left to its own vindication? And do you wish to join another half-million victims of its wrath, in illustration of its self-protecting powers? And doubtless the Church *will* take care of itself. But how? When the Christian consciousness and the sense of Christ in the Church shall have reached its lowest ebb; when purely original and individual notions of religion, the fruits of the native religious instinct, shall have asserted themselves in place of Christianity; when men shall have no other faith in immortality than science teaches them, and no other love for worship than an impulsive or sentimental one; when the great traditions of the resurrection and the ascension shall pass for neglected fables; when Christ's body and blood shall have no power to do aught except disgust or amuse as gross superstitions, — memorials not of Him, but of the dark ages; when baptism shall be set beside table-tipping, only as far less credible than "Planchette;" when Sunday reverts from the significance of the Lord's day to its original heathen import,

and marriage becomes a purely civil contract, and sacred and secular are mingled in one great jumble of reformed feeling, — then we shall first begin to discover, if we are left to that dreadful blankness or chaos, what the Church has been in the past; what its sickness and seeming decease are to the age that is visited with a full experience of it; and then, with a furious storm of possible fanaticism, a rush of long-restrained emotions, with terrible religious wars between Catholics and Protestants, between believers and deniers, will come back that Church which has the keys of life and death, and which is sure to visit its holy indignation and wrath on the humanity that refuses to welcome it in peaceful blessings, vital faith, and joyous hope. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I — and ye would not!" Are there not other Jerusalems to sit in desolation and mourning over their deafness to that holy voice, their treachery to that sacred Church?

The New-York Convention, by a very decided vote, and against a very earnest opposition, adopted the preamble,* affirming, by implication, that the churches there represented rested on the Lordship of Jesus Christ. No other dogma was put into the constitution. And then, to relieve our congregational independence, and the right of private judgment of all jealousies and fears of infringement, it proceeded to pass, not as a part of the constitution or by-laws, but as a resolution repealable by a majority vote, a declaration that the votes of the National Conference were to be regarded only as the voice of the majority, binding on individual churches only as far as they accepted them, and not holding individual mem-

* *Whereas* the great opportunities and demands for Christian labor and consecration, at this time, increase our sense of the obligations of all disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ to prove their faith by self-denial, and by the devotion of their lives and possessions to the service of God and the building up of the kingdom of his Son, —

ART. 1. — Therefore the Christian churches of the Unitarian faith, here assembled, unite themselves in a common body, to be known as the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches, to the end of energizing and stimulating the denomination with which they are connected to the largest exertions in the cause of Christian faith and work.

bers of the Conference to any greater constructive obligation than their own private views and private consciences made them able and willing to acknowledge. This resolution was designed to protect the conservative as well as the radical members of the body; for nobody could tell how soon the Conference might pass resolutions of a social, political, or even personal character, which would be objectionable to many in both extremes of the body. The resolution was regarded at the time, by some of the right wing, as a stultification of the whole force and meaning of the preamble, and a weak concession to the radical members. But it was really no such thing. The objection to it proceeded upon the hypothesis that the Conference was a body similar in its theory and powers to the national conferences or supreme assemblies of other religious denominations; whereas the Unitarian churches had attempted a wholly new thing, — perhaps impossible, but certainly worth trying; namely, to organize upon the simplest Christian dogmatic basis, with a reservation of all the rights of strict Congregationalism and the freedom of the private conscience. Both poles of the implied compact, when the Convention was originally called, were to be sacredly respected, — the pole of faith in Christ; the pole of Christian liberty for each church and each individual. Faith in Christ was to be affirmed as the faith of the National Conference. Individual churches and persons were to be thrown wholly on their own consciences and will in interpreting the preamble, and in assenting to or dissenting from the resolutions of the majority. In short, the union was to be a moral union. There was to be no compulsion in it. It was only a moral authority that could be asserted over the churches, not an ecclesiastical one; only a moral cohesion that could be secured, not an ecclesiastical unity. The Unitarian churches would not and ought not to bear that; and there never was any purpose or design in the inaugurators of the organizing movement to inflict it, or to bring it about by gradual measures. An honest and earnest wish was felt to consolidate the churches, including both extremes, in one general confession of Christian faith, in its largest, simplest,

and least fettering form, and in one working plan. This was effected, not without difficulty, not without serious dissent, not without provoking some self-exclusion of extreme men. But it was effected with an unexpected degree of unanimity, and with practical results which in two years had greatly increased the confidence and activity and cohesion of the body. Neither the simple declaration of Christian faith in the preamble, nor the private independence of the churches and the individual members, seemed in the least danger when the National Conference assembled at Syracuse, in October, 1866, for its first regular session, its second real meeting.

It was found, however, then, that there were serious and resolute malcontents on the left wing; and a solemn and affecting protest was there made by a few radical members against the oppressive and enslaving character and terms of the preamble. It then became very plain that the real difficulty lay in the fact that some few ministers in our body were not, in their own esteem at least, Christians in the most fair and honorable construction of the meaning of the preamble. They did not believe the Christian Church, or the discipleship of the Lord Jesus Christ, the *essential* things in the Christian religion; and they felt the constructive dishonesty or dishonor to a sensitive spirit of belonging to a body which affirmed this in its fundamental law. They seemed deeply attached to the Christian Church provisionally, and as the best existing kind of working religious institution. They loved the Christian spirit and precepts, and, with exceptions, the whole character of Jesus Christ, be it fictitious or historical. They could call themselves Christians, in a certain sense, as Rammohun Roy might have done, but would not. They felt that this was not the sense in which the preamble affirmed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and they tried to strike at least the "Lordship" out of the declaration. Those who had put it there knew what it meant for them, and knew that any thing less than it meant could not have their contented adherence, and that to abandon it would be to give up the whole basis of the union they were seeking to establish. It was a Christian union, a union of Christian churches, they were aiming to

bring about; not a union of good men, or men of the Christian spirit, for general purposes of beneficence. It was to build up the Christian Church, after their idea of it; to increase Unitarian and other like churches, and by their means multiply Christian faith and obedience, that their hearts and minds were pledged; and to assent to the desire to strike out what to them was the very essence of faith and Christianity, and the corner-stone of the Church, would have been, in their eyes, simple suicide. They threw, therefore, the responsibility of working under the preamble and in the Conference, with its understood basis, upon the few dissenters from its declaration. They felt it better and safer to risk their withdrawal, than to concede what would have compelled many of the projectors of the Conference to abandon the union; and, painful as the loss of worthy men, whose personal worth they knew, would have been, and has since proved, they could not in conscience, for reasons already fully stated, recede a hair's breadth from the full front of the preamble. The Conference sustained this determination; and the Syracuse Convention left us, after adding "and other Christian" * to our title, precisely where we were at the end of the first meeting in New York.

Since then, a distinct withdrawal from the Conference, from the Christian Church and the Christian name, has been made by the manly and able metaphysician who led the opposition to the preamble at Syracuse. Mr. Abbot alone seemed to know exactly where he was, and to have the courage to take the consequences of his conscientious conviction, that Christianity has no special authority, and Christ no special title to give his name to that universal system of religious philosophy with which he, or those, perhaps, who created him by their writings, have succeeded for eighteen centuries in getting him so strongly identified. He claims all that is good or true in Christianity for universal philosophy and religion, and announces the world his church, and truth his religion.

Now, if logical consistency were the only or the best thing in the world, it would be necessary to encourage all who

* National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches.

accept or sympathize with Mr. Abbot's opinions, to follow his example. But consistency, considering that we are frail and erring creatures, would destroy the human race the first moment it were universally adopted. It is better to be inconsistent in the practice of virtue, than consistent in the practice of vice; inconsistent in the encouragement of faith, than consistent in the cause of denial. We can have no better love for infidelity or atheism because of their consistency. Indeed, we far more truly love all their inconsistencies; for these are on the instinctive side of faith and obedience. We do not, therefore, say to those whose logic might lead them to abandon our body because of its Christian preamble, Follow your logic; we say rather, Follow your hearts; follow your experience; follow your earnest sympathies with a brotherhood that loves you, and which you love, and wait until conscience absolutely compels you to take a position outside the Church, and outside our broad and generous Christian communion, before you try that cold self-exile and roofless desert of denial and doubt.

But we must press forward. The second (practically the third) session of the National Conference assembled in New York, Oct. 6, 1868. Although on principle—perhaps a mistaken one—it was determined not to proffer a general hospitality to the delegates, and although the churches had been recommended to defray the expenses of their delegates (hitherto usually left to their own private charges), there was an unexpectedly large representation. Not only was the number of delegates as large as ever before, but perhaps as many more volunteers from the churches came from all parts of the country to attend the meetings. For the important measure at Syracuse, besides the discussion of the preamble and its resettlement for the time upon the original basis, had been the distribution of the churches into local conferences; a plan which had so usefully and wonderfully succeeded in communicating to the parts of one body the motion of the whole, that no two years in the life of the Unitarian denomination was ever so rich in spontaneous movements, in systematic work, or in co-operative labor.

It was this experience of renewed life which compelled the churches to testify their confidence in the re-organization of the Unitarian body, and, under peculiar disadvantages, to see themselves fully represented in the National Conference. In character, as in numbers, it was felt that the denomination had never seen an assembly of greater weight; and from the first moment to the last, there was increasing evidence of earnestness, business-directness, compactness of statement, and good temper, — with a sense of something greater than the private will or the unguided impulses of human hearts presiding over and moving through that affecting and memorable Convention. The local conferences had developed a business capacity, a habit of parliamentary order, a skill in drawing up reports, and a facility in extempore utterance, which was marvellous to those who compared this Convention with those which preceded it. There was, too, such an unforced consent in the general working plans, such an increased tendency to method, such a grasp of practical difficulties, and readiness to deal with them on their merits, without too much regard to old ways, that nobody could doubt that the advantages of organization were recommending themselves in the best of ways, through practical experience of their benefits, to all portions of the Unitarian body. Never in so short a time had a religious denomination shaken off so considerably its chronic individualism and jealousy of co-operative work, its hatred of method, its faithlessness in its own mission and opportunities. Its business, multiform and manifold as it was, was none of it neglected; and we should here delight to recount the whole story of its debates, and its conclusions respecting the local conferences, theatre-preaching, theological schools, co-operation with the African Methodist Church in the South, the raising of money for denominational ends, the relations of our body to Home and to Foreign Liberal Christianity in other churches, the diffusion, of our literature, and the establishment of a new Theological Review or Monthly. But we have set ourselves mainly to the consideration of the theological issue that has run through the three sessions of the National Convention, and we hasten, therefore,

to record the action of that body in its late session upon this critical point.

On Thursday morning, after full notice, and by general consent, and because private letters and communications to members of the Council had shown the necessity of assigning some dignified and roomy space to this discussion, the question (in effect) on the preamble was brought forward. Private conferences among the radicals had satisfied them of the hopelessness of getting any change or modification in the terms of the preamble itself; and it is bare justice to them to say that they did not attempt it. They contented themselves with bringing in what doubtless seemed to the majority of the Conference a very harmless resolution; and they brought it in not by one of themselves, but by a "broad churchman," Dr. J. F. Clarke, who was able to give it great weight by his known or supposed sympathy with the Christology of the preamble. This resolution,—we shall quote it presently,—with the exception of the last twenty-one words, is the identical resolution introduced into the original Convention at New York, to secure congregational liberty and personal freedom, and strangely omitted in the official "Report of the Second Meeting;" but then it was passed only as an ordinary part of the proceedings,—a mere resolution which could at any time be rescinded by a majority vote. It was the object of the radicals to get it transferred to the constitution, and made a part of the organic law, where not only increased dignity and emphasis would attend it, but where it would require a two-thirds vote to remove or to change it. They were clearly right in this purpose; and those who originally introduced it from the conservative side could least of all object to making formally important and emphatic, and as nearly organic as possible, what they had proposed in good faith, and voted on by resolution, as an article of peace and comity, and, above all, of fidelity, to Christian Unitarian liberty. Doubtless, objections existed in a few minds to the original "resolution," and still more strongly, of course, to its being exalted into the constitution. Twelve votes were cast against it on its final passage. But

those who objected to it originally and finally, were persons who never much believed it possible or desirable for the wings of our body to move together, and on that account never gave a very hearty support to the National Conference. The vast majority believed the union possible and essential, and wished to make it possible for the extremes in our denomination to meet together, if so be faith in and with the Master and the Church could be kept; and they desired to make the article of freedom in this resolution as conspicuous and binding as the article of faith. No objection was made to this by those who had insurmountable objections to Mr. Clarke's complete resolution. That resolution ran thus and was proposed as the 9th article of the Constitution: —

ART. 9. To secure the largest unity of the Spirit and the widest practical co-operation, it is hereby declared that all expressions in this Preamble and Constitution are expressions only of the majority of the Conference, committing in no degree those who object to them, and depending for their effect upon the consent they command on their own merits from the churches here represented or belonging within the circle of our fellowship. And that we heartily welcome to that fellowship all who desire to work with us in advancing the Kingdom of God.

There was no important dispute about the first seventy words of this article. Thus much of it was finally passed by a vote of three hundred and twenty-six to twelve. The whole debate turned upon the acceptance or rejection of the last clause, — “and that we heartily welcome to that fellowship” (that is, into the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches) “all who desire to work with us in advancing the kingdom of God.” The majority of the Conference saw nothing objectionable, for they saw nothing different, in these few innocent and beautiful words, from what they saw either in the preamble itself or the original resolution already passed. “The kingdom of God” is, in most minds and ears, identical with “the kingdom of his Son.” Those who would work for one would be commonly supposed to be just as ready to work for the other. And if the amendment had had no peculiar significance given to it by the great historic antecedents and debates of the National:

Conference; had it not been known and felt, by those most concerned for the Christian soundness of our organization, that its passage involved the actual surrender of what the framers of the Conference had for two sessions fought earnestly to secure to the Conference,—i.e., its unquestioned anchorage as a Christian body,—it might, it would, have passed as a harmless flourish of Christian fine feeling and universal sympathy! But it must have been felt and known by its mover, and by all those behind him, to have no such indifferent character. It must have been intended to say, that the National Conference of Christian and other churches invited into their Christian fellowship any and all persons, Christian in faith or profession, or not, who desired to work with it in advancing the kingdom of God. Well! why not? Cannot Christians work with Buddhists, Mahometans, Jews, infidels, in building up the kingdom of God? Certainly; and we do work with them when we send missionaries to heathen countries, or unite in philanthropic undertakings. We were engaged in the last war, as we fondly thought, in building up the kingdom of God, when so many of our ministers and brave laymen joined the national army, in which Jews and infidels and heathen (for some thousand Indian savages were in that war) and Chinamen, and doubtless Mahometans and Buddhists too, not to speak of profane, lewd, wicked, and abominable men, were engaged (some, notwithstanding, still of patriotic instincts) in building, better than they knew, the kingdom of God. Nobody thought himself contaminated by any such fellowship, any more than by belonging to the human race, so large a part of which is yet unchristian. We work every day with the greatest readiness, for good purposes, with people into whose character and motives we do not inquire.

And if the Conference wishes really to air its liberality and to take that broad and noble ground which some seemed to fancy was presented in this resolution, we can only say that it does not begin to meet the case. Why welcome to our fellowship only those who desire to work with us in advancing the kingdom of God? Are there not plenty of worthy

people who know and care nothing about the kingdom of God; who attach no meaning to that language; who do not even believe there is any God; but who, nevertheless, love goodness? and do we not owe also our fellowship? And then how much more important it is to give our society and fellowship to those who do *not* desire to build up the kingdom of God; to those abandoned wretches who need so much more the sympathy and society and converting power of the good and the believing! Blush for your narrowness when you look at the reproofing spirit of charity exhibited by the excellent Orthodox Missionaries of the Five Points, in opening their prayer-meetings in the house and with the assistance of "the wickedest man in New York." Should Mr. John Allen, now reputedly relapsed from grace, wish to enter our Conference, under the spirit, if not the terms, of the proposed amendment, and bring all his late dancing-girls with him, we do not see how those who proposed the resolution could object. For are we going to make ourselves the judges of motives and desires, and to set up a Pharasaic exclusiveness in our liberal order?

The truth is, it was not any objection, on the part of Christian believers, to working with Jews, infidels, or Mahometans, or with the worst people, when time, place, and opportunity served, that raised the opposition to the amendment. It was simply an objection to working with them *in this particular organization, and for the special ends of this organization*. The organization was intended to be one of Christian churches and for the ends only for which Christian churches can work together. That is, this was the idea of some, or many, or most, as it may prove; and this was so much the idea of these, be it more or less, that they wanted this organization for that purpose *only*; believing that, for any more general purposes of universal religion and general philanthropy, they could easily find far better, older, and more practical fellowships. But the feeling of others was distinctly this: "We wish to ignore, deny, or diminish the emphasis you put upon a distinctive Christian organization. We wish to make you say constructively and indirectly from your own Christian plat-

form, that that platform is practically none other than the platform of universal religion and universal philanthropy. We wish to get your Christian shelter for tendencies to theism, and anti-Christian speculations, philosophic, scientific, and practical. We wish this for no selfish or mean reason, but because we believe it to be best for the Unitarian body, nearest to truth, and most favorable to virtue and to the precepts and principles even of the Christian religion. But we wish it anyhow, and will force you to it if we can, by cries of imperilled liberty, and complaints of persecution."

It was because the amendment was felt to contain this challenge and this *animus*, that it was strenuously opposed. It was not because the Conference had great need to fear that its wishes and objects would hereafter be practically swamped in a rush of candidates such as Rev. Mr. Mayo so forcibly and well described, — raw recruits, who might, under the amendment, come in and vote us out of our own officers and name and constitution. For, doubtless, we have a moral fence about us stronger than any resolution can build, which will stand when all resolutions fall; a fence that will exclude the kind of people he referred to. The danger is far greater than this. It is the danger of being swamped not in votes of new unchristian constituents, but in the destructive laxities of opinion our own votes declare; swamped in a fen of the very ideas which, fair and firm to look upon, are as bottomless as a grass-grown marsh, and as perilous to him who trusts them; ideas which have had their opportunities for ages, and showed their inability to organize any vital order for goodness or humanity, and which never yet exhibited any power to bless and uphold masses of human souls, except in the form of organic Christianity. Science, discovering more clearly and dwelling on the chemical ingredients that enter into the human body and brain, has been recently, with proud hopes of the result, extracting the phosphates, and seeking to nourish the sick and re-inforce the weak with chemical food. But it so often forgets the distinction between vital dynamics and mere chemical analysis, and so often leaves out the element of

vitalizing power in its conclusions, that it now begins to be suspected that much of its most carefully prepared chemical food is little better than poison. Calcine the beef-bone into which the mystery of animal life has organized phosphorus, and extract that element, and you get an active and virulent poison. Boil that bone, and you get the phosphorus in its organic form; and it makes a wholesome ingredient in your soup. No one can tell exactly what the difference is between the phosphorus organized or unorganized; but it is all the difference between food and poison. Take away the vital principle from an organized human frame, and you have straightway death and corruption.

Jesus Christ organized the eternal and universal principles of all religion in his wonderful personality. They gained their first full power to meet the wants of human souls, by that mysterious change and sublimation. They became thus not mere ideas or abstract principles, but ideal forces, organic forces; and some of us are now trying to calcine Christianity and get its essence out of its organism, in the vain impression that when we succeed we shall throw away merely a bone and get a concentrated nutriment. Let us see to it that we do not get a poison out of our philosophic crucible.

If the Unitarian body means to give up Jesus Christ as the head of its faith and its Church, it has only to discuss the preamble in a few more conferences, and propose amendments like Mr. Clarke's, and have them supported by Mr. Hale and Mr. Collyer, and passed in the real mind and heart of the Convention, even though just formally escaped as matters of record by tender deference to personal influence, or by friendly concession. It is not what is *voted*, but what is *meant*, that ruins a religious body. It is our sad conviction that rationalistic and semi-Christian or anti-Christian proclivities and opinions prevail in our body much more extensively than is confessed, or even known; and that they require kind, tender, serious, but also positive, frank, and vigorous, opposition. If they cannot be checked by this process, the body cannot long hold together. We fully believe that if well understood,

clearly faced, and thoughtfully considered, these semi-Christian or unchristian ideas would not be welcomed, approved, or accepted. To make them better understood ought to be the painstaking effort of all believers in the Gospel and Church of Jesus Christ.

ART. VI.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

DR. MAHAN's design was excellent.* So also is the basis which he has taken for his groundwork,—the validity of the human intelligence as a faculty of world knowledge, as established by the direct and immediate testimony of consciousness. From this basis, by a strictly demonstrative argument, as he claims, he establishes the truth of Theism. Materialism and Idealism, he maintains, are grounded upon pure and unsupported assumptions, especially the one common assumption, for which there is no valid ground at all, that underneath all phenomena, both of spirit and matter, there exists only one and the same substance, of whose necessary activity all phenomena are the self-necessitated evolutions. In opposition to this assumption, Dr. Mahan maintains that our knowledge of matter and spirit as distinct and separate entities, the former as having real extension and form, the latter as possessed of the powers of thought, feeling, and voluntary determination, is given in consciousness as exclusively presentative or immediate knowledge; and that therefore mind and matter must be taken, for the basis of all our deductions, as separate, distinct, and known entities, having the real qualities referred to. This conclusion, he maintains, cannot be denied without denying the validity of the testimony of consciousness, making our intelligence a lie. Next it is shown that facts of order having an existence in time, suppose a cause out of and above nature; and that the facts of order in nature have had a beginning in time. Moreover, it is shown that the order of events in nature has been from time to time changed, and that parts of given series are arranged in

* The Science of Natural Theology; or, God the Unconditioned Cause, and God the Infinite and Perfect, as Revealed in Creation. By Rev. ASA MAHAN, D.D. Boston: Published by Henry Hoyt, 1867.

forms which can by no possibility be accounted for by a reference to natural law. These facts, it is undeniable, also necessarily imply the existence of a cause out of and above nature, and no inhering law of nature, as their ultimate cause. Thus it is shown that a first cause, eternal, immutable, and of adequate efficiency for the work of creation, does exist. By the same argument, but more especially by the argument that the laws, adaptations, demands, and necessary ideas of our mental and moral nature are "correlative to what is real in the Creator, and not what is unreal," he proves that this first cause is a free, self-conscious personality, and finally is infinite and perfect.

This argument Dr. Mahan claims to be entirely *à posteriori*, and the one sole valid line of proof. He denies the existence of any *à priori* proof of the existence of God, and denies also the validity of Paley's argument from design. Dr. Mahan's method of proof is, indeed, very strong, is perhaps stronger than any other one line. But it is not as exclusively *à posteriori* as he claims, and we do not think he makes out his case against the argument from design. One of his chief arguments for the infinity and perfection of God — viz., the argument that the idea of Him as such is a first truth, a necessary conception of universal mind; and that the idea could not be thus necessary and universal unless it accorded with the reality — is almost identical with one of the proofs commonly called *à priori*. Compare it, for example, with the *à priori* proof as given by Hickock. It is true, it is not wholly *à priori*; it is partly *à posteriori*; viz., in its appeal to the fact of such a necessary and universal conception of God existing among men. But neither is the argument from creation in time wholly *à posteriori*; that is, wholly grounded on evidence. That also is *à priori* in its major premise, that every change in phenomena must have a cause.

To the argument from design, the objection is made that "it is assumed that facts of order do not and cannot exist unless they are produced by some cause, and that an intelligent one. Now, in the divine mind," says Dr. Mahan, "order or facts of order do exist without a cause. If order may exist in *mind* without a cause, for aught that we do or can know to the contrary, it may exist in *matter* or any real substance without a cause." This objection, first brought forward, we believe, by O. A. Brownson, in his novel of "Charles Elwood," is a fallacy founded upon an ambiguity in the word "order" which should not have escaped one who prides himself so much upon the severity of his logic as Professor Mahan does. Although there

may be said to be order in God, as a principle or mode of action of his mind, yet it is not properly supposable, much less is it to be set down as an established fact, that there is order in the mind of God in the sense in which order is used in the argument from design; viz., in the sense of an adaptation of means to ends, an arrangement of parts to accomplish an intelligent purpose, or such an arrangement of parts as is in accordance with the action of an intelligent mind. For by the very conception of mind, of spirit, it is not composed of parts. Dr. Mahan, moreover, objects to the argument from design, that the major premise, the *à priori* element, ought always to be indisputable, and the doubt, if any, to be in relation to the minor premise, the question of fact, which can be settled by an appeal to facts. Now, in the argument from design, the major premise — viz., that adaptation of means to ends, or (as he chooses to state it, weakening thereby materially, we think, the strength of the argument by the change in the form of statement) facts of order, imply intelligence — is denied by many antitheists, and is not indisputable. His own argument, he claims, is not open to this objection, but its major premise — viz., that facts of order beginning in time suppose a cause out of and above nature — is universally admitted and indisputable. But an acquaintance with the English and French philosophy of the last ten years would have shown him that this had been denied as well as the major premise to the design argument. Dr. Mahan is, indeed, most strangely ignorant, or else most unwarrantably ignores pretty nearly all the philosophy or science of the last ten years. The names and the peculiar views of such men as Mill, Bain, Comte, Büchner, Molleschott, McCosh, &c., in philosophy, and of Darwin, Huxley, Lyell, &c., in science, nowhere are found alluded to in the body of the work.

He says, for example (p. 56), "We know of no philosopher of any standing who maintains the validity of the fundamental principles of the philosophy of Locke; to wit, that the elements of all ideas and of all forms of knowledge existing in the human mind were originally derived from one source exclusively, *experience*, or external and internal perception." Are not Mr. Mill and Mr. Bain philosophers of any standing; or did Dr. Mahan not know of their existence?

Again (p. 129), it is asserted that "the history of the world, since the origin of the human race, presents us with not a solitary fact indicating the remotest tendency on the part of any one species of animals or plants towards a transmutation into a different or opposite species;" and again (p. 152), "The dogma of transmutation now stands

among the exploded errors of the past." The most charitable judgment that can be made in regard to the exhibition of such ignorance or ignoring of the facts which Darwin has collected, and the fact that the theory of development which goes now by his name (which Dr. Mahan, by the way, always calls the Lamarckian theory), has been adopted as a probable theory by half the scientific world, including such men as Lyell, Huxley, Professors Peirce, Gray, &c., — the most charitable judgment, we say, which we can make in regard to such ignorance or ignoring as this, is that the book was published without revision, just as it was written ten or twelve years ago, for College Lectures. This philosophical and scientific "behind-the-times" is the chief fault of the book, and it is a capital one. A manual of natural theology needs to be abreast of the latest thought and discoveries as much as a manual of geology.

It is, as we have said, a fundamental position of our author that we have an immediate presentative knowledge of matter as well as of mind; that we know matter as it is in itself. If this is not so, we are told, on almost every other page, we must impeach the integrity of consciousness itself, we must make the testimony of consciousness a lie. But when one set of faculties, such as the reasoning faculties, tests the apparent testimony of another set of faculties, such as the perceptive faculties, is the result a contradiction of the testimony of consciousness, or not rather the corrected and true testimony of consciousness? The true testimony of consciousness is, at least, as likely to be found in the deliberate judgment of the thoughtful and reflective, as in the hastily formed and unsifted beliefs and convictions of the unreflecting many. That the testimony of consciousness in its pure and original state is to be accepted as decisive, needs no argument and little repetition. The question is as to *what* is the pure and unalloyed testimony of consciousness in regard to our cognition of matter. In the face of the fact that almost all the great names in philosophy, as Sir William Hamilton himself admitted, are ranged against the doctrine of the immediate, presentative cognition of matter, to assume, nevertheless, that this is the undeniable testimony of consciousness, is to make an assumption hardly warrantable, at least when made as it is, without discussion, assignment of reasons or qualification by explanations.

If we do not know matter immediately, as it is in itself, Dr. Mahan repeatedly asserts, we cannot prove the truth of Natural Theism. The truth of the latter, he says, depends on the truth of the former.

Such a declaration seems to us an altogether gratuitous piece of assistance to the cause of antitheism, an admission altogether unnecessary, and altogether too dangerous to make. We do not see how, supposing our knowledge of matter to be purely phenomenal and relative, there is any the less necessity for an external intelligent cause to account for the changes in the phenomena of matter and for the orderly and serviceable arrangement of those phenomena, than if we knew the very essence of matter. The only changes and arrangements of matter on which the argument hinges are its phenomenal ones, and those of its essence or of matter in itself.

Whatever criticism may be passed upon our author's thought, no one can deny his style to be severely logical. A little less rigidity in this respect, and also a little less of dogmatic assertion and of lengthy repetition, would not have weakened his argument, and might have made it, perhaps, less wearisome and more influential with the general reader. When a writer is continually saying that those who do not agree with him deny that which is absolutely indisputable, make our consciousness a lie, God a deceiver, reason a liar from the beginning, are themselves philosophical mountebanks, don't believe their own doctrines, could not be such infinite fools as to do so, &c., &c., he is apt to damage his cause with his reader by giving him the impression that he is not treating his subject as an impartial judge, but only as an official partisan.

J. T. B.

MR. SKEATS, in his history of the free churches of England,* has brought together in a flowing and readable narrative a great amount of curious and valuable information about the various sects of the "dissenters." None are neglected, and the more insignificant have their full share of attention. The Sandemanians and the Swedenborgians appear in their proper place. The account of the rise and progress of Unitarian opinions, and of the Unitarian sect, is especially satisfactory; and full justice is done to the honored teachers of this heresy. Mr. Skeats is probably "Evangelical" in his creed; yet no liberal could write more fairly in his sketch of the services which the Socinian party rendered in England to the cause of free thought and sound theological learning. He admits the Unitarianism of Locke, and the defection of Watts from the popular faith about the Trinity.

* A History of the Free Churches of England, from A.D. 1668, to A.D. 1851. By HERBERT S. SKEATS. London: Arthur Miall, 1868. 8vo, pp. xvi., 688.

Priestley, persecuted for his bold speech, has the warm sympathy of this defender. Belsham, Toulmin, Lardner, and Lindsey are praised.

Equally fair is the account in Mr. Skeats's work of the Methodists, and their first preachers. According to Mr. Skeats, John Wesley was the model "High Churchman" of his time, and "his call to Georgia to be a missionary among the Indians probably saved him from becoming the leader of a 'Ritualistic' party in the eighteenth century." He differs, however, from most writers on Methodism in his estimate of the temper and character of Whitefield. He seems to take Whitefield's side in his controversy with Wesley, and ventures the rather remarkable statement that "there was no intolerance in Whitefield's disposition," and that, "of the two men, he had by far the finer human nature." An opposite opinion certainly prevails; and the eulogists of Whitefield's eloquence have been obliged to allow that he was often harsh, hasty, and unjust in his denunciations.

Robert Hall is one of Mr. Skeats's heroes. He ranks this Baptist divine, as a writer and speaker, above the great Parliamentary orators of England, Fox and Burke. John Foster he criticises while he praises, and sets forth the weak points in his morbid temper. George the Third he abominates, and his characterization of this bad king is in his most savage manner:—

"George III., if he escaped some of the vices, inherited, unfortunately, none of the virtues, of his grandfather. His political position was secure; and, so far as English parties were concerned, he had nothing to do but to hand it down in undisturbed safety to his children and his children's children. The Jacobites had cast their last die, they had lost all hope of changing the succession to the Crown; but the spirit of Jacobitism yet remained. Instead, however, of making a party, they adopted a wiser course: they allied themselves to the extreme section of the Tories. In George III. they found a man after their own heart. Ignorant, in consequence of the shameful manner in which he had been educated, to almost the last degree: bigoted and prejudiced as a sacerdotal priest; more obstinate than a mule, and more jealous of his prerogative than a workhouse official, he was born and bred to favor a High Tory and High Church system of government. His one governing principle was the governing principle of all weak and obstinate men who have no natural moral force. 'I will be master,' was his self-assumed motto; and any one who would let him be master was sure of his favor and patronage. Notwithstanding an early moral failing, he had, and sustained, a good domestic character, the character of a respectable ploughman. He would have made a good overseer of the poor in his time, when

that office was executed somewhat after the manner of a slave-driver. But by disposition, intellect, and education, he was the least fitted for a king, of almost any man who ever sat on a throne."

C. H. B.

IN "The Pupils of St. John the Divine," the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe" has entered on a new field, and addressed herself to the soberer class of readers, not with entire success.* As Sunday reading, it rises as far above that poverty-stricken class of good books in inward spirit as in outward dress. As intended to bridge over in the popular mind the gap between the Book of Acts and modern church history, it would have been more gratefully received if it had been more Scriptural in its statements, more modest in its judgments, and more catholic in its tone. But the point-blank assertion, that the bishops of Asia Minor besought St. John to record in a fourth gospel the tokens of present Godhead, and set forth the Lord Jesus in his divine glory, contrasts strangely with the Evangelist's own declaration that he wrote in order to have people "believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God." Again, Miss Yonge substitutes for the simple teaching of Scripture the unfounded pretences of sectarian theologians, when she says of his second epistle, that it was written to assure the elect lady "that the only safe test of a teacher was his acknowledging the Godhood and manhood of the Lord Jesus Christ;" when the exact words of the apostle are, that the deceiver was he who did not "confess that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh"! Careless statements may be pardoned a professional novelist; the wholesale assumption of tradition might be expected in one who disclaims learning; but it is out-heroding Herod to ascribe to St. John motives which he himself disclaims, as well as opinions utterly unlike his own. We are grieved, too, that while Miss Yonge does not turn to much account the strongest of all the traditions of the apostle, — his charge of perpetual love, — she puts faith in the legend of his fleeing from the bath when a heretic entered, lest he should be crushed; and she even ventures to assert that the apostle took no part in the early missions of the Church, because of his "care of the Blessed Virgin;" that when he officiated, it was robed like a priest of the old sanctuary, with a fair mitre on his head, and a plate of gold over his brow. Really

* The Pupils of St. John the Divine. By the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." London: Macmillan & Co.

the best thing in the book is this quotation from a translated ancient Latin hymn :—

“ As in death he hung,
His mantle soft on thee he flung
Of filial love, and named thee son ;
When now that earthly tie was done
To thy tried faith and spotless years
Consigned his Virgin Mother's tears.”

F. W. H.

HISTORY.

It is no discredit to Mr. Kinglake to say that the world moves faster than he. The task which he assumed some twelve years ago, of writing down the history of the stupidest of modern wars,* is, as yet, hardly more than begun ; and yet nothing but the extreme and uncommon merit of the writer prevents his new volumes from being received with almost absolute indifference. His first two volumes appeared rather more than five years ago ; and whoever remembers the warmth of their reception in England will hardly fail to be struck with the slight notice which is bestowed on their successors of the present season. Mr. Kinglake is vivid and brilliant, but the events of the past five years have been more so ; and in the presence of such a majestic contemporaneous history, no amount of literary ability can more than partially revive men's interest in a forgotten war, so aimless, so fruitless, so crowded with military blunders, and so utterly devoid of any semblance of moral purpose or dignity on either side, as the war in the Crimea.

Still, as we have above hinted, the want of interest in the subject is at least partially compensated by the spirit and power of the narrative. Nothing can be better than the literary execution of these last two volumes. The faults of style which so marred the earlier portions of the work have here well-nigh disappeared ; and the story is told with a quiet yet animated simplicity, which, though the descriptions are everywhere extremely diffuse, prevents their ever becoming tedious.

The peculiarities of the first volumes are brought to our mind by the frequent use of such out-of-the-way words as, *abstention*, *sufficing*, *dominion*, *ascendant*, and the like, and by an inveterate habit of going by the longest way round, in any case of characterization. Thus, in

* History of the Invasion of the Crimea. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Vols. III. and IV. London, 1868.

the picture of Lord Cardigan, Mr. Kinglake wishes to say that he was an uncommonly selfish man, and employs, in doing so, the following words: "He had been so constituted by nature, or so formed by the watchful care which is sometimes bestowed upon an only son, as to have a habit of attending to the desires and the interests of self with a curious exactitude."

But the stilted and romantic exaggeration of the earlier style is quite gone. We hear nothing in these volumes of the "Great Eltchi" with his "tight, merciless lips;" nothing of General Aircy's "eager, swooping crest," nothing of the advantage to a general of being near-sighted. The change from the occasional grotesqueness of the earlier style to the sobriety of the later is very marked.

Probably no historical work was ever written under more favorable circumstances than those which have, from the first, surrounded Mr. Kinglake; and the balancing advantages and disadvantages of contemporary history-making had never fuller illustration. One may be at a loss to imagine the condition of the author's mind after a succession of interviews with Todleben, Canrobert, Lord Lucan, Lord Cardigan, and the rest, all pouring into his patient ear the more or less episodic information of which they were possessed. But the result appears to have been entirely fortunate. An unexampled fulness of detailed knowledge in regard to every part of the campaign on both sides, is used with an apparently absolute freedom from partiality or prejudice. Indeed, we are disposed to say that Mr. Kinglake's fairness and frankness are among his most remarkable qualities. His enthusiastic praise of Korniloff and Todleben is really engaging. He detests the Alliance most cordially, and yet is ever ready to acknowledge the loyalty and gallantry of Canrobert and Hamelin, and can speak with generous admiration of the timely charge of the French cavalry under D'Allonville in aid of the Light Brigade. He is far from having a high opinion of the qualities of Lord Cardigan, either as a soldier or as a man; but he defends him with earnestness against the damaging charges which were brought against him during the famous controversy in regard to his leadership at Balaklava. But this frankness is two-edged; and the impartiality which permits him to admire the devotion of the defenders of Sebastopol, renders him, at the same time, merciless towards the fatuity of the home government, and the recklessness or incapacity of the English generals. In his description of the manner in which the report of the battle of the Alma was received in London, and his commentary on the choice of

the peace service-men for cavalry commanders, we recognize the same pen which gave us, in the first volume, the picture of the British Cabinet fast asleep at Richmond during the reading of the despatch of the Duke of Newcastle, ordering the invasion of the Crimea.

The only instance that we have remarked of a failure of this conscientious impartiality is the author's treatment of Lord Raglan. Mr. Kinglake's intimate relations with this general during the campaign, and the important assistance rendered him by Lady Raglan, after the war, in placing in his hands the whole mass of her late husband's papers, perhaps make it impossible to speak of him in terms of criticism. Mr. Kinglake, accordingly, tries hard to admire him; but, with all his amiable efforts, is hardly able to make him appear other than as a sort of military Turveydrop, — a master of military deportment. We are led lightly over his repeated instances of gentlemanly stupidity, such as his refusal to believe, or even to notice, the intelligence of the Russian advance on Balaclava just before the battle; "his anxious regard for the personal dignity of the officer and the gentleman," which made it impossible for him to question the tipsy Russian captain made prisoner at Mackenzie's Farm; his constant and weak subserviency to the obstinacy, first of St. Armand, and then of Canrobert, and his unheard-of genius for getting into the wrong places and narrowly escaping capture or destruction. But, indeed, these traits were characteristic of the whole campaign against Sebastopol. Mr. Kinglake sets down four lost occasions within as many weeks; and there seems little doubt that the list might have been indefinitely multiplied, had not the marvellous energy of Korniloff and Todleben, and the devotion of their garrison, put the great fortress at length beyond the possibility of easy capture.

But it would seem as if the Allies lived by the forbearance of the Russians. Can anybody say, to this day, why their army was allowed for a whole year to pursue its preparations for assault, when the whole immense army of the Russian Empire, consisting, it may be presumed, of seven or eight hundred thousand men, was at liberty to act against them? Mr. Kinglake will, perhaps, clear up this point when he comes to his summing up; but if we can predict his future progress by the light of the past, we shall have to wait for a generation longer before reaching the solution. His fourth volume only carries the story to the 25th of October, six weeks from the landing on the shores of the Crimea; and to reach the death of Lord Raglan in the following

June, would require, at the same rate of progress, somewhere from twenty to twenty-four volumes more.

This work is reprinted by the Messrs. Harper, in what is avowedly a cheap edition; but there is nothing in the price which excuses the exceeding parsimony of the book. The maps in particular, on which so much of the comfort of using the book depends, and which in the English edition are large, clear, and printed in colors, in the American reprint are a disgrace to the publishers. The scale is reduced one-half, the lettering generally well-nigh illegible, and the whole effect slovenly in the extreme. Such books are a vigorous argument in favor of an international copyright.

C. A. C.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THE veteran author and renowned missionary, William Ellis, in revisiting Madagascar to explain the objects of the London Missionary Society, and average the different fields of labor, has laid the religious public again under obligation* as by his "Polynesian Researches" and "Three Visits to Madagascar." But this time it is to exult over an accomplished work; to gather in the harvest he had helped to sow; to consecrate churches whose corner-stone had been laid in the blood of martyrs. When he reached this island in 1862, Radama II. had replaced the terrible persecutions of his idolatrous mother with friendship, if not favoritism, for Christian teachers. He was not a Christian himself; but anxious to hear, thoroughly humane, and only too zealous in introducing European customs among his half-civilized subjects. With the single exception of occasional intoxication, to which foreigners tempted him, and which he deplored as deeply as any one, and a desire to carry out his own views without regard to the advice of his counsellors, Radama showed a noble character for a hereditary sovereign nurtured by such unfavorable influences. He listened to all grievances, redressed all wrongs, was gentle to the poor, devoted hours to personal improvement, and befriended heartily all who desired the religious elevation of his people, whether Protestants or Catholics. But an obnoxious measure in which he persisted against all remonstrance, — in fact, the authorization of duelling, — prompted his assassination by the orders of his prime minister, who, not long after, for his arrogant assumption of

* *Madagascar Revisited.* By Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS. London: Murray, 1867. Dedicated by permission to the Queen.

power, was driven into exile; Queen Rabodo reigning with more limited sway than any sovereign before.

The sudden murder of so mild and worthy a prince as Radama II. does not promise much for the perpetuity of authority in Madagascar. The abundance of foreign wines during the abolition of impost duties has assailed the self-indulgent native on his weak side. Nothing but the moral energy of the gospel, as Mr. Ellis remarks, can save this interesting race from extinction. Outwardly, our religion has made amazing progress in Madagascar. During these four years, the native Christians have more than doubled, and the communicants increased tenfold. Mr. Ellis now numbers eighteen thousand fellow-believers, under seven English missionaries and ninety-five native teachers. A fresh opportunity is now offered to this easily moulded race, of entering on that course of intelligent activity which will give them a permanent place among the nations of the earth.

No American could be more at home amongst the industries of Birmingham than the Worcester Blacksmith, Elihu Burritt.* He has spent so many years in England, that he is really to the manner born. He is so universally known as a philanthropist, that he finds an equal welcome in peasant's cottage and nobleman's castle. He is so thoroughly practical, that his page is crowded with valuable intelligence. He has, moreover, such genial hopefulness, that any sombre clouds around English life are seen lighting up with the rising sun of future progress. His "Walks in the Black Country" with his friend Capron, give the latest and liveliest accounts of every species of manufacture within a day's walk of Birmingham, besides iron, brick, glass, &c. Then such pioneers, inventors, reformers, and philanthropists as connect themselves with this most productive part of England are not forgotten, from the printer Baskerville, to the peace-man Sturge; from steam-engine Watt, to Rowland Hill of the penny post. And these sketches are generally successful in giving what we want to know, without quite burying it in what nobody cares about, or can be profited by. Then there are chapters of the usual traveller's descriptions of Kenilworth, Warwick, Lichfield, and Stratford, done with sufficient freshness, good taste, and feeling. But two things ought to be generally known in America. The largest glass factory in

* *Walks in the Black Country and its Green Borderland.* By ELIHU BURRITT. London: Sampson Low, 1868.

the world announced only last November that "all the young persons in its employ must possess a fair acquaintance with reading, writing, and arithmetic, with the addition of free-hand drawing for the ornamental department; that boys were expected to attend the evening school three times a week for at least six months in the year, and girls and women for such longer period as appears desirable." And then Lord Stamford's success in opening his garden of seventy-three acres to the sooty-faced, hard-handed, heavy-shod men of the mine, forge, furnace, who may ramble through the ever-varied and almost endless beauties of the fairy scene without restraint, who it is found do not abuse their privileges, and to whom the noble earl, has given some grand festivals. This general statement is of so much value, that we can forgive the worthy Elihu for stating that there are four hundred thousand pots of geraniums in the garden, and that the conservatories consume £2,000 worth of coal every year. Something similar is told of a Baronial Hall near Lichfield, where private parks are kept as picnic grounds for the toiling million. F. W. H.

"MYTHS of the New World"* will suggest to most persons a pleasant bouquet of Indian stories, freshly arranged, with little other purpose than to amuse, favoring, as far as might be, some dream about the Lost Tribes or Phœnician voyagers, Welsh princes or Buddhist priests. Dr. Brinton has no patience with any such quackery. He wants to know why we find certain numbers held by every race as sacred; why certain symbols, as the bird, the serpent, the cross, belong to universal humanity; what are the laws of growth of natural religions, and what their influence upon the races. He has not succeeded in establishing all his points: he could not have expected to give equal satisfaction with scanty as with abundant materials. He has done more and better than any one in winnowing the wheat from vast heaps of chaff, in showing the philosophical meaning of what had been an impenetrable riddle, in helping us to feel that the wildest savage is a man still.

Let us see the sacred number, four; which there can be no chance about because it is recognized in every language, and derived from the immutable laws of the universe. Dr. Brinton refers it to the points of the compass, and thinks it may have been suggested by the right

* *Myths of the New World*. By DANIEL G. BRINTON, M.D. New York: Leypoldt & Holt, 1868.

and left, the front and back, of the human body. He shows the associations that naturally group around each of the cardinal points, especially sunrise and sunset, or East and West; and declares that they are mirrored on the surface of language, and have directed the current of thought. Following the arithmetical series, 4+8+12+16, comes the number forty, the limit of sacred dances among the Indians, and the highest number of chants employed in exorcising disease. So that the number four begins with the savage adoration of the cardinal points! In like manner with the bird and serpent symbols. The bird has the incomprehensible power of flight, it soars toward heaven; its plumage has the hues of the rainbow and the sunset; its song was man's first hint of music; it spurns the clouds, and soars over the wearisome mountains. So the Indian believed birds to be divine nuncios, the souls of the departed, interpreters of heavenly decrees, &c.

And then the wisdom of the serpent: its annual rejuvenation making it a symbol of eternity; its sinuous course suggesting a river; its quick, zigzag flash imaging lightning,—the Shawnees call thunder the hissing of the great snake. Yet he thinks no tribe attaches any ethical significance to the symbol, and that it was mainly used to express the propitious and agreeable.

F. W. H.

It is a remarkable fact, that while Christian Missions are pushed earnestly in India, and send back such confident and glowing accounts of success, the erection of heathen temples should go on with increased zeal in the Hindu cities.* Benares to-day, with its 2,500 years of religious history, rivals Chicago and New York, cities of yesterday, in the number and the splendor of its new religious edifices. The ruins of the ancient fanes are hidden and lost in the glory of the shrines which have risen since the days of the Marahtas, and are still rising. There is more magnificence of new architecture in temple and dome and spire on the banks of the Ganges than on the banks of the Tiber or the Thames or the Seine. If outward signs are to be trusted, the pleading of the missionaries, and the auxiliary arts of Western civilization, have not yet overturned the

* The Sacred City of the Hindus: An Account of Benares in Ancient and Modern Times. By the Rev. M. A. SHERRING, M.A., LL.B. With an Introduction, by Fitz Edward Hall, Esq., M.A., D.C.L., Oxon. London: Trübner & Co, 1868. 8vo, pp. xxxvi., 888.

idols. Thirty years ago, Mr. James Prinsep took a census of the city of Benares. In his careful survey, there are reckoned not less than 1,000 Hindu temples, and 333 Mohammedan mosques! The number of mosques has, since that time, been diminished; but there has been an amazing increase in the building of temples, which now number, in the city and suburbs, not less than 1,454! Where is there a Christian city which can show any thing like that number of temples in proportion to its population? The population of Benares is not more than 300,000, even with the suburbs. Where is there a Christian city that can show such a rate of increase in church buildings,—nearly 500 in thirty years?

Mr. Sherring, though a Master of Arts and a Bachelor of Laws, is not a very graceful or forcible writer, nor are his reflections valuable. Yet he has made a very interesting book on the past and present history of Benares, and has suggested a great many pictures for the imagination of the reader to fill. The principal temples and shrines of the Hindu city are described with guide-book fidelity, and we are introduced to some of the more celebrated and powerful idols. The Introduction by Mr. Fitz Edward Hall, that learned pundit whom our own Harvard sent out to India to distance the English scholars in Sanscrit study, is more learned and critical in the notes than in the text. He is not prepared to indorse all the statements and the theories of the gifted Frenchman, Stanislas Julien.

The volume ought to be republished in this country.

C. H. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THIRTY years ago the science of acoustics was the most obscure, uncertain, and uninteresting of the branches of natural philosophy. The apparatus for its illustration was meagre, and the college classes were hurried through it with very vague ideas of the propagation of sound and the vibrations of wood and metal and air. Now, on the contrary, acoustics has an honorable place among the branches of physics, and has become one of the most fascinating of studies. It is shown as a twin sister of optics, and is proved to the eye as distinctly as to the ear. In the experiments of Professor Tyndall, we *see sounds*, and we *hear light*. Flames sing, and noises cast their shadow. The screen and the lens and the electric light explain the trumpet and the viol and the flute. We can see the shape and almost the color of the tones, what figures they make in combination, and how they dance

in the air. Dancing is vindicated as the other side of music, and "rhythmic motion" has ceased to be a metaphor. Professor Tyndall's lectures * are not constructed on the theory that dignified science must be difficult of apprehension, or that a simple diction is out of place in expounding scientific principles. These lectures may be followed intelligently, even as they are printed, by any bright boy of a dozen years old; and as they were delivered could not well have been dark to any in the audience. Every thing is made clear. Without any rhetorical flights, the poetry of the science, too, goes along with its mathematics and its facts. There is not a dull page in the book, and there are hardly a dozen pages which the reader will care to omit. The new things told are all interesting, and the old things become strangely new. You find what a simple affair, after all, is that great mystery of sound, the organ, simple as a child's whistle. There is a new charm in the piano, now that these speaking springs have told their secret. Even the tuning-fork becomes respectable, as the key to so many forms of harmony. And we should not be surprised to learn that Dove's Syren, the magic instrument of such various musical discoveries, had become a common parlor ornament in our houses. When Professor Peirce's *Treatise* was published, the amusement of college boys was to set sand marching on plates, and to start crispations in tumblers of water or ink. Professor Tyndall will invite the inquiring to find the sympathetic tone of gas-burners, and will make a host of amateur organ-builders.

Since the delivery of Tyndall's lectures in England, M. Radan, in France, has carried still farther the investigation of Sound, and has published a work which should be translated as the supplement to Tyndall's work. Radan is one of the most eminent of living physicists, and writes in a transparent style. Treatises like these really "popularize" science without degrading it. Another recent work in which natural science is made fascinating, in the abundance of its knowledge and in the picturesqueness of its description, is Hoefer's "World of Woods, Plants, and Animals," which will lose nothing by taking on an English dress. All readers of the "Cosmos" are familiar with the encyclopedic mind and the exquisite style of Dr. Hoefer.

C. H. B.

* Sound. A Course of Eight Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1867. 12mo, pp. xiii., 825.

Mr. D'ARCY THOMPSON's "*Ladder to Latin*" * carries the re-action against the stilted and pedantic fashion of treating the ancient languages farther than we remember to have seen it carried elsewhere ; so far as even to run, at times, into slang. It is a very great service that this will do for the learner ; to make him feel the Latin as a living language, with flesh and blood to it, fit for trifling and "chaffing," as well as for set orations and measured hexameters ; and for this, at least, whoever learns Latin from his book will be grateful to him. It is done, moreover, with great success and skill ; and, if this is the kind of work to be given to the beginner, we do not doubt that the book before us will be found entirely satisfactory. Perhaps, in England, where all the best years of a young man's life are bestowed upon Latin and Greek, and where the frigid traditions of the schools still reign supreme, the best method of reform will be to introduce the boy at once, by some such method as this, to the fresh and entertaining colloquialisms of the language, and make it thus a living tongue to him. In this country, where the time given to these studies must be very limited, and methods of instruction are less hampered by precedent, we shall give reasons for thinking that the "*Ladder to Latin*" is not adapted to the wants of our classes, although it will give the teacher much acceptable aid.

All arguments upon this head must commence by recognizing the radical change of public sentiment that has taken place within the present generation, in regard to the proportion and relative rank which the classics should occupy in a scheme of liberal education. It would be useless to deny — nor do we, as friends of the classics, regret — that the study of nature is now claiming and receiving a share of the attention which has heretofore been given to Latin and Greek. This is demanded, no less by the altered relation which these branches of knowledge bear to each other, than by popular opinion ; we have faith that the interests of classical learning itself will be served by it. Our present system is an inheritance from the time when the learned languages and the mathematics were, by necessity, almost the sole branches adapted to the systematic education of boys, by reason either of their intrinsic merit, or of the scientific develop-

* *Scalæ Novæ* ; or, a *Ladder to Latin*. By D'ARCY W. THOMPSON, Professor of Greek, Queen's College, Galway ; Queen's University in Ireland. Williams and Norgate, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London ; and 20, South Frederick Street, Edinburgh. 1866. 12mo, pp. 480.

ment to which they had been subjected. Now that there exist other studies, equally well suited to this end, that the natural sciences have been created, and the English and other modern languages found capable of rigid philological treatment, equally with the ancient tongues, it follows, as a matter of course, that these must enter into our systems of education, to the exclusion, if need be, of a greater or less amount of the classics.

We must admit, then, that Latin and Greek will, in future, be allowed much less time, on the average, than has heretofore been allotted to them. Nor do we believe that this need, in any degree, lower the standard of real scholarship, either by making the instruction less thorough, or by giving less facility in the use of the language acquired. On the other hand, we believe that half the time spent in preparing for college is, in most cases, utterly wasted. Mr. Mill, in his Inaugural Address, denounces "the wretched methods of teaching, and the criminal idleness and supineness which waste the entire boyhood of the pupils, without really giving, to most of them, more than a smattering, if even that, of the only kind of knowledge which is even pretended to be cared for." "I am as unwilling," he adds, "to speak out all that I think practicable in this matter, as George Stephenson was about railways, when he calculated the average speed of a train at ten miles an hour, because if he had estimated it higher, the practical men would have turned a deaf ear to him, as that most unsafe character, in their estimation, an enthusiast and a visionary."

What, then, assuming the necessity of a short Latin course for our youths, is the object mainly to be had in view in this course? Obviously, it seems to us, to introduce the student most speedily to the literature of the language. Not one in a hundred will ever desire to *speak* Latin; and, indeed, the vernacular is rapidly superseding Latin, even in the German Universities. And, if we did want to talk Latin, it would not be about the cat wagging her tail, the boy whistling in school, and the house that Jack built. Nor, leaving out of view the sentences to be rendered into Latin, do we think it the best introduction to Cicero, Virgil, or even Plautus, to wade through the pages of Mr. Thompson's artificially constructed colloquialisms. We must lay it down as the first principle of a Latin method for American schools, that it have in view, from first to last, the reading of classic authors.

As an aid to the teacher, however, Mr. Thompson's manual will be extremely serviceable, by the clear common sense which he brings

into these befogged topics. As an admirable specimen of his style, we will refer to his remarks upon Rule XVI., p. 120.

"We very often translate a verb like *noceo*, which governs a dative, exactly as we should translate such a verb as *lædo* or *offendo*, each of which governs the accusative. We thus throw difficulties in our own way by our own incorrectness of translation. *Illa medicina nocebit tibi; that medicine will hurt you.* Here, the word *hurt* is not used in the same sense as in the sentence, *Do not touch that insect; for, if it sting, it will hurt you.* In this latter sentence we should use *lædo*, or some verb that governs an accusative; but *nocebit* is correctly used in the previous sentence, inasmuch as the real meaning of the word is, *will prove injurious, will do harm.* It would be well if, in translating a verb with its dative case following, we endeavored to show that this dative was a *directive*, and not an *objective*, case, by our using, when we can do so without spoiling our English, some preposition, as *to, for, on, in against, &c.* In such an expression as *I consult your interests*, the expression *your interests* cannot, in common sense, be the immediate object of the verb *consult*, but can only indicate the *direction* of its action; and the preposition *for* might be used, if we chose."

Mr. Thompson, like most grammarians, is bewildered by theories about the subjunctive, and explains how the Romans ought to have used the subjunctive here, but didn't, or the reverse. He appears to hold, p. 108, that *si* should never be followed by the indicative, except when we know the condition to be a true one, as, "If he is stupid, that is no reason why you should ill-treat him." But, as a matter of fact, whenever there is doubt in the mind of the speaker, in a condition referring to present or past time, the indicative is the only correct form to use; and, even in future time, it is as good as the subjunctive. In the example he gives, "If you do your duty, I will love you," where he says, "We should prefer the usage of the subjunctive mood," the present subjunctive might, to be sure, be used, but the future indicative would be better; the subjunctive would rather express, "If you should do your duty, I would love you." And we wonder where he can find classical authority for translating *Si me amares, amarem ego te*, *if you were to love me, I should love you.* We know of no grammar that admits the imperfect subjunctive in conditional sentences, except for a condition *assumed as untrue*, in the present time. We have, to be sure, met with one instance (*Cic. ad Q. Fr. i. 1. 3. 11.*) of an imperfect subjunctive apparently referring to future time, like the Greek optative; but have sought in vain for any other clear case of this.

W. F. A.

It was from Max Müller's Second Course of Lectures on the Science of Language, that most of us learned that there was such a thing as Comparative Mythology; or, if the name had ever been heard, it was fancied, perhaps, that it meant that comparison of primeval religions and mythologies which should show their common features and character as resting upon the unity of the religious sentiment in all races; not, as is claimed, an actual oneness of origin in the mythic material existing in all communities of Indo-European stock, and pointing back to a time when the ancestors of these communities all possessed one faith, and believed the same fables. When Professor Müller showed that this was the result of the studies of comparative philologists, it was naturally desired to have the science, so far as it was a science, put before us in complete and systematic form, not merely by way of specimen and illustration, as had been done by this writer himself. Mr. Cox has rendered us, therefore, a very great service in his little *Manual of Mythology*.* It would be a service even if poorly done, because his material is new and interesting in itself. And it is a service whether we accept the theories in full or not, because we must, first of all, know what the theories are.

It is, as a whole, exceedingly well done. The theories are well and clearly stated, the stories are told in an interesting manner, and there is just about enough detail. Occasionally, but seldom, we are overpowered by a list of barbarous-sounding names, as in No. 69, where, "in the old Persian stories, the Trita or Traitana of India re-appears as Thrætana, the slayer of the serpent Zohak, which answers to the dragon Python killed by Phœbus, and to Fafnir, who is slain by Signod." The identification of incidents in different myths with each other (as in the passage just quoted), or with operations of nature, seems sometimes forced and far-fetched; and one often enters a mental protest against the exceeding positiveness and detail with which every incident in the myth is explained, just as if Mr. Cox had been there. One likes to have a little mystery left, and a little scope for the inventive power of man.

The chief criticism that we have to make upon the book is, however, its form, which is that of question and answer, long since abandoned to second-rate school-books in this country, but still retained,

* *A Manual of Mythology, in the form of Question and Answer.* By the Rev. GEORGE W. COX, M.A., late scholar of Trinity College, Oxford. First American, from the Second London, edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt, 1868. 16mo, pp. 800.

with a blind reverence, it would seem, in England. If it is ever useful, it is in children's books, where answers are to be learned by rote. But the subject-matter of the book before us removes it from children's use; for, however well the stories of mythology may be adapted to children's comprehension, *Comparative Mythology*, with all its fanciful interpretations, and its bewildering repetitions of Fafnir, Vritra and Rustem, is only suited to the most advanced classes. If this form is used at all, it is perhaps necessary to have the questions largely leading ones, answered by yes or no; certainly no skilful teacher would put questions in the way in which they are worded here. Their sole advantage seems to be to call attention to the separate heads of the story, and thus divide it off for the scholar in a more practicable shape. Even this object would be as well attained, with great saving of space, by simple headings to the paragraphs. But often the questions only interrupt a very charming narrative in a most annoying manner.

With the few exceptions noted, the Greek Mythology is very satisfactorily done. And it is an excellent and somewhat novel feature, to add brief chapters on other mythologies. Even those not cognate to the Greek, as the Egyptian and Assyrian, are appropriate, because of the extensive modification of Greek mythology by intercourse with these Eastern nations. These chapters, however, are not nearly so well done as that on the Greek mythology. Of course they are brief, but this brief space might contain much more that we desire to know. Especially we miss what may be called the history of mythology, of which we have one excellent example, in the statement of the influence of the Egyptians upon the Greeks, No. 744. But this is almost a solitary case; and of the connection of Grecian beliefs with those of the Phœnician and other Asiatic religions (a most important chapter in the history of thought) we have hardly a hint. So with the internal growth of the pure Greek Mythology itself, so significantly shown in the supersedure of Uranus and Kronos by Zeus; in the spread of the worship of Apollo, and especially that of Dionysus. We do not even find any thing said of the introduction of the worship of Apollo, Cybele, Æsculapius, and Bacchus, — to say nothing of later religions, — into Rome; and, as a whole, the treatment of the Latin mythology is neither complete nor well done. It must be said, however, that the introduction to this chapter is very good, and contains statements of a general nature which all scholars ought to know, but very few do.

As specimens of Mr. Cox's very best style, we will refer to the chapters on Hestia and Demeter. A few illustrations of his thoughtful and poetical interpretations will also have interest. In Nos. 54 and 55, Poseidon (Neptune) is called the god of the sea, "seemingly as having under his control the forces which affect its movements, rather than as himself inhabiting its waters;" while "Nereus lives in the deep waters, and stands to Poseidon in the same relation which Helios, who dwells in the sun, bears to Phœbus, the lord of light." (No. 212.) "As the rays of Helios penetrate all space and spy out all hidden things, the idea of wisdom was early connected with the name of the sun-god. Thus Apollo is said to know the mind of Zeus more intimately than any other of the gods, and, although he may impart many secrets, there are others which he must never reveal."

It is safe to recommend this little work very highly, because it is, at any rate, the only book within reach which contains a detailed view of a mythological system which may be called the accepted one, and which, at all events, we must know before we can judge.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Essays, Philosophical and Theological. By James Martineau. Vol. II. Boston: William V. Spencer. pp. 430. (This addition to the beautiful and valuable series of Mr. Spencer's publications consists mostly of Mr. Martineau's papers in the "Prospective Review," published previous to 1855. The article on Plato, from the "National Review," is one of the very finest examples of his style and thought.)

Prayers offered in the Massachusetts House of Representatives during the Session of 1868. By the Chaplain, William R. Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 103.

Social Hymns and Tunes, for the Conference, the Prayer-Meeting, and the Home. With Services and Prayers. Boston: American Unitarian Association. pp. 155. (Selected mostly from the larger collection noticed in May.)

The Unconscious Truth of the Four Gospels. By William H. Furness, D.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. pp. 144.

The Kingdom of Satan. By Augustus Blanvelt. New York: P. S. Wyntkoop & Son. 16mo, pp. 169.

Sacred Poems. By N. P. Willis. With Illustrations by Darley and Others. New York: Clark & Maynard. Square 16mo, pp. 126.

American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, revised and edited by Prof. H. B. Hackett, D.D., with the co-operation of Ezra Abbot, A.M. Part XIII. pp. 1345-1456, Jeshurun-Jordan. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The Works of Rev. Arthur O'Leary, O.S.F. Edited by a Clergyman of

Massachusetts. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. (Mr. O'Leary was an Irish Catholic priest, of the last century, — 1729–1802, — who bore a very active part in the political controversies of the day affecting the Irish Church.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Tablets. By A. B. Alcott. pp. 208;
 The Earthly Paradise. By William Morris;
 A Book about Boys. By A. R. Hope. pp. 247;
 Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. By Louisa M. Alcott.
 Illustrated by Mary Alcott. pp. 341. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
 A copious and critical Latin-English Dictionary. Abridged and re-
 arranged from Riddle's Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the German-Latin
 Dictionaries of Dr. William Freund, with a brief comparison and illustra-
 tion of the most important Latin synonyms; also an English-Latin Dic-
 tionary, adapted from the English-Latin Dictionary of Dr. Kaltschmidt.
 By Rev. P. Bullion. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo. pp. 1014. 244.
 Mildred: a Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik. 8vo, pp. 121;
 The New-England Tragedies. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. I.
 John Endicott. II. Giles Corey of the Salem Farms. 16mo, pp. 179;
 Good Stories. Part IV. Square 16mo, pp. 262;
 Smoking and Drinking. By James Parton. 16mo, pp. 151;
 What Answer? By Anna E. Dickinson. pp. 301;
 If, Yes, and Perhaps: Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with
 some bits of Fact. By Edward E. Hale. pp. 296;
 Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living: designed for Young Men and
 Women. By Washington Gladden. pp. 236;
 The Atlantic Almanac. Edited by Donald G. Mitchell. pp. 66. Bos-
 ton: Ticknor & Fields.
 A New Practical Hebrew Grammar, with Hebrew-English and English-
 Hebrew Exercises, and a Hebrew Chrestomathy. By Solomon Deutsch,
 A.M., Ph. D. 8vo, pp. 268;
 A Psyche of To-Day. By Mrs. C. Jenkin. Author of "Who Breaks,
 Pays," "Skirmishing," "Once and Again," "Cousin Stella." New York:
 Leypoldt & Holt. 16mo, pp. 280.
 Modern Women, and What is said of them. A Reprint of a series of
 Articles in the Saturday Review. With an introduction by Mrs. Lucia Gil-
 bert Calhoun. New York: J. S. Redfield. 12mo, pp. 371.
 History of the American Civil War. By John William Draper, M.D.,
 LL.D. Vol. 2. Containing the events from the Inauguration of President
 Lincoln, to the Proclamation of Emancipation of the Slaves. 8vo, pp. 614;
 The Opium Habit: with Suggestions as to the Remedy. 12mo, pp. 335;
 Miscellaneous Prose Works. By Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton). 2 vols.
 12mo, pp. 793;
 First Principles of Popular Education and Public Instruction. By S. S.
 Randall, Superintendent of Public Schools in the City of New York.
 12mo, pp. 256;
 The Dower House: a Story. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip).
 8vo, pp. 124;
 The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly: a Novel. pp. 183;
 Dead-Sea Fruit: a Novel. By M. E. Braddon. 12mo, pp. 178;
 The Life of George Stephenson, and of his Son Robert Stephenson:
 comprising also a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Railway
 Locomotive. By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help," the "Huguenots,"
 &c.; with Portraits and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper &
 Brothers. 8vo, pp. 501.

The Calamities and Quarrels of Authors : with some Inquiries respecting their Moral and Literary Characters, and Memoirs for our Literary History. By Isaac Disraeli. Edited by his son, the Right Hon. B. Disraeli. In 2 volumes. 12mo, pp. 348;

The Literary Character or History of Men of Genius, drawn from their own Feelings and Confessions. Literary Miscellanies, and an Inquiry into the Character of James the First. By Isaac Disraeli. Edited by his son, the Right Hon. B. Disraeli. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 12mo, pp. 592.

Mental Science: a Compendium of Psychology, and the History of Philosophy, designed as a Text-Book for High Schools and Colleges. By Alexander Bain, M.A., Professor of Logic and Mental Philosophy in the University of Aberdeen. Author of "The Senses and the Intellect," "The Emotions of the Will," &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 428, and appendix, pp. 100.

Grandpapa's Arithmetic: a Story of Two Little Apple Merchants. By Jean Macé. New York: P. S. Wynkoop & Son. 16mo, pp. 142.

The History of a Mouthful of Bread, and its Effect on the Organization of Men and Animals. By Jean Macé. Translated from the eighth French edition. By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. 12mo, pp. 398

The Servants of the Stomach. By Jean Macé. 12mo, pp. 311.

Essays on the Progress of Nations in Civilization, Productive Industry, Wealth, and Population. Illustrated by Statistics of Mining, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Banking, Internal Improvements, Emigration, and Population. By Ezra C. Seaman. Second Series. New York: Charles Scribner. pp. 659. (The topics illustrated are, Helps; Impediments; Law; Races; Mohammedan Populations; Mongolian Populations; Hindus; the Tropics; Oceanica; West Indies; Catholic America; the United States; British North America; Europe.)

The American Annual Cyclopædia, and Register of Important Events of the Year 1867: embracing Political, Civil, Military, and Social Affairs; Public Documents; Biography, Statistics, Commerce, Finance, Literature, Science, Agriculture, and Mechanical Industry. Vol. VII. New York: Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 774. (Among the topics contained in this ample commonplace book, the Paris Exposition, the great works of Engineering, and the improved methods and tests of Metallurgy will be found of especial interest. Of political topics, abundant space is given to matters pertaining to Reconstruction, of which this volume may be taken as a nearly complete history. A full Index adds greatly to the value of the work.)

Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Illustrated. Vol. X. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo, pp. 821. (This is the closing volume of a work the most full and convenient for general reference, the best balanced in its treatment of topics, the best posted and illustrated, especially in matters of popular science and mechanical invention, with which we are acquainted. Its value is greatly increased by a supplement of more than 400 pages, and the unique feature of an Index of about 45,000 titles *not* to be found in the order of alphabetical reference, with the topic or page where they are treated in the body of the work. The Encyclopædia may be had either with or without the excellent maps which belong to it.)

One Day's Weaving. By Lynde Palmer. Author of "Good Fight," "The Honorable Club," "Drifting and Steering," &c. Troy: Moore & Nims. 16mo, pp. 303.

INDEX

TO THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER,

NEW SERIES, VOL. VI.

JULY TO NOVEMBER, 1868.

- Absolutism, Two Forms of, 1-16 — theories of government, 2 — sovereignty as property, 6 — "the people," 8 — fractional autocracy, 9 — sovereignty as duty, 11 — feudalism, 12 — obligations of estate, 14 — the Puritan theory of government, 16.
- Aristotle, his Classification of Forms of Government, 2.
- Asceticism, Modern, 299.
- Bacon and James I., 7.
- Benjamin, the Turk and Greek, 118.
- Black Death, 246.
- Brinton, Myths of the New World, 355.
- Bungener, Life and Work of St. Paul, 104.
- Bunsen, God in History, 24-47 — progress of humanity, 25 — Moses, 27 — Messianic expectations, 29 — Egypt, 30 — Asiatics, 31 — Vedas, 33 — Greeks, 37.
- Bunsen, Memoir of, 145-159.
- Bunsen's Egypt, Mrs. Dall's Presentation of, 106, 238.
- Carpenter, Miss Mary, her Work in India, 179-185.
- Catholic Worship, Externality of, 291.
- Children's Aid Society in New York, 237.
- Conference of Unitarian Churches in New York, 319 — the preamble, 324 — the attitude taken, 327 — the Church as a power, 329 — its foundation, 331 — liberalism in the Unitarian body, 333, — discussion on the amendment, 337, — rationalism and infidelity, 342.
- Coquerel, Conscience and Faith, 103.
- Cox, Manual of Mythology, 362.
- Curtius, History of Greece, 109.
- Davidson, Introduction to the New Testament, 196.
- Disease as an Influence in Human life, 243, 258.
- Dyer's Kings of Rome, 47-60 — the constitution, 53 — the family, 55 — the plebs, 57.
- Ellis, Madagascar Revisited, 353.
- Health, as a Condition of Human Life, 247.
- Hindu Poems and Hymns, 311.
- Huguenots, Smiles's History of, 111.
- Hunt's Essay on Pantheism, 236.
- Kinglake, History of the Crimean War (Vols. 3, 4), 350.
- Laugel, Problems of the Soul, 287.
- Law, the Scientific Conception of it, in its Influence on Religious Ideas, 301.
- Liberalism in Church and State, 82-98 — Dr. Osgood's sermon, 82 — North-American Review, 83 — the Catholic Church, 84, 94 — horizontal lines of separation, 84 — our country towns, 86 — the problem of liberal Christianity, 89 — Unitarianism, 90 — Science, 93 — Romanism, 94 — conditions of the solution, 97.

- Life, Human, Scientifically Regarded, 241, 253 — not a condition, but a process, 243 — decomposition and recomposition, 261.
- Mahan's Science of Natural Theology, 343.
- Malcom's Theological Index, 227-236.
- Man, from a Medical Point of View, 241-287 — body and mind, 255 — transmission of moral and mental qualities, 262 — nerve-system, 265 — mental life, 267 — influence of mind on mind, 271 — lunacy, 274 moral qualities, 279 — retribution, 281 — sanitary conditions, 284.
- Mather Papers, 160-179.
- Ministry of Reconciliation, 121-136 — prophet and priest, 121 — the antagonisms to be reconciled, 123, 127 — the true ministry, 134.
- Montalembert, St. Columba, 102.
- Noyes, G. R., 76-81.
- Olympia Morata, 16-23.
- Perry's Political Economy, 113.
- Rodrigues, Sermon on the Mount, 99.
- Rolland, Churches and Monuments of Rome, 101.
- Rome, Kings of, 47-60.
- Ruskin, Time and Tide, 116.
- Sagra on the Soul, 287.
- Sarmiento, D. F., 187-189.
- Science and Faith, 61-76 — the foundation, 64 — faith in the absolute goodness, 69 — the science of faith, 71.
- Servia, its History and Revolutions, 207-219.
- Sherring, Sacred City of the Hindus, 356.
- Sièrebois, Autopsy of the Soul, 105.
- Skeates, History of the Free Churches in England, 347.
- Smiles's Huguenots, 111.
- Soul, 287-300 — individuality, 293 — health of soul, 295 — asceticism, 299.
- South America, Civilization and Barbarism in, 185-196.
- Superstition in the Treatment of Disease, 249.
- Theism, Christian or Not, 220-227.
- Tyndall, Lectures on Sound, 357.
- Uhlhorn, Representations of the Life of Jesus, 136-144.
- Vedas, Extracts from, 315.
- Yonge, Miss, Pupils of St. John.

TO PEOPLE WHO
THINK FOR THEMSELVES.

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In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune district of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American house in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lots at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these eight profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the Consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves, which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, Consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices, with the small additional expense of transportation, as though they bought them at our warehouses in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a Club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a Club say how much Tea or Coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on the list, as seen in the Club Order in next column, and when the Club is complete, send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars, had better send Post-office Drafts or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than \$30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our Warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

Oolong (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per lb.	
Mixed (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per lb.	
English Breakfast (Black), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 20 per lb.	
Imperial (Green), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per lb.	
Young Hyson (Green), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per lb.	
Uncolored Japan, 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per lb.	
Gunpowder (Green), \$1 25, best \$1 50.	

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c., best 50c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-houses, Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Club Order.

EDWARDS, ST. LAWRENCE CO., N. Y.,
JUNE 3, 1897.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

31 & 33 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR:—I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. Ship this as the other, and oblige.

Your ob't servant, DAVID C. MCKER.

4 lbs. Japan,.....J. Haven,.....at \$1 25.....\$5 00	
5 do. do. do. at 1 00.....5 00	
1 do. Gunpowder.....do. at 1 50.....1 50	
1 do. Japan.....S. Curtis,.....at 7 25.....7 25	
2 do. Young Hyson.....do. at 1 00.....2 00	
1 do. Japan.....N. Shaw,.....at 1 00.....1 00	
And fifteen others.....	
Total.....	\$31 00

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (besides the Express charges), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or say our T. Co. either wholly or in part, as they are impostors or imitations. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE ORDERS and Drafts made payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct Letters and Orders to

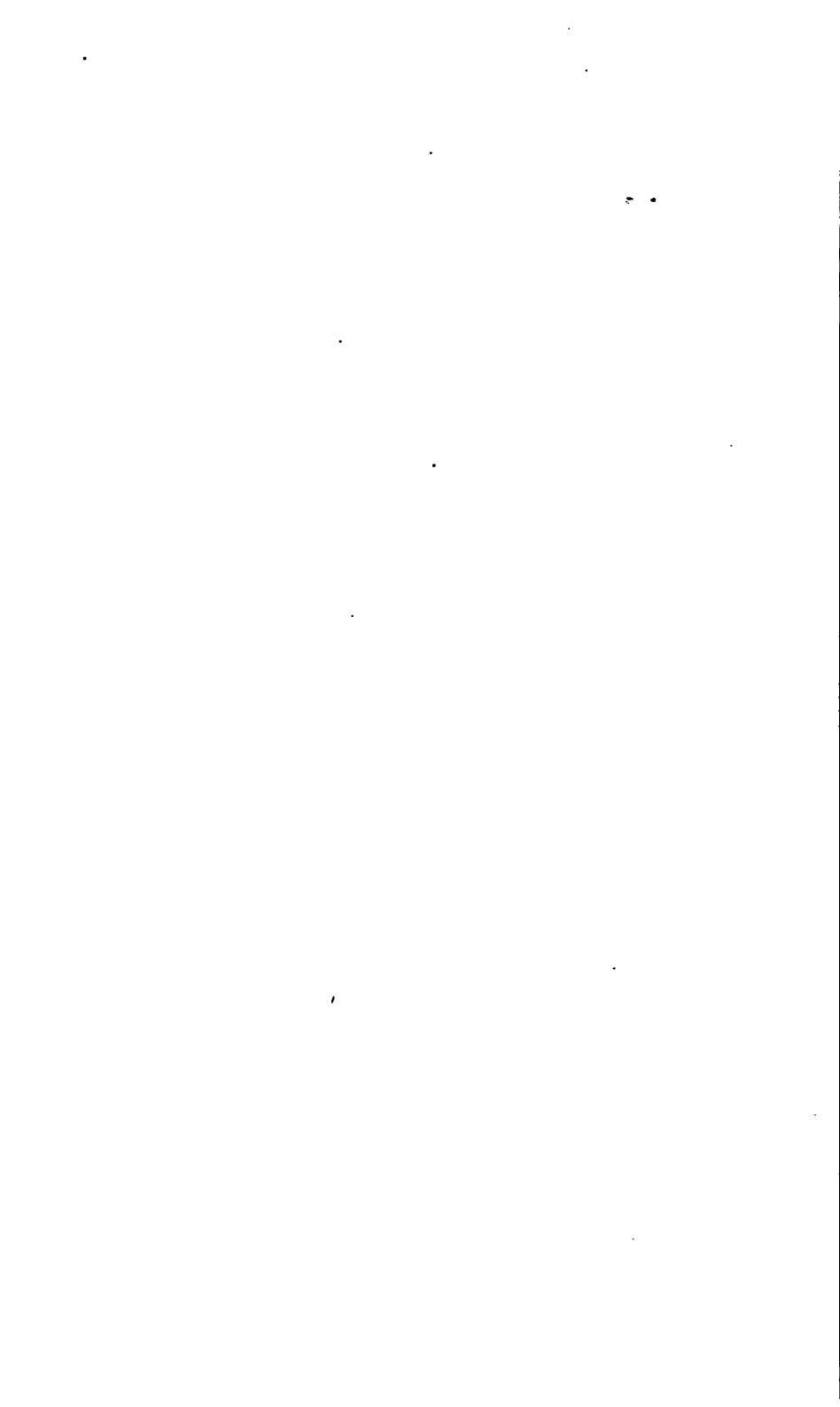
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

31 & 33 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

Post-office Box 5643, New York City.







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